MAY 8,
1937

Liberty

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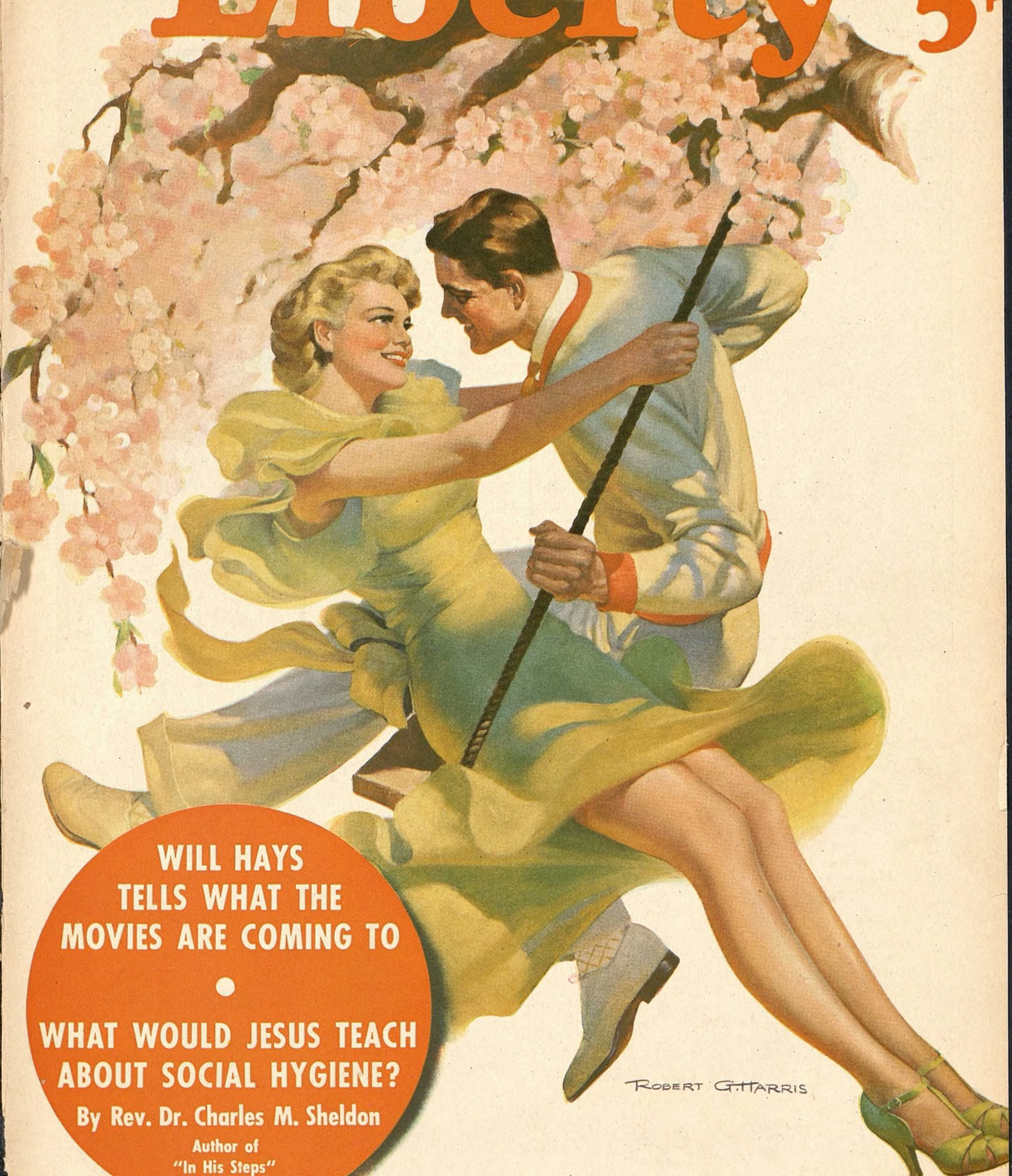

WILL HAYS TELLS WHAT THE MOVIES ARE COMING TO

•

WHAT WOULD JESUS TEACH ABOUT SOCIAL HYGIENE?

By Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon

Author of
"In His Steps"

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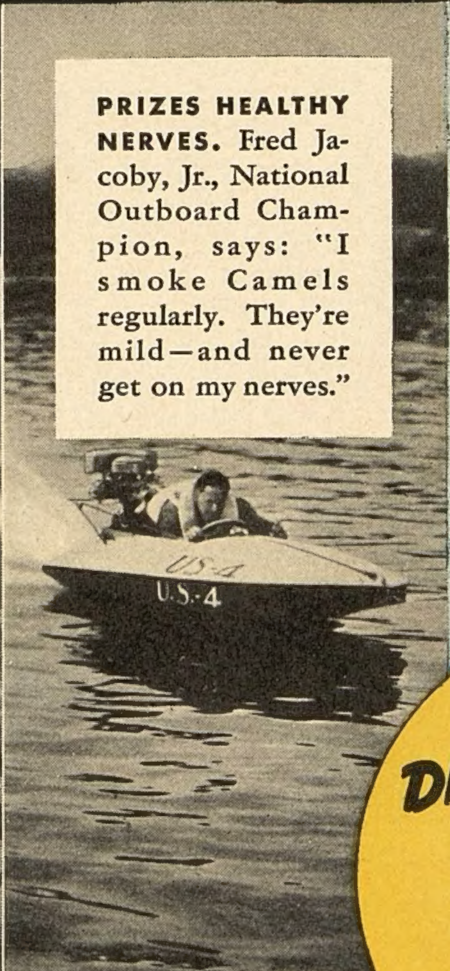

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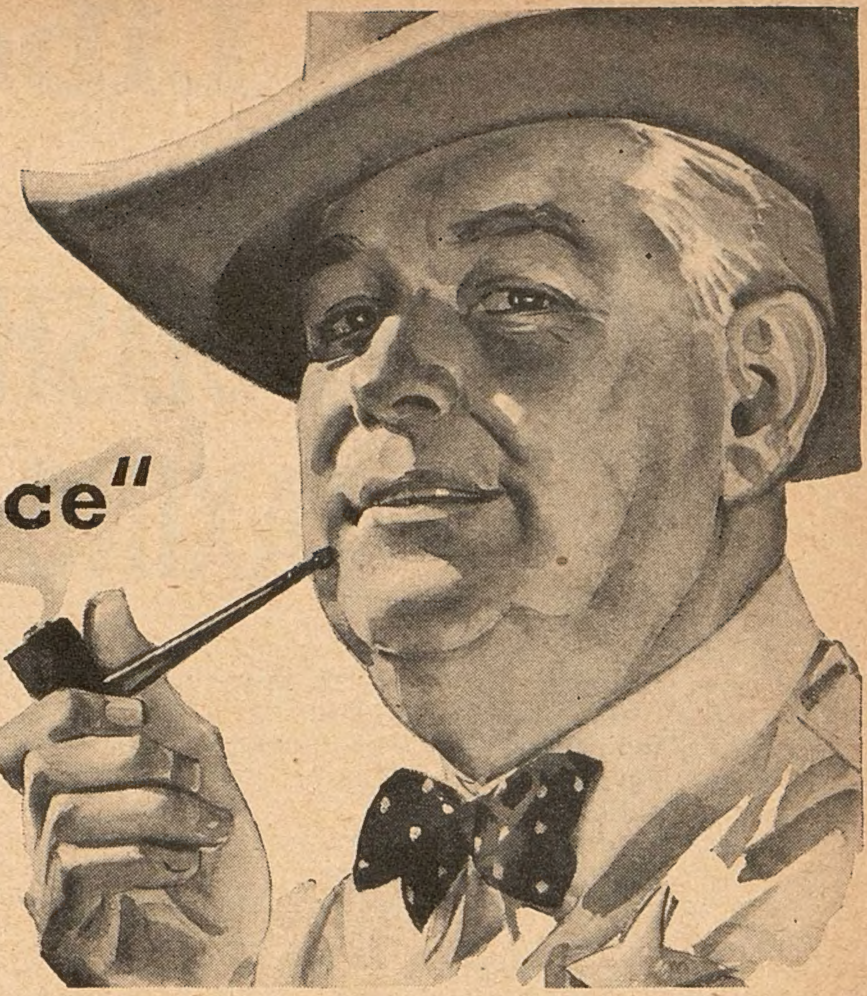
COSTLIER TOBACCOS—Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—*Turkish and Domestic*—than any other popular brand.

"You can feel Ingram's soothin' lather tone and condition your face"

SAYS MAJ. GEO. B. BLACK of the TEXAS RANGERS

and who the h— is Maj. Geo. B. Black



"JUST PUT me down as a man who has found real shaving comfort—*that's all I'm claiming here.*

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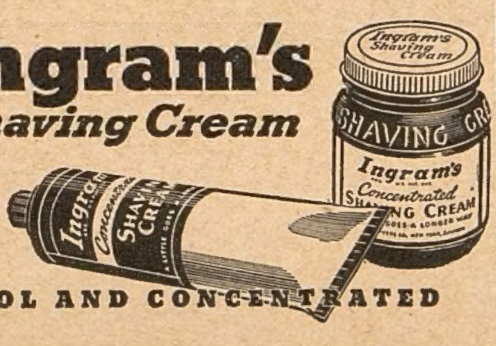
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MAY 8, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 19

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

OUR FOOLISH, BLUNDERING TAXING SYSTEM

WE all hate taxes, but governments are expensive, especially when officials turn into reformers and try to make radical changes. It is the effort to hide taxes that brings us all kinds of complications. Our legislators, knowing their offensive character, try to deceive the public.

The necessity for balancing our overdrawn budget has stimulated efforts to find new sources of taxes, but in the end they always add to the price of commodities and services.

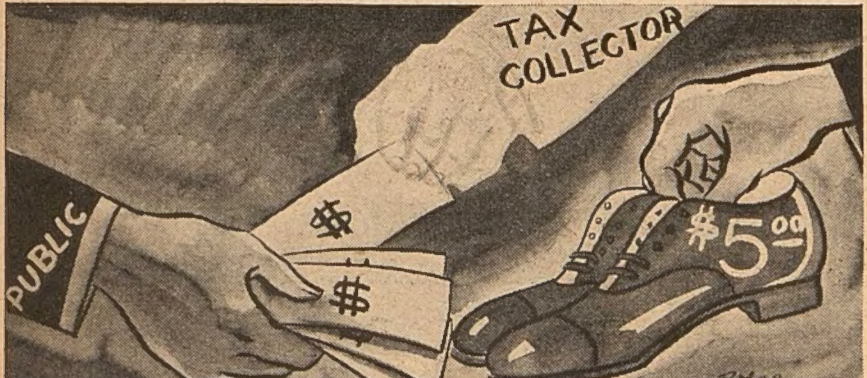
You can go down the line . . . name taxes of every nature . . . and you will find this statement to be true with but few exceptions. That being the case, why all the variations—confusing and puzzling to taxpayers?

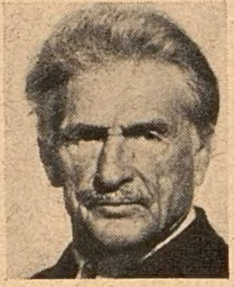
Take the income-tax report for example. Even a small income-tax return often requires elaborate study, and sometimes the assistance of attorneys, in order to avoid mistakes. Even the officials who are supposed to guide the public are often confused as to what is the proper procedure. And an income tax, like every other tax, is passed on to the consumer.

If income taxes are paid by an employer, they become an expense and are automatically added to the price of his merchandise.

Whatever taxes a landlord pays must be added to the price of rent; the farmer adds them to the price of his eggs, milk, vegetables, and other products; and shoe and clothing manufacturers increase the price of their merchandise to cover this cost.

Think how much better it would be if this intricate procedure were clarified and every merchant was told that a certain percentage of his total sales each year would represent taxes, and that a certain percentage of the gross income of the various businesses which are conducted as transactions would represent taxes, and that year by year the percentage would be increased or decreased to insure an appropriate amount necessary to balance the budget.





BERNARR MACFADDEN

The hundreds of thousands of persons who are now engaged in our huge tax departments could be reduced to a small percentage of their present number.

But sales taxes are unpopular. To be sure they are, because they are out in the open. Our citizens then know just what they are paying in taxes, and an educational campaign might be required to show successfully that the cost of everything we buy would not be increased by this change.

For example, at the present time hidden taxes amount to from 20 to 30 per cent. The pair of shoes that costs five dollars probably includes at least one dollar in taxes. If you are paying fifty dollars a month for rent, approximately twelve or fifteen dollars of this amount represents hidden taxes.

We are paying all these hidden taxes right now. We will have to continue to pay them.

Why not eliminate the mystery and hypocritical pretense and tell our citizens what they are paying in taxes on every article they buy? Everybody is paying these taxes, and instead of paying them under innumerable classifications, they could be paid at their final resting place—the sales or transaction tax.

Doubtless there is little chance of making the changes necessary to eliminate all these complications. People like to be humbugged, but this is an age of debunking, and it is about time our citizens were made to understand the staggering cost of our governmental system. There is a tragic need for more simplification.

Every citizen should understand he is paying taxes on everything he buys; but there is a prevailing idea that if we pay no taxes directly to the government, we are avoiding this expense. Taxes cannot possibly be avoided, and if we had been made aware of the huge increase in governmental expenses, the present staggering load of indebtedness would undoubtedly never have been incurred.

Suppose we cut out the subterfuge and tell our citizens just what they are paying now in hidden taxes. If all the money represented in these taxes was paid direct to the government, it would furnish a similar amount to that now being received in taxes from all other sources.

Therefore this simplification, although it might destroy hundreds of thousands of jobs for accountants, income-tax experts, attorneys, etc., would clarify our taxing system and give every citizen from year to year a definite estimate of the cost of government.

Bernarr Macfadden

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GORGEOUS *Styles* modeled by the Stars...

IF you were to step into a metropolitan department store to look at costumes and Joan Crawford or Jeanette MacDonald or Greta Garbo in person modeled for you, displaying a selection of beautifully styled garments, would you be thrilled?

"Impossible for it to happen!" you say.

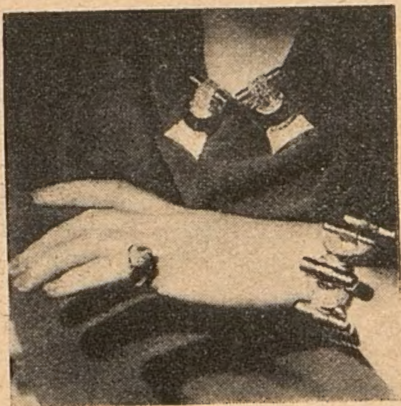
Yet, in substance, that very thing happens almost every time you attend the movies.

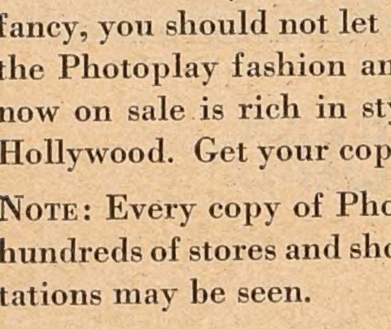
For Hollywood has become the Paris of America. There many of the world's greatest designers labor ceaselessly to produce the gorgeous creations that the great stars display upon the screen—the most beautiful, glamorous women in the world modeling for the women of America.

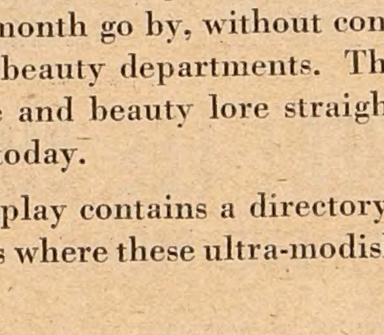
And in turn Photoplay, in its "Photoplay Fashions" and "Hollywood Beauty Shop" departments, adapts those styles in garments and accessories to your use.

If you are a woman of taste and discrimination with the financial ability to purchase the things that intrigue your fancy, you should not let a month go by, without consulting the Photoplay fashion and beauty departments. The issue now on sale is rich in style and beauty lore straight from Hollywood. Get your copy today.

NOTE: Every copy of Photoplay contains a directory of the hundreds of stores and shops where these ultra-modish adaptations may be seen.







PHOTOPLAY

MAY ISSUE OUT NOW

THE WORLD READY TO CRACK —An American General's Warning

BY LIEUT. GEN. ROBERT LEE BULLARD

in collaboration with EARL REEVES

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WAR—swift, undeclared, and terrible—may break in Europe. If this war breaks, it will become the first REAL World War—and a war to determine whether Communism is to sweep the globe. Within a year the European "balance of power" cleavage has been shifted. The line-up is now "Red" and "anti-Red." Any war now becomes a "class war."

Our people think of the present crisis as "Europe's trouble." Not ours. But that kind of war would *come to us.* It would come quickly: as unprecedented industrial disturbances and civil disorders. *Preparations have been made for this. These preparations have been most intensive during the past two years.*

Inevitably such a war would be accompanied by such massacre and execution as have been occurring in Spain.

I have had, recently, confidential advices that the diplomats of Europe—and our own—consider that this class war has already begun in Spain. And further confidential information says that Moscow leaders have decided that the world struggle for Soviet power is to be launched *this year.*

How will this struggle be brought about?

By rebel uprisings in all colonial areas in which the groundwork of preparation has been laid. By the signal for civil wars in nations deemed ripe for them. (Recently Moscow censorship let pass a dispatch promising Communist uprisings within any nations which may go to war in Europe.) By the fomenting of industrial disorders in nations where armed uprisings may not yet be attempted.

The Communist Party has been preparing intensively for what it calls "the struggle for Soviet power." Three years ago it began to concentrate upon our war industries and upon those convertible to war use. There followed a crusade to establish "cells" within the plants and, as tests of strength, strikes were called in two of our large aviation plants. This plan of penetration by "cells"—groups of Communists—was followed in basic industries.

Communists did the same thing in France—witness the general strikes and disorders last summer. Our own recent epidemic of strikes and use of force has shown a similar concentration—*for a strangle hold on this nation.* Where Communists were placed, there we had trouble, and the tactics used were contrary to American trades-union policy.

The Communist Party—per Moscow instructions—commanded Party members to join and dominate standard American labor unions, A. F. of L. and independent. The disbanding of all but a very few of the Communist and self-styled "revolutionary" unions—which two years ago had a membership of about 250,000—has brought more "militants" and "revolutionaries" into the standard labor unions. Usually they joined as individuals, but sometimes they went over en masse, as in the case of the fur workers in New York and the shoe workers in Massachusetts.

The number is not insignificant.

Stated in military terms, what happened was this:

In one year Communism placed in American labor organizations a total of about a quarter of a million "commissioned officers," party members, and "noncoms," or former members of revolutionary unions.

Hidden, unidentified, these Communists work through other groups. *They are in a position to wage instant class war against us if the first* real *war breaks out in Europe.*

Why is there so great a danger now of war in Europe? One answer is that, like the American "labor relations" picture, the map of Europe's alignments has been redrawn, and largely by the same hand. Since the World War, France had been the first Power in Europe; then, numerically, and possibly in equipment, Russia took that place. Germany grew in might.

When Moscow proposed a Franco-Soviet defensive pact, the French, fearing the strength of Germany, ratified it. Then Communists brought about the election of a "Popular Front" government in France. Red leaders instigated sit-down strikes at will. Premier Blum, with the pistol of a Communist general strike pointed at his head, forced swift passage of the complete Communist legislative program. And Maurice Thorez, Red leader, announced that he would establish "Soviet power" in France at the earliest opportunity.

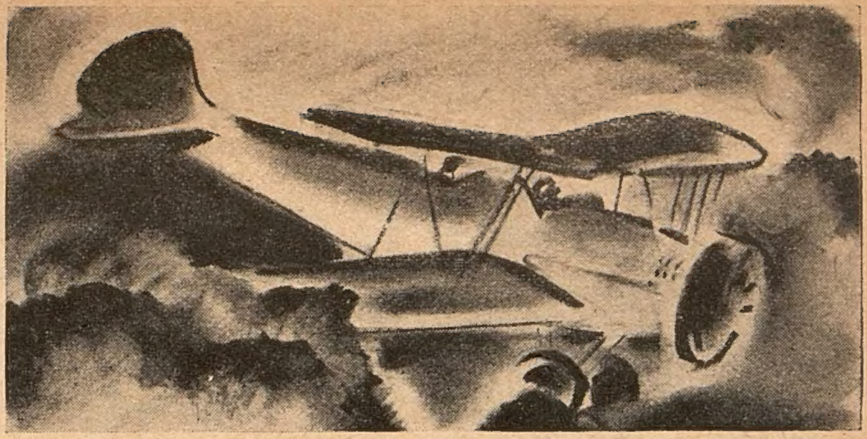
Then Hitler gave a blunt warning: "Germany cannot tolerate a Soviet France." Mussolini rushed reinforcements to the French frontier to help combat the Reds, if need arose. The long tension between Rome and Berlin ended suddenly in accord, and in the building of an anti-Red barrier across Central Europe composed of Germany, Italy, Austria, Hungary, and (Germany hopes) Poland. The new Red and anti-Red alignment of Europe, with France rewooing Poland and Germany seeking additional support in Central Europe, had occurred by early summer.

'Europe prepares; we are asleep!' A veteran fighter envisions the perils that threaten the U. S. A.

Spain did not cause this realignment. The Spanish war had not yet started. *Fundamentally, Communism in France, Moscow-directed, and the Soviet itself, redrew Europe's map of cleavage. The Communist Party in France remains today the tinderbox of Europe—and of the world.*

Europe now closely approaches the state of mind epitomized in the statement, "If I don't lick that fellow, life will never be the same for me again." Debate has ended. *Action is imminent.*

If Thorez should launch his coup to seize power in France, across the skies in divided Europe would be written the question, "Shall Europe be Bolshevized?" And planes would fly. If Moscow should decide that the war to make revolution world-wide must be started now, or all is lost, the final struggle to determine whether Communism or Capitalism shall be supreme on the earth would begin.



In 1927 Stalin said before the Seventh Congress of the Communist Party of Russia: "We must remember the words of Lenin. He said that in our socialist enterprise we must depend on our ability to DELAY the UNAVOIDABLE war with the capitalist world . . . until the moment when *proletarian revolution would be ripe in Europe;* or else until revolution would break out in the colonies; or again until the moment when capitalistic countries, on account of partition or loss of colonies, would wage war one against the other."

There appears to have been at least partial realization of these conditions on all counts during the past year. And during this period Stalin is reported to have said in a broadcast to his Red army, "The moment you have been expecting is close at hand."

Likewise, conditions exist which may be deemed favorable to the launching of a war "to rid the world of Bolshevism." Whether such a war will break from either side probably depends on what is going on inside the heads of four men—Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, and Thorez.

As for America, the Communists in this country already appear to be fighting the preliminary battles of the greater struggle to come. There has been an unprecedented epidemic of strikes, with the use of force, mass picketing, and quickly instigated disorders.

I believe the American public generally is sympathetic toward union labor. Nothing said here should be interpreted as reflecting upon our trades-union movement as it has grown up through decades of generally able leadership.

Our ablest labor leaders are against the new and alien tactics, the aggressive and disrupting action of Communists within our labor organizations—which themselves have been active in opposition to Communism.

Matthew Woll, a vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, said, on March 7, that he found in the new sit-down technique and in mass picketing a "militaristic conception" under which "the American Federation of Labor methods of persuading other workers not to take jobs has given way to prevention."

In Washington, a day later, William Green, president of the A. F. of L., gave a renewed warning that "Communism was seeking to acquire a dominant position in the trade-union movement." John L. Lewis, as president of the United Mine Workers, made similar declarations against Communism.

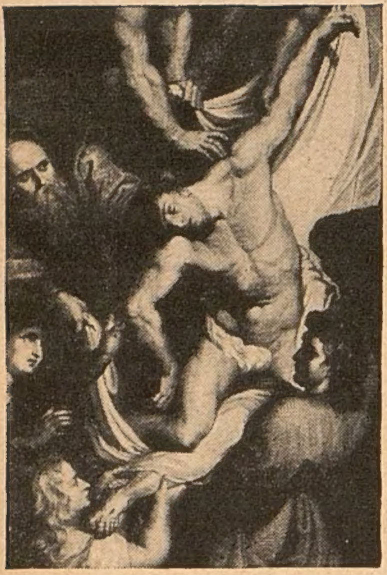
But, because of their planned strategy of boring from within, the army of a quarter of a million "officers and noncoms of the revolution" are able as never before to instigate conflict and disorder. The use of force by a few hundreds at the right spot can paralyze an industry. If they must wage the "unavoidable war" against the strongest nation of the "capitalistic world," they will, by strikes, riots, or sabotage, prevent our supplying other nations. They will tie up shipping, halt our war industries, cripple defense. They will instigate strikes, disorders, race riots, and try to fan these into revolution.

It is a WAR to "conquer the whole world" which we are discussing here. And our share in it.

Startled, all Europe now is in frenzied preparation as it faces this menace. And we are asleep. My fear is that, hidden, and working through others, as always, Communists can bring about a grave crisis in the United States before we know what they are doing or what to do about it.

THE END

WHAT WOULD JESUS TEACH ABOUT *Social Hygiene*



Jesus as portrayed by Rubens in The Descent from the Cross.

THE word "syphilis" was first used in a technical medical sense by Dr. Sauvages, who took it from the name of Syphilus, a character in a poem written by an Italian physician in 1530. As defined in the average dictionary it means "a markedly contagious, infective disease, most commonly caused by impure sexual intercourse."

The poem written by the Italian physician four hundred and seven years ago treats of the disease as common to the people generally, and caused by sexual excesses.

The word as it is now being used means the same as it did four hundred years ago, but more is known about treatment of the disease, and the word is emerging from an obscurity caused by the very subject itself, which people have avoided in embarrassment.

A disease which high medical authority ranks as perhaps the most fatal in its results not only for the visible living but for the unborn of the human race ought to be faced openly and with frank knowledge of its terrible effects on bodies and minds. And it is therefore not impertinent or superficial to ask, what would Jesus do with the problem of syphilis?

There are certain things that we need to remember about the physical bodily life of Jesus. It is a misfortune that art and literature have in many cases pictured Jesus as an effeminate personality. The pictures of Jesus have shown a weak person or in many cases a physical form that does not inspire respect for His body. There are some marked exceptions, like that wonderful painting of Rubens, The Descent from the Cross, in which the figure of Jesus' body is a magnificent portrayal. And in truth He must have had a rugged physique on account of His very calling as a carpenter.

Also let us not forget that Jesus spent six times as many years working with His hands as He spent as a teacher. I believe He did it on purpose, in order not only to be the breadwinner for His mother, but to dignify for all time the divine life of Labor, that in our times so many are degrading in terms of marketing values.

It is not too much to say, therefore, that Jesus from His very personal life calling was tremendously interested in the bodily life. I am firmly convinced that He had a perfect physical form, free from disease and weakness. So it is not surprising that when He came out into public life as a teacher we find Him spending at least half His time as a healer. History makes it very plain that the interest Jesus had in the bodily condition of the people was constant and profound.

The effect of Jesus' emphasis on bodily welfare was carried on into the early years of Christianity by His disciples. Note what Paul said to the early Christians surrounded by the debaucheries of Rome: "Your bodies are temples of the Holy Spirit. You must not defile them!" He had learned all that from the Master.

It is therefore impossible to think of Jesus, if He were here today, ignoring or dismissing with feeble words a condition that imperils the lives and morals of millions of human beings. Among the things that we have a right to believe He would do are these:

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR TO THE EDITOR OF LIBERTY

Just after mailing you my article, I came across a recent address by Professor Galetzki of the University of Cracow, Poland, in which he says that student riots against the Jews are caused by degenerate students among whom venereal disease is almost universal. He adds that . . . the same thing is true of most universities in Europe.

This is an appalling condition that accounts for much of the lack of moral sense among even the so-called educated groups not only in European countries but in our own. . . . Only a few months ago the president of Princeton College issued an appeal to his students to refrain from drunken exhibitions at athletic games.

All this raises the same question I tried to make plain in my article, about the complete absence of "conduct" teaching in our educational system.

First of all, He would call for a frank and open and intelligent discussion of the causes and results of syphilis by the physician, the family, the schools, the church, and the press. Of course we are faced at once with the pitiful fact that, in multitudes of homes, even fathers and mothers who love their children and want them to grow up physically clean do not know how to teach the truth. But they should not be afraid to learn. And even in the church the teaching of bodily habits of hygiene has been left out of the curriculum of the Sunday school. There should be a physical life course taught in every Sunday school by a well informed Christian doctor. It would be of tremendous value to boys and girls. A male doctor for the boys, a female for the girls.

Jesus would emphasize the place of the physician in the teaching of the causes and results of syphilis. Every doctor ought to be able and ready to enter the home of each of his patients and instruct the family, in a family group, all the members present.

My mother's father was a saddlebag doctor. He rode his horse all over the county in western New York where he practiced. And it was said of him that even then, almost a century ago, he never went in to a family on his rounds without giving the plainest instruction about sexual disease, and he taught the entire family the truth about the sexual habits that led to immoral and degrading life and emphasized and drove home the terrible injustice and cruelty of imparting syphilis to unborn babies, impregnated with the selfish sins of a parent.

I have been told that, owing to Grandfather Ward's education on this, almost a forbidden topic even among doctors, cases of syphilitic disease were almost unknown in a county near the city of Buffalo, where prostitution was

The man who asked a famous question forty years ago applies it to a once tabooed subject with 1937 frankness

BY THE REV. DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of "In His Steps — What Would Jesus Do?"

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

common and easy. In this connection I can imagine Jesus holding conferences with doctors and impressing on them the duty of educating the public and their patients, telling the plain truth about the causes and results of sexual life lived contrary to the welfare of the human race, results that threaten to destroy the moral integrity of mankind.

I believe also that Jesus would be specially interested in what the colleges and schools of the world could and should do in the way of plain telling of the truth about syphilis. He would call together the presidents of universities and colleges and talk to them about the necessity of having in their institutions teachers of human behavior.

I do not happen to know of a university or college in America that has on the faculty a professor or teacher of human conduct. By that I mean a man or woman whose *entire* business is to teach students how to behave on the basis of the teaching of Jesus. If there is such a teacher in any college or school, I do not know of it. And if any reader of Liberty will send me the name of such a teacher as I have defined him I will send such a person a copy of In His Steps, autographed, and a year's subscription to the Christian Herald.

May I add that I believe the failure of the American school system to teach everyday behavior is its weakest point. A few days ago in one of our states I was invited to speak to the students on education; but when I said I would have to say something about the religion of Jesus in my talk, the invitation was withdrawn by the principal of the school, because he said the state law would not permit any quotations from the Bible to be used in the classroom or the school assembly.

Under such conditions, do we wonder that there are in North America today 17,000,000 children and youth who are without any definite moral and religious training? These are the figures given out at the recent annual meeting of the International Council of Religious Education. And is it any wonder that the immoral practices that lead to the most dangerous disease are disregarded by youth and thought of with insolent jest until the results of immoral life are disease and death? Surely Jesus would insist on moral and religious teaching in the educational system of a civilized country. Not sectarianism, but religion as He taught it, which is simply love to God and man.

During the World War I was in London, and one morning in the House of Commons the news was published of the invaliding home of 10,000 British soldiers from Cairo, Egypt, owing to venereal disease. It broke the hearts of fathers and mothers and left a stamp of degradation on these youths. And yet there was not a single attempt during the war to educate the soldiers on duty in foreign lands against this peril. I make this statement on authority of an English officer.

And I believe that Jesus would specially appeal to all ministers of any name, Protestant and Catholic, Jewish rabbis, and all justices of the peace or any officials who have the legal right to perform a marriage, asking that before such a marriage is performed the minister or official require a certificate from an accredited physician stating that a physical examination has been made of the parties desiring to be man and wife and showing that they are free from disease and fit to become parents.

May I add that I have made that a practice in my own ministerial life and have refused to marry couples who were not willing to secure such a certificate from a reputable and Christian doctor. In a multitude of cases the young people who have been willing to be so examined have thanked me for the knowledge they have secured of their fitness for married life.

If young people knew that such a certificate would be required, it would in a great majority of cases help to keep them clean and straight in their physical habits.

In facing the problem of syphilis as it exists today, Jesus would consider it from the moral standard. I have heard young men treat the matter as a joke. It is a joke that walks hand in hand with grim Death. One of the most significant stories told about Jesus is that about the woman caught in the act of adultery. You remember He told those who were " without sin " to cast the first stone. And they all went out. There has never been much doubt in my own mind that probably some of these hypocrites had been guilty with this very woman herself.

And when they had all gone out, Jesus said to the woman, " Does any one accuse you? " And she said, " No man." And Jesus said, " Neither do I condemn thee. *But go, and sin no more!* "

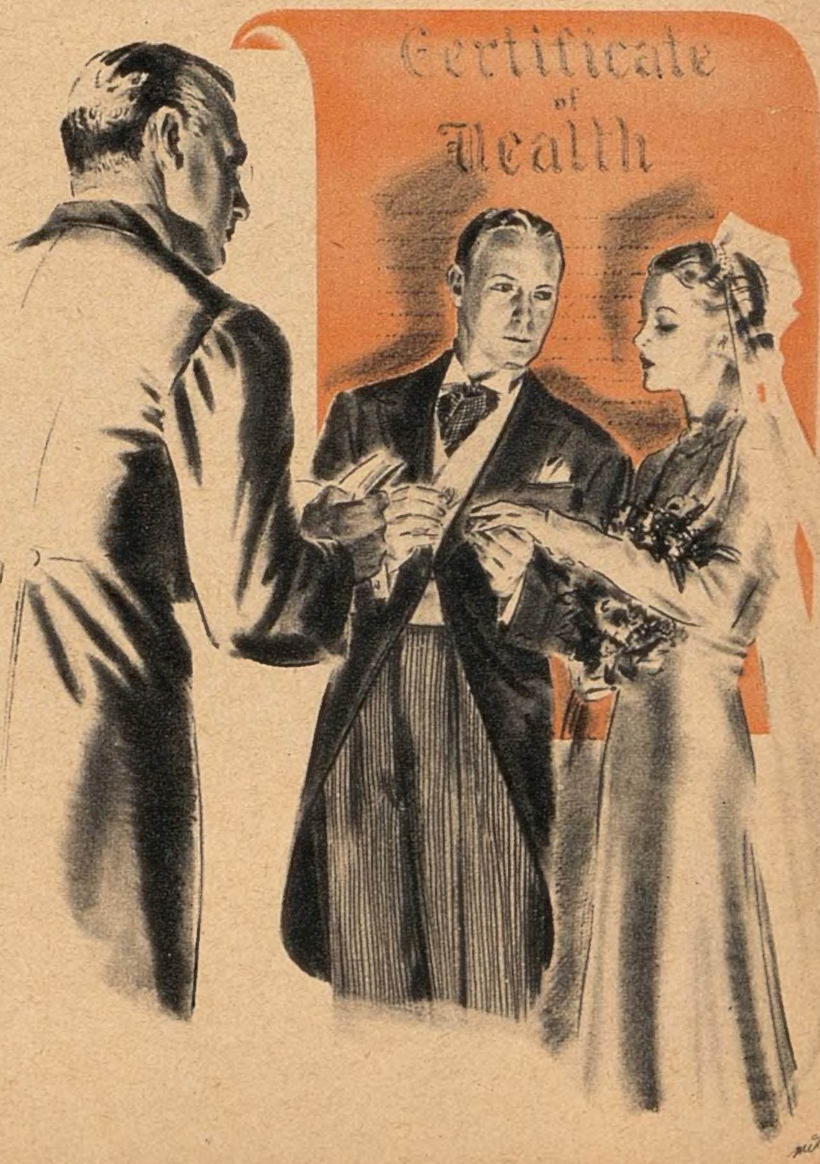
Ah! That is the crux of the whole matter. The cause of syphilis is sin against one's own and others' bodies. Jesus was not afraid of that word sin. It was the truth about human conduct. And although He lived in a different age, the humans that live now are just the same as those of His own time. The same laws govern now as then. " The wages of sin is death."

Syphilis is death to those who break a moral law of life.

Jesus would speak and act against it, and again His words would sweep across this Republic:

" And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

THE END



SOMETHING

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

IT isn't that I object," Danny said, " but you know how Thelma is."

He was wandering around his father's room, trying not to look the old man in the face. It was awful seeing the man who'd whipped you when you were a kid, the man who had seemed the strongest man in the world, sitting on the edge of his bed being scolded like a little boy. Being told that he couldn't keep a dog.

Girlie, the dog, lay at Frank Daly's feet. She was an old collie. Her eyes were not as bright as they had been and her coat was ragged.

Frank cleared his throat. He didn't know what to say. It was Thelma's house, after all. It was Danny's house too, but Thelma had Danny under her thumb. They dignified Frank's living there by calling it a visit, but Frank knew, and they knew, that he was living there because he didn't have any money or any place else to go.

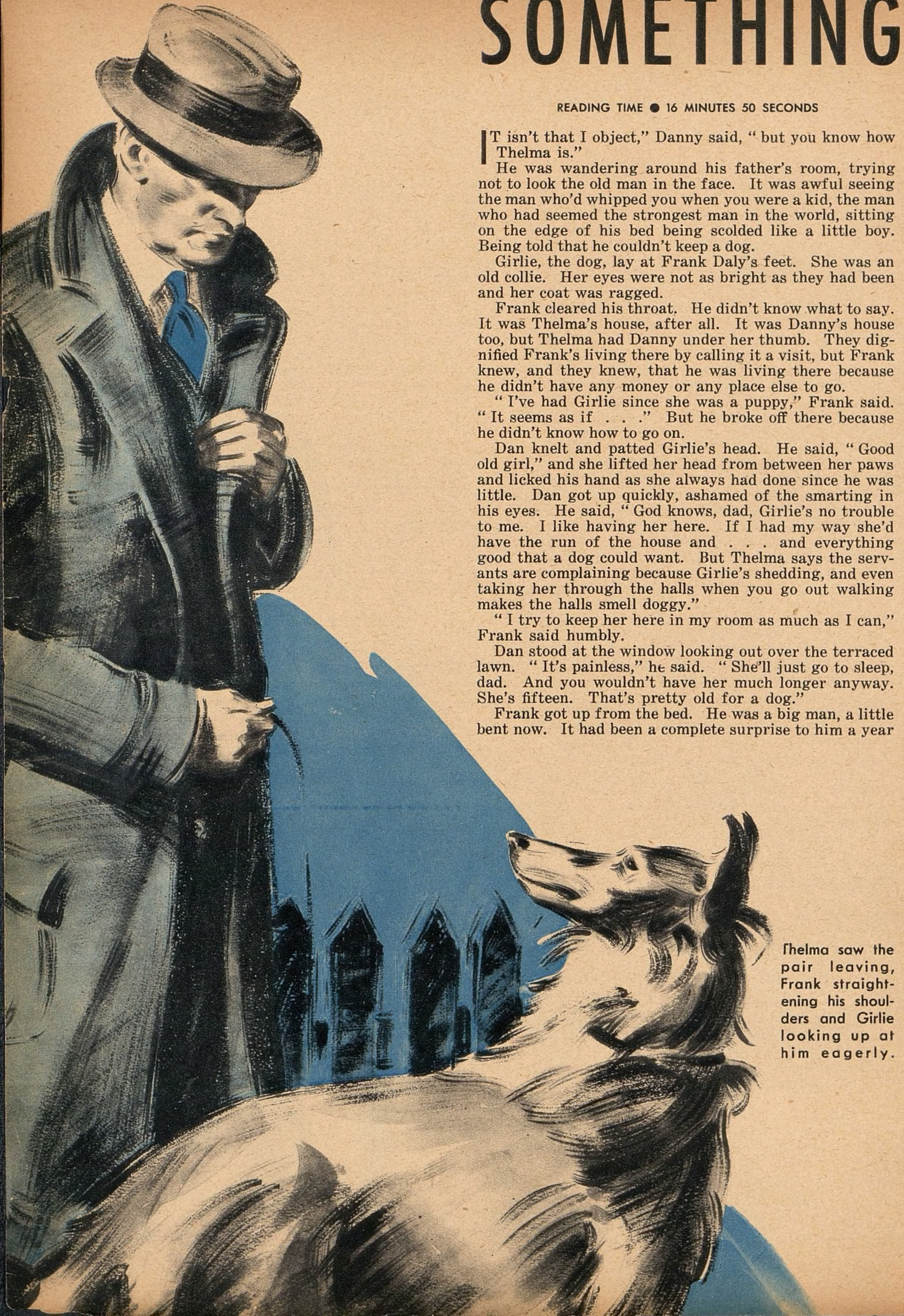
" I've had Girlie since she was a puppy," Frank said. " It seems as if . . ." But he broke off there because he didn't know how to go on.

Dan knelt and patted Girlie's head. He said, " Good old girl," and she lifted her head from between her paws and licked his hand as she always had done since he was little. Dan got up quickly, ashamed of the smarting in his eyes. He said, " God knows, dad, Girlie's no trouble to me. I like having her here. If I had my way she'd have the run of the house and . . . and everything good that a dog could want. But Thelma says the servants are complaining because Girlie's shedding, and even taking her through the halls when you go out walking makes the halls smell doggy."

" I try to keep her here in my room as much as I can," Frank said humbly.

Dan stood at the window looking out over the terraced lawn. " It's painless," he said. " She'll just go to sleep, dad. And you wouldn't have her much longer anyway. She's fifteen. That's pretty old for a dog."

Frank got up from the bed. He was a big man, a little bent now. It had been a complete surprise to him a year



Thelma saw the pair leaving, Frank straightening his shoulders and Girlie looking up at him eagerly.

OF HIS OWN

By HAGAR WILDE

back to find out that he hadn't made a go of it and that he never would. He hadn't even been able to pay the taxes on the farm. It didn't seem right, because he'd worked hard all his life, but there it was. He couldn't make his way any more, and it had been nice of Dan and Thelma to have him. After all, they had their own lives to live, and as much as he tried to keep out of their way it didn't seem as though he succeeded in eliminating his presence as much as Thelma would have liked him to. He knew Danny was feeling bad about this latest development. Life was hard enough for Danny as it was, working the way he did and having such a devil of a time with Thelma. She was an unreasonable woman even if she was pretty as an angel. Frank went over and put his hand on Dan's shoulder.

"It's an awful thing, fixing to kill an old friend," Frank said.

Danny put his head against the windowpane. "It surely is," he said, low-voiced.

"You and Girlie are all I've got," said Frank.

"Let's not talk about it any more tonight," Dan said. "It makes us both feel bad. I have to dress for dinner. Are you coming down?"

Thelma had told Frank earlier in the day that she didn't expect him down, but he thought that might make Dan angry, so he didn't mention it. They fought enough as it was. He just said he didn't think he'd come down; he was a little tired.

Dan thought, looking across the table at Thelma that night, Her face has hardened in the past five years. I've never noticed it before.

He'd always thought of Thelma as a thoughtless child. She'd never been anything but vain and demanding, but at first it had been the petulant insistence of a child upon having her own way. Now she was imperious, riding roughshod over anything that didn't please or convenience her. He softened, looking at her. She was beautiful. Her hair was sleek and golden and her eyes were a deep gray that looked almost purple in some lights. Her mouth was thin but well chiseled. Just now, laughing at something Larry Dubois had said, she looked as carefree and gay as a fifteen-year-old on a picnic. Larry was mad about her. Dan knew that, but it didn't bother him because Thelma always dismissed any mention of Larry with "He's a nice boy. It amuses me to see him once in a while." Dan didn't know that she was seeing him more than once in a while; that many of the afternoons she was supposed to spend at bridge were really spent in Larry's apartment overlooking the East River.

At one point during dinner she said, "I've been feeling very sad all day. The most *heartbreaking* thing . . ."

Larry said, "You have no heart. You're too beautiful to have a heart."

"No, but really," Thelma said, taking them all in with her glance around the table—"you know Dan's father is visiting us. He's *such* a dear . . ." Here she laughed a little. "He has an old moth-eaten dog . . . I know I must seem a fool for taking it so hard . . . but he persists in keeping it here in the house—in his *room!* She's such an awful-looking old brute. No teeth . . . her coat looks as though it would all fall off any minute and leave her *naked*."

Dan remembered Girlie frolicking around the pasture when she was a puppy, her tongue hanging out with the exertion of retrieving the sticks he threw. He tried not to hear the rest.

★ **A tender, searching story of the way of a woman, a father in exile, and a son's awakening**

"Well . . . it's the hardest thing I've ever done, but I simply had to say I couldn't have her here any longer. The place is beginning to reek of wet fur. And it isn't as though she wouldn't die any minute. It really is a mercy to have her put away. But it makes me sad. It makes me very sad." Dan noticed that she stared into the mirror centerpiece on the table to see how sad she looked, and how tender. He sickened a little.

The talk went to other things. Upstairs, the lonely old man was sitting with Girlie's head on his knee, his knobby hands passing backward and forward gently through the thick coat. Girlie's eyes were trained upward, searching his face. Fifteen years of living with a man, and a dog can tell when things are not right. In early years she would have been all over him, trying to heal his inner wound by licking his face. Now she knew that her head there on his knee was enough. . . .

After four rubbers of bridge the guests left. It was twelve o'clock and Dan was tired, but he couldn't get Frank's face out of his mind. He remembered them, Frank and Girlie, silhouetted against a sky at dusk on a hilltop, coming home. Frank's strides then had been long and assured, his feet planting themselves on the soil he had worked and coddled; Girlie trotting at his side, looking up now and then, soliciting a word which he never failed to give. "Good girl. Good dog."

Dan said, "Thelma, I'd like . . . couldn't we see if there isn't some way—something to be arranged?"

She was sitting in the big gold-covered armchair, all her smiles gone now, a look of tired determination on her face. She always looked that way when she hadn't an audience. Her eyes narrowed. "It's about that dog," she said flatly.

"Yes. Frank has so little. And so little time left."

She flared out at him. "So little! What does he expect? That this house is going to be run for him? He should be thankful that he has a son and a daughter-in-law who are willing to have him poking around the house all day looking as if the end of the world were coming in the next minute! He has a good home, hasn't he? Is any expense spared to see that he's comfortable? I have to run the house and the servants and try to keep a decent home for you, besides being sure that he has boiled eggs for breakfast and chicken broth for lunch . . ." She broke off and put her head in her hands. "Sometimes I get so tired of it I could just lie down and die. But no, that isn't enough. I have to have a mangy old dog around, rolling on my carpets, smelling like a sewer. . . . *Really*, Dan! It's asking a little too much."

Dan sighed. In this mood it was no good going on. If he'd caught her at one of the times when she wanted to be a martyr. . . .

Frank couldn't go to sleep that night. He lay awake thinking about a lot of things. He wasn't resenting anybody. He was just wondering how it was that at one point life stretched before you and you had everything. Then, little by little, without your knowing it, things were taken away.

Girlie's head was heavy on his feet, the flat part of her chin stretched across his instep. He swallowed a lump in his throat. She was the last thing that he was responsible for. The last of a lot of responsibilities. He'd failed in the others . . . not because he hadn't tried but because he hadn't been good enough. But Girlie had trusted him to take care of her ever since she was a little thing. Girlie had come to him with her troubles and looked up, saying with her e[illegible] “You can fix it.” And he always had fixed it. Now he was going to turn her over to them meekly. She'd go happily and trustingly, and she wouldn't know until the very end that he had betrayed her.

He thought: Maybe I can board her out. I should think I could find a place for three dollars a week. But he hadn't even that much of his own. Maybe Dan and Thelma would let him do something around the house that would save them money and he could use that with a clear conscience. But he knew, in the same instant, that if he suggested it to Dan, Dan would give it to him and tell him to forget helping around the house.

He didn't want that. He wanted to be responsible for Girlie himself and not to feel that somebody, the person who was paying the three dollars, wanted her to die. She wasn't worth anything to anybody but him.

He fell asleep a little before dawn without having settled anything.

It wasn't his fault the next day that he heard Thelma talking with Larry Dubois over the telephone. He'd gone into the library for a book. While Thelma, in the drawing room, was speaking in a low tone, she wasn't whispering. He heard her say, “ We had a frightful row last night. I'm so tired of the whole thing. . . . .”

They'd quarreled again. Frank put back a book he'd been looking at and stood there unhappily. They were always quarreling. Thelma should have had a baby. That would have kept her too busy to quarrel.

“ Well,” she said, “ it was about that damn dog. Honestly, Larry, you don't know what I put up with. It's awful, having the old man around all the time. Of course I know it's necessary, but . . . I don't know . . . I mean, after all, it isn't our fault that he's a failure . . . you'd feel the same way . . . and then the dog. And you never feel that you're alone in the house. He acts as though Dan still belonged to him, and Dan isn't man enough to tell him that he has his own life to live.”

Frank thought: I never did that. I've never once acted as though Dan belonged to me. I've never once stood in her way. She shouldn't say those things.

He was blinded by tears when he reached his room. Angrily he mopped them from his eyes. It was because he was old that he cried, and he hated it. Girlie came to him, wagging her tail and lifting her head to his hand. He stood in indecision for a moment and then took her harness from the foot of the bed. He said, “ We're going for a walk, Girlie.” He didn't tell her they were going for a fifty-mile walk to his cousin Alfred's.

He left a note for Dan, saying merely that he'd found out that morning how Thelma felt about having him as a guest. He added generously that she was right; that young people were much happier alone; and that he was going to visit Alfred. Alfred had been after him to come for a long time. Alfred lived alone and they'd be good company for each other. He said at the end of the note, “ Come and see me sometime soon.”

Thelma saw the pair of them leaving, Frank straightening his shoulders at the end of the walk and buttoning his shabby overcoat, Girlie looking up at him eagerly. Thelma shuddered and went up to her room to dress.

WHEN people see a man walking along the road with a dog they don't stop to give him a lift; they think he's just out for a stroll and that soon he'll go back to a quiet house and a good dinner. At the end of ten miles Frank was hungry and tired. Girlie seemed in better spirits now that she was in the country. Only forty miles to go, just four times as many as they'd walked already. He had twenty-five cents, but he wasn't going to buy anything to eat until they'd gone at least fifteen miles.

About six miles farther on there was a roadside stand ahead. It was just this side of a curve. When he reached it, he crossed the road and looked back for Girlie. She was nosing around in the ditch on the opposite side of the road. He leaned against the counter and whistled to her. She perked her ears, clambered up from the ditch, and started across the road. The car that came around the curve was doing sixty. The man stopped and came back. “ God,” he said, looking down at Girlie and [illegible] his arms—“ God, I'm sorry. I didn't see him.”

Frank couldn't even talk. He didn't blame the man. He held her and got her over to the side of the road and sat down on a pile of lumber, holding her. She cried pitifully until he didn't move, and then she was quiet.

The man who'd hit her said, “ We'll drive to the nearest veterinary.”

Frank said, “ It's no use.” Girlie opened her eyes and rasped her tongue across the back of his hand and died. This was the way life took things from you. Even the last thing. One minute you have something and the next minute you haven't. It's as simple as that.

Frank said to the roadside-stand man, “ I'd like to bury her.”

The motorist went with them. The man got a spade from the tool shed and they were going to dig the grave for him, but Frank said he'd dig it if they didn't mind. They stood there while he folded his coat and laid it aside, put his foot against the edge of the spade and thrust it deep into black muck. It wasn't a very big hole to dig. He'd finished it soon enough. He laid a pile of green branches at the bottom and put Girlie on them. Then he covered her with more branches and then filled it in and tamped it down. He said, “ Thanks, both of you. It was nice of you to help.”

THE motorist said again, “ I can't tell you how sorry . . .”

Frank said, “ You couldn't help it. Those things happen. I should have looked before I whistled to her. She always came right away. . . . I'll—I'll go along, I guess.”

The motorist leaned out of the car. “ Can I drop you somewhere? ”

“ I'm going the other way,” Frank said. He went off down the road. Now he knew loneliness, a worse loneliness than he'd ever known. . . .

It was a funny thing that Dan happened to go into the building barbershop that afternoon. His favorite shop was eight blocks away and he was late. While he was in the chair a man came in and sat in the chair next to him. He said to the barber, “ A lot of hot and cold towels. I'm pretty foggy.”

A customer going out stopped beside him and said, “ Hello, Charley. I've been calling you all afternoon.”

Charley said, “ I've been out. I'm lit to the ears. I've been at Larry Dubois's, sopping up those dynamite cocktails. Larry was trying to get me tight so I'd get out, but I fooled him. I stayed.” He laughed. “ He was mad as hell,” he said.

Danny knew, sitting there, that he was going to hear something he didn't want to hear.

“ I crashed a very private party,” Charley said, “ and this blonde dame sat there and bored holes in me all afternoon.”

There were lots of blonde women, lots. Besides, there was no reason why Thelma shouldn't have cocktails with Larry.

“ I was trying to get you for a dinner party tomorrow night,” the other man said. “ We're entertaining a cousin of the wife's. She's pretty.”

“ Blonde? ” Charley said. “ I like blondes. This one this afternoon . . . this Thelma What's-her-name . . . I can't remember her name . . . she was one reason I stayed.”

“ Tonic, sir? ” the barber said to Danny.

“ No, thanks,” Danny said. “ No, thanks. Just comb it.”

He got out of there and drove home feeling a little numb. Thelma was already dressed and in a foot-tapping mood. He went in and said to her, “ Where were you this afternoon? I called you.” This was a lie, but it came out quite naturally.

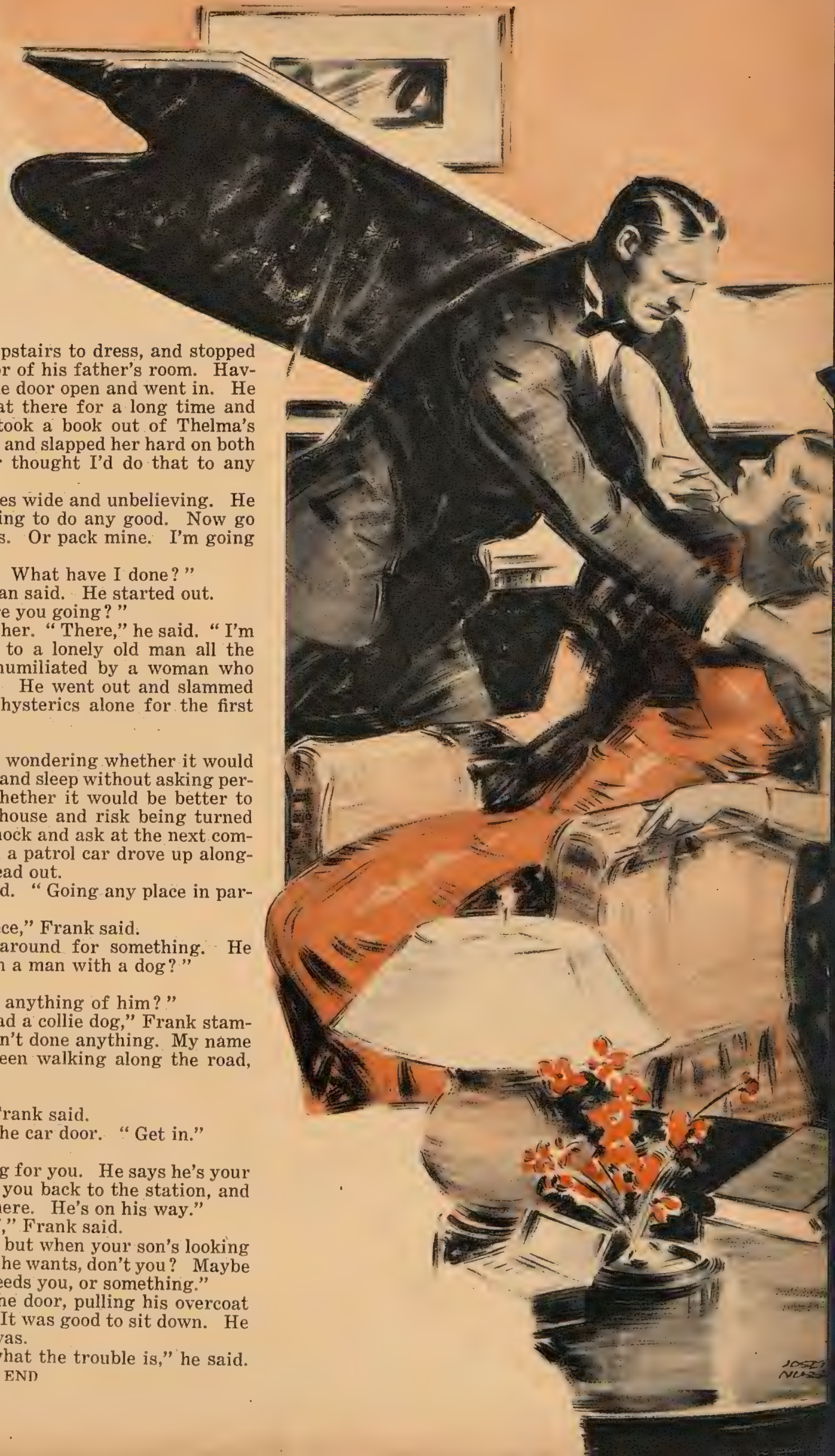
“ Did you? I didn't get the message. I was playing bridge at Margot's.”

“ Bridge,” he said. “ You play a lot of bridge.”

“ You're acting odd,” Thelma said.

“ Am I? ” He ran his hand across his forehead. Right now he was too mad to do anything about it. What he'd do he didn't know, but whatever it was he had to be quiet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH NUSSDORF



"I never thought I'd do that to any woman," Frank said. She started to cry.

when he did it. He went upstairs to dress, and stopped on his way to tap at the door of his father's room. Having no answer, he pushed the door open and went in. He found Frank's note. He sat there for a long time and then he went downstairs, took a book out of Thelma's hands, pulled her to her feet and slapped her hard on both cheeks. He said, "I never thought I'd do that to any woman."

She started to cry, her eyes wide and unbelieving. He said, "Stop it. It's not going to do any good. Now go upstairs and pack your bags. Or pack mine. I'm going to the club."

"But what have I done? What have I done?"

"Only you know that," Dan said. He started out.

She screamed, "Where are you going?"

He threw Frank's note at her. "There," he said. "I'm going to try and make up to a lonely old man all the times he's been hurt and humiliated by a woman who isn't fit to clean his boots." He went out and slammed the door, and Thelma had hysterics alone for the first time in her life.

IT was dark and Frank was wondering whether it would be better to go into a barn and sleep without asking permission of the owner, or whether it would be better to knock at the door of some house and risk being turned away. He had decided to knock and ask at the next comfortable-looking place, when a patrol car drove up alongside and an officer put his head out.

"Evening," the officer said. "Going any place in particular?"

"Just down the road a piece," Frank said.

The officer was looking around for something. He said, finally, "Have you seen a man with a dog?"

"Dog?" Frank said.

"An old collie dog. Seen anything of him?"

"I . . . uh . . . I had a collie dog," Frank stammered. "But . . . I haven't done anything. My name is Frank Daly. I've just been walking along the road, that's all."

"Where's the dog?"

"She . . . she died," Frank said.

The officer snapped open the car door. "Get in."

"What for?"

"There's somebody looking for you. He says he's your son. I'm supposed to bring you back to the station, and you're to wait until he gets here. He's on his way."

"I can take care of myself," Frank said.

"Sure," the officer said; "but when your son's looking for you, you have to see what he wants, don't you? Maybe he's in trouble. Maybe he needs you, or something."

Frank got in and closed the door, pulling his overcoat carefully around his knees. It was good to sit down. He hadn't known how tired he was.

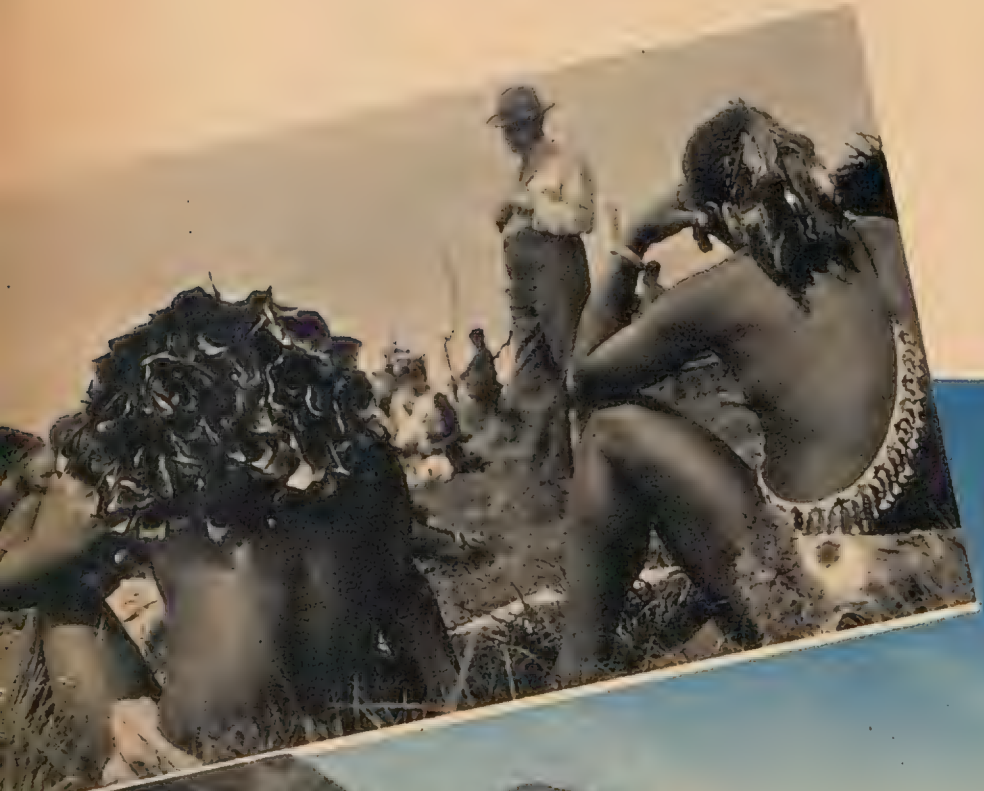
"I expect I'd better see what the trouble is," he said.

THE END

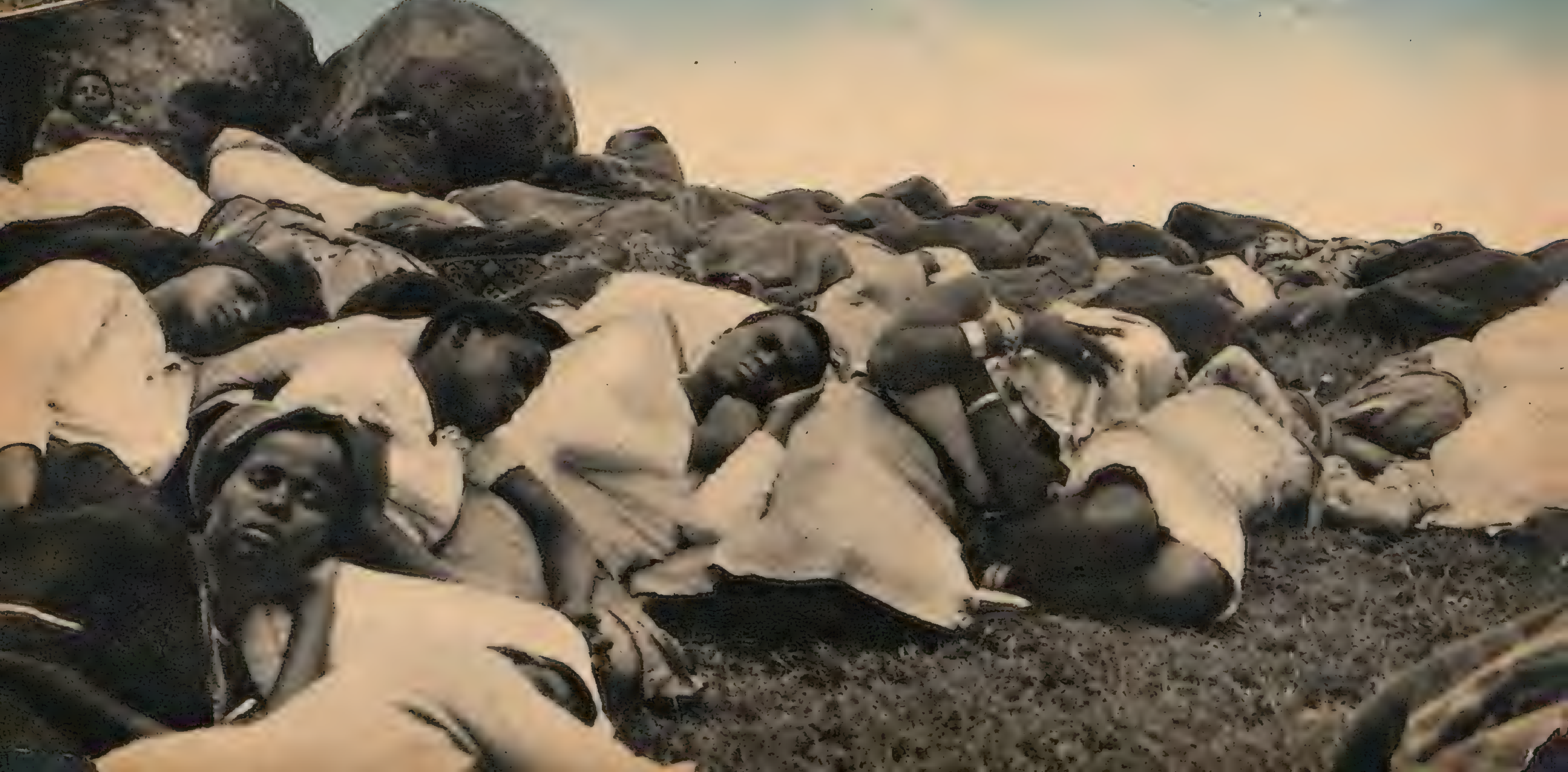
I SAW A WHITE MAN *Hypnotize*

uring my wanderings among his people, the Zulu chief Manyala t my right) ordered his head witch doctor (at my left, all dressed) to tell me about Zulu witchcraft, white and black magic. This ead witch doctor was a woman, one of the chief's many wives.

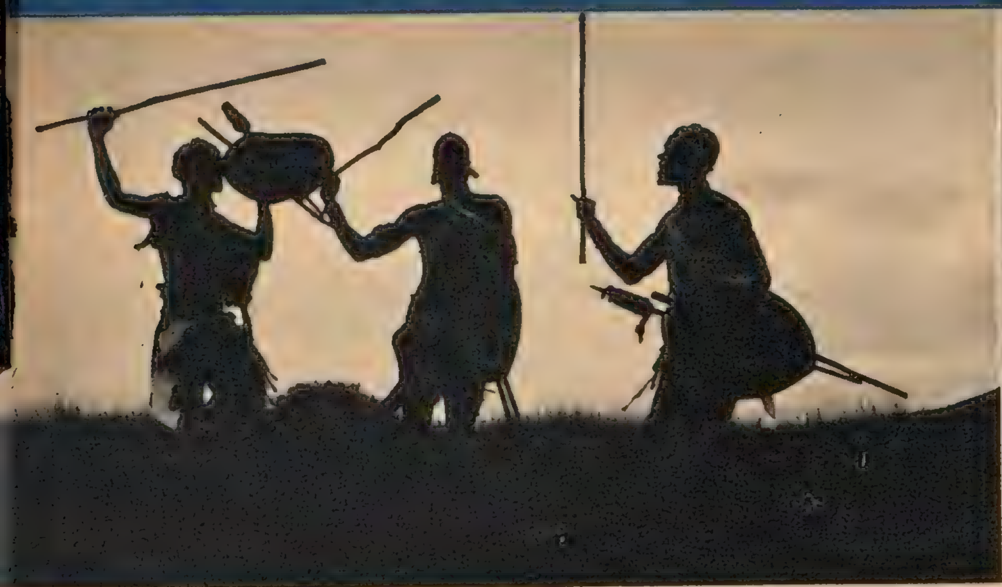
It was from her that I heard of a white Maker of Sleep far off in the mountains. She warned me that he would put me to sleep and to death. Nonetheless, from Nkandhla I went in search of him—went on horseback through (above) a peaceful land of immense stillness.



A short elderly white man stood up among these natives, spoke in Zulu to them (at left). He did not gesticulate nor use any showman's tricks. He was saying that soon he would put them to sleep, but when they woke they would be as new beings, free of ailments and worries. Suddenly he paused, raised his voice a trifle, held his arm outstretched a moment, then uttered a short command. Like soldiers, all of his listeners (below) dropped to the ground—and slept!



BLACK SAVAGES—*See for Yourself!*

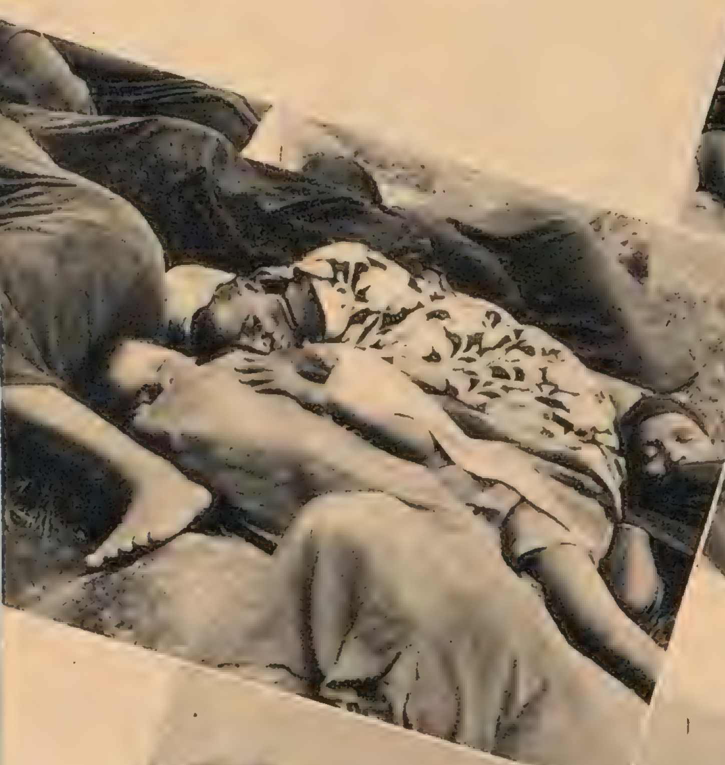


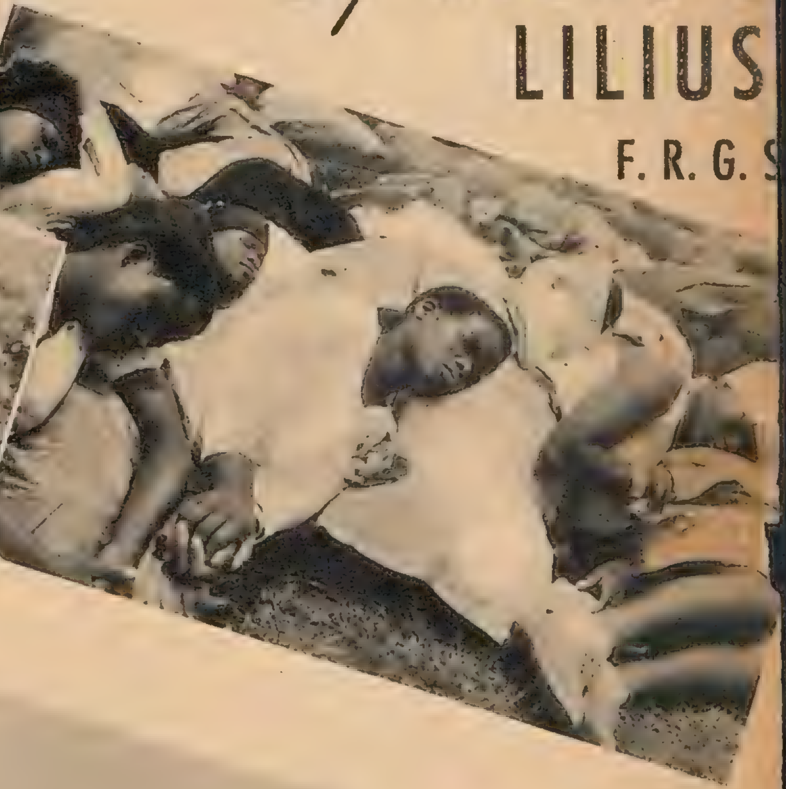
Directed by friendly natives, we came to a plateau, where we dismounted and crept through the bush. What I saw dumfounded me. Three Zulus, waving their knobkerries, were bouncing up and down ceaselessly. Their eyes were shut; they were in a trance!

What a nightmare! What a horrible performance this was! A col
fear gripped me. At last I shook it off, opened my camera, an
creeping as close as I dared, took the snapshot of them. I di
likewise in photographing the crowd of Zulus we found on beyon

By ALEKO E
LILIUS
F. R. G. S

He let me photograph the scene, taking such pictures as the two at the right. "There is no hurry," he said. "You could not arouse them."





I shook some of them.
even shouted. All in vai
Then he turned to the
uttered a strange wor
ordered them to wake u
One after another the
sat up (at left), man
yawning and stretchin

The Maker of Sleep mounted his pony and smilingly rode off (right). He is a storekeeper, Peder Titlestad by name. "The Zulus say I can kill," he says. "Thank God, I never tried! I use my power only for good."

LAWRENCE TIBBETT
LILY PONS
GLADYS SWARTHOUT
NINO MARTINI
GRACE MOORE

Exclusive! —The Czar of Hollywood reveals exciting plans for a new day in the films

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

ON March 15 this year Will H. Hays completed fifteen years of service as president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America. To the man on the street he was, and is, the " czar of the movies."

During each of these years Mr. Hays has rendered a carefully compiled report to the industry, a document eagerly awaited by " the trade " as this is written.

To commemorate the fifteenth anniversary of what he terms a " thrilling and joyful experience," Mr. Hays, at the invitation of Liberty, for the first time pauses to render a less formal report of his stewardship to the great moviegoing public.

Realizing that the interest of motion-picture patrons is in the future rather than in the past, he replies here to a series of questions by which I sought to learn just what might be expected at the neighborhood theater during the coming year and soon thereafter. Shorn of my questions and unadorned by conventional " quotes," he gives the readers of Liberty his answer. Reduced to essentials, what follows is in the words of Will H. Hays himself, " in person ":

MY duties as Postmaster General were almost as child's play compared with my routine chores in the motion-picture industry. Day after day, and every hour of each day, I sit at a valve past which are hurtling a million crosscurrents.

Not even Uncle Sam's mail has grown so rapidly, nor did it present as many overwhelming problems as arise in our industry. When I came to it, exactly fifteen years ago, the patronage of the nation's motion-picture theaters totaled about 6,000,000 daily. Now the best estimates place the daily attendance at about 13,000,000!

The heads of the various studios, with their different tastes, ideas, aims, and policies, have a keen regard for the common good. Throughout I have encountered a wholehearted readiness to co-operate with me.

Unlike ordinary industries, ours has no rule of thumb. It is a comparatively new art which in turn combines within itself every art and almost every form of mechanics and science evolved by man. The word properly descriptive of its magnitude has yet to be coined. For example: More than 27,000 miles of " living " film are distributed in the United States every day of the year—more than enough to encircle the earth, with 3,000 miles tossed in for pleats and a neat bow.

It is " living " film because by it are projected the images of humans who actually speak, and before a living, shifting series of scenes.

Every contributor to these many miles of film is an artist or artisan in his or her own sphere. The finished

WILL HAYS tells what the Movies are coming to

in an authorized interview with NAT J. FERBER

film is the product conceived and brought to completion by men who are not alone distinct individualists but who are also keen competitors. There have even been times when the aims of one producer were a threat to the interests of the others. But out of it all has been developed the miracle of the movies.

For example: It is agreed that sex has its place on the screen; but as some would have had it, it was juvenile. Men who early in the life of the industry sought to attract the morbidly curious to the box office now realize that sex can often awaken disgust and cause financial failure. The outdoor picture and the good mystery story have survived torrid eroticisms.

But with sound and improved technical facilities there is no reason why the films shouldn't take the leadership with the best in the theater and literature. All producers are now agreed on this point. The result—the recent series of high-class motion pictures. These have set a new standard, attracting new audiences, the scholarly and sophisticated who had previously withheld their patronage from the movie theater. But the industry realizes that it doesn't dare make so-called high-class pictures for the few alone. This would be a financial impossibility. Fortunately, the taste of the public has kept pace with the improvement of our product. This is by no means accidental.

THERE are more than 6,000 units—you may call them educational organizations—working with our association to raise the common denominator of appreciation. We now know that we have created a large audience which enjoys high-class pictures no less than the so-called highbrow. And this public will get them in a larger measure than ever during the coming year.

Here are just a few of the pictures being made ready for production at this hour:

Beau Geste, Prince and Pauper, Madame Butterfly, Beethoven, Victor Herbert, Panama, Gone With the Wind, Wright Brothers, Tom Sawyer, Tovarich, Wuthering Heights, White Horse Inn, Firefly, I Accuse, Madame Waleska, White Angel, Parnell, Lost Horizon, Escadrille, The Last Slaver, Stella Dallas, Hurricane, and Madame Curie.

More and more music will play a part in the presentation of the motion-picture story. We have already reached the stage wherein the great music of the opera and symphony has been freely interpolated; but we are going further. The Plainsman and Anthony Adverse are endowed with original music of a genuinely classic caliber created specifically for them. And, for these, two composers of international renown, Antheil and Korngold, were employed. During the coming year the tendency will be to make the music an integral part of the story instead of an incidental theme or overtone. Story and music will be made one for the other, from beginning to end.

Of course, the greatest talent in the world will be needed to write the music for the greatest stories in the world. To this end the studios have made a very convincing start. Here are a few of the world-famous composers and conductors who will have a hand in the pictures scheduled for the coming months:

Korngold, composer of the grand opera The Dead City.

Igor Stravinski, one of the few moderns often listed among the immortals.

Arnold Schoenberg, one of the world's great composers.

Leopold Stokowski, world-famous conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Werner Jenssen, composer, and conductor of the New York Philharmonic.

Max Steiner, Antheil, and George Gershwin will create specifically for motion pictures. Then there are Dimitri Tiomkin, Jerome Kern, Sigmund Romberg, Irving Berlin, Herbert Stothart, and the dozens whose tunes are being whistled, sung, and danced to all over the civilized world. I freely predict that the great symphonic orchestras, here and in Europe, will be playing from scores written in Hollywood. This within months rather than years.

And as with music, so with color. We are about to achieve the highest form of naturalness in color and color combinations. And what is more, we are rapidly learning to use " color in motion " effectively.

With progress such as this we envision a screen in which even closer realism, molded by the basic principles of art, will mark the great motion pictures of tomorrow. Finer harmony between story, music, and color will characterize every phase.

I am giving away no secrets when I reveal that Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Tibbett, Martini, and Grace Moore are merely the forerunners of the famous singers soon due on the screen. And as in the case of the musicians, the studios are angling for world-famous painters, colorists, for the day which is rapidly approaching.

Progress within the coming year or two will not be limited to dramatic features. The newsreel will soon achieve an even greater place in its own sphere. Short subjects, in greater number, will continue to show one half of the world how the other half sings, works, and lives. The teaching film, more than ever, in the next twelve months will function as a standard medium of education, and not as a classroom novelty.

My optimism about the future is born of facts. During the past year our technicians have achieved a " higher definition of image and sound." Which, boiled down, means that we can now put on the screen a better picture and much better sound.

Small wonder that the eyes (and ears) of the world are on our pictures. That is why, at all times, we must resort to self-regulation, with a regard for all the proprieties. Aside from the fact that there can be no undisciplined art, there can be no entirely uncurbed " entertainment."

We are able to perpetuate the best that each artist can give. There are no off nights in the work of the artist on the screen. By piecing together only the best portions of each artist's contribution, we are able to capture and hold the perfect or near-perfect for perpetuity.

My recent visit at the Vatican, for example, revealed to me that even the Papacy is aware of the efforts we are making to create worthy films. The Holy Father graciously expressed approval and appreciation of the improvement of the moral content of American pictures, and expressed the hope that this would continue.

I came away from this most unforgettable interview with the impression that the Holy Father was greatly concerned with keeping the interest of the people on wholesome entertainment; with the hope that they would realize the importance of supporting the good.

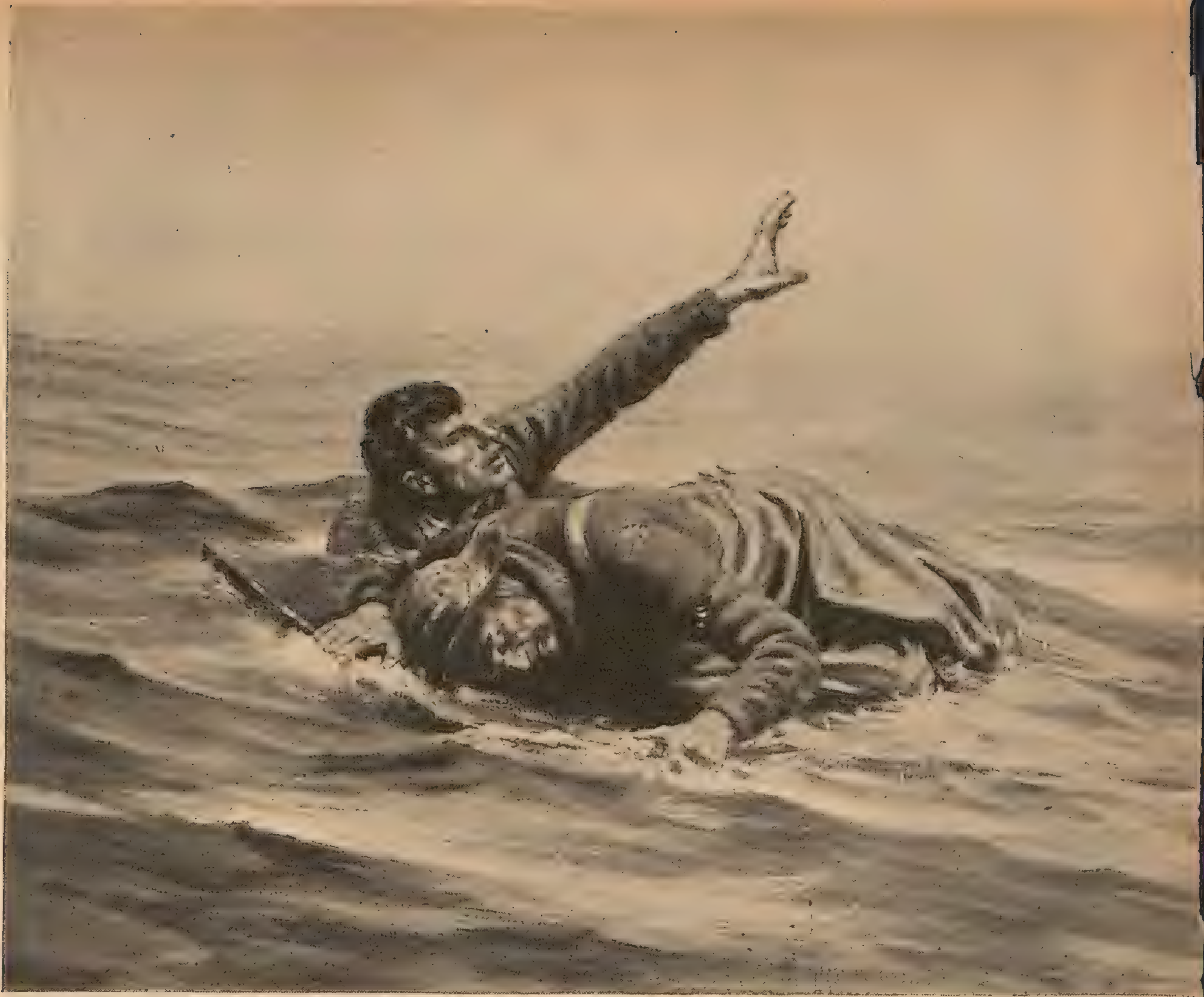
The motion-picture makers of America propose to see that the opportunity for such support is not lacking.

THE END

SEA

READING TIME

23 MINUTES 25 SECONDS



Tom's strength was ebbing. Perhaps he would have let

THE great ocean swells were first seen high above, as if they had come down through the fog from the sky. When they passed, the little salmon troller Helga swooped into a gray pit that had no sides or bottom.

Nothing was real, not even the sea itself. Fog smothered the slow irregular beat of the big two-cylinder motor and the harsh cries of gulls. Fog crammed the world. It had substance, weight, malice.

Yet the Helga went calmly about her business. A pole bent, a line hissed across the surface, and Tom Engdal took a turn on the gurdy and let the little winch and the motor drag in a big spring salmon.

Arne Nielsen came up from below and looked aft from the wheelhouse door.

"Half past seven," he said. "Just three hours since we left Destruction Island Light."

"That puts us off Hoh Head," Tom said.

Arne did not comment. Both men turned their heads and held them stiffly. A low faint moan came from astern.

"Must be a ship off Destruction Island," Arne said. "This is one of those fogs that bottles up sound and does queer things to it."

"There's one way to make sure where you are along this coast," Tom said. And he dropped the lead.

Many ships carry fruit, lumber, paper, and people up and down the coast of Washington. Arne and Tom had been working eighteen hours a day for six days and had no desire to spend a wakeful night with the little Helga in the path of rushing juggernauts.

Tom looked at the lead line. "Fourteen fathoms," he said. "Never a ship this close in here. Let's get in the gear."

When the tall poles were lashed in place, Tom stuck an inquiring nose inside the wheelhouse door.

"Pot roast burnin'," he said. "I'll drop the hook."

Arne ducked below. Tom went forward to the Helga's bow and unlashed the anchor. He lifted it, stood clear of the cable, and tossed the hook outward.

Its splash mingled with the jingle of chain and the hiss of running manila. But these sounds did not cease when the line was still. They grew. They acquired volume and the deep thunderous note of mighty power.

Tom Engdal straightened in alarm. The roar bewildered him. Even if a ship were off its course, he had not heard it whistle. He took a step aft, stopped.

The gray fog turned white astern, became twin plumes of violent water, and between the plumes rose the sharp black lofty bow of a freighter.

"Arne!" Tom bellowed, and then the Helga was shattered beneath him and the cold waters of the North Pacific drew a steel band about his chest.

When Tom came to the surface he saw through salt-bleared eyes the high side of a ship. It was rushing past, but it did not swing away so fast that the name on the stern escaped him. He saw it plainly—Mount Olympus.

Tom Engdal roared, but no answer came. Fog swallowed the great black mass, and he swam to where it had been.

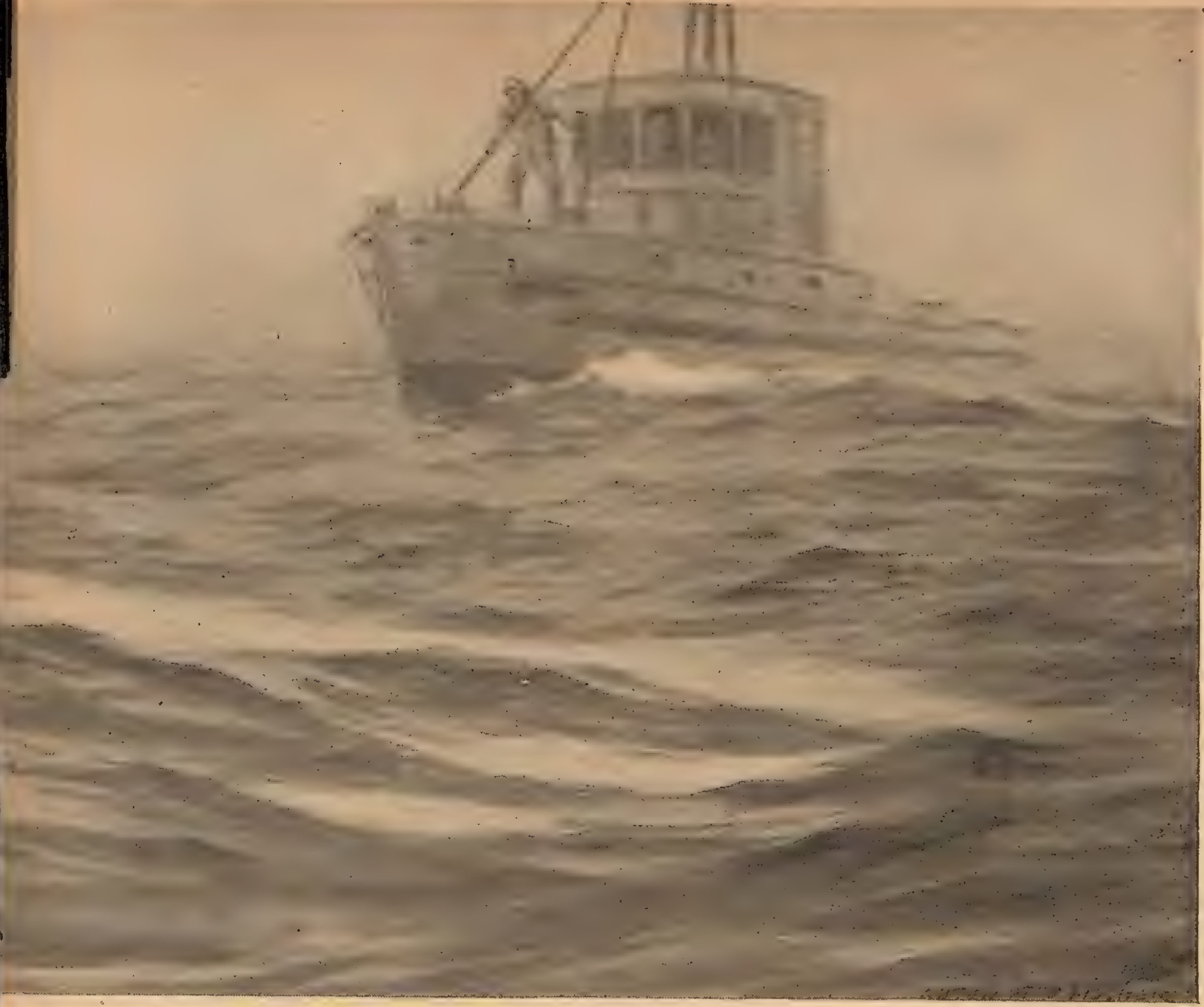
"Arne!" he called, again and again. "Arne! Arne!"

He called from despair, not from hope. Arne had been deep in the Helga when that brave little ship was crushed. He could only have been mangled with it.

But Tom swam on, and he called. He pushed aside splintered planks, sections of trolling poles. He swam on to a black square of floating planks, the Helga's hatch,

By

ROBERT E. PINKERTON



go of the hatch had not Arne been lying upon it.

LAW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ANTON OTTO FISCHER

and grasped it, to rest. Across the hatch he saw four thick fingers.

Twice in the next two hours Tom Engdal heard the slow broken-spaced exhaust of a trolling engine, but fog and distance stifled his calls. Then a third came closer.

Tom's call was not so loud. For all his great bulk and vitality, his strength was ebbing fast. Perhaps he would have let go of the hatch had not Arne Nielsen, his partner through eleven years of peril and toil, been lying upon it. Tom did not know whether Arne was still alive. He did not know until after both were dragged aboard the troller Two Brothers and Egnar Thorardsen was driving recklessly shoreward through the fog.

"Smashed up bad," Tom said, when he climbed to the wheelhouse an hour later. "Bled a lot, too."

"The Mount Olympus, eh?" Egnar snarled. "Ben Hines ought to be put on the beach."

"No ship should 'a' been within four miles o' there," Tom said. "She swung hard aport soon's she hit us."

"That's Captain Ben Hines for you. Drunk, or just not caring. Last year he was inside Umatilla Lightship when he caught Big Nels in the Nora. Nels was ringin' his bell, but the Mount Olympus came so close, the bow wave filled the Nora and Nels near lost her."

When they reached Neah Bay and Arne's broken body was lifted to the fish scow, news of the loss of the Helga brought angry trollers from the anchored fleet.

"Hines ought to be strung up," Big Nels growled. "We got the same rights at sea as he has."

"If Arne dies, it's the same as murder!" Egnar Thorardsen exclaimed. "There's a law at sea."

"Ben Hines don't care about sea law!" Karl Holand of the Fish Hawk snorted. "Trollers—they ain't got any rights, the way Hines looks at it."

Tom Engdal was scarcely aware of this storm of indignation. His whole concern was with Arne. He sat numb and hopeless while a swift coast-guard boat rushed them to the marine hospital.

Doctors could only express amazement that Arne was still alive. But when Helga Nielsen arrived next day to see her husband, the injured man opened his eyes and smiled at her and his infant son Tommy.

"He will live," the doctors said. "But he'll never fish again."

With Arne's life assured, rage and hatred rushed in to succeed Tom Engdal's fear. The big slow-thinking guileless fisherman had rarely known rage, never hatred, and now they drove him to action. He went immediately to Seattle and there his wrath and sincerity won him a hearing. When the Mount Olympus returned from lower sound ports, Ben Hines, her master, was summoned.

By Tom's simple reasoning, justice was already achieved. The case was so definite that the result was inevitable.

But Tom knew nothing of trials, of technicalities, of rules of evidence. The idea of retaining an attorney did not occur to him. He walked into the hearing believing that he need only tell the truth.

Captain Ben Hines was flanked by his officers, a quartermaster, a seaman, and the owners' attorney. Tom was the first witness.

He told his story simply, with unmistakable honesty. He was ingenuous, but anger carried him to tell of the narrow escapes of other trollers and what fishermen said of Captain Hines. The attorney interrupted sharply with an objection to hearsay evidence.

☆ A stirring, storm-tossed tale of ships and men—The story of a crime and its punishment

Captain Ben Hines did not deny what Tom had testified. He simply produced his log and made statements to prove he could not have been within four miles of where Tom claimed the Mount Olympus had run him down.

Tom listened in amazement. Hines was short, thickset, gruff in speech. He was dark, with insolent eyes and a face hardened more by his nature than by weather. He never seemed aware that Tom was present. And when he had finished, his mates testified as he had.

"They're lyin'!" Tom shouted. "The dirty scum knows—"

In mutinous silence he heard the quartermaster support the officers' testimony; the seaman who had been on watch in the bow state that it would have been impossible for the Mount Olympus to have struck a boat without his having seen it. And finally the attorney's apparently indifferent cross-examination of Tom aroused a rage that blinded the fisherman to what was happening.

"This man has failed to produce anything approaching proof of his position when anchoring," the lawyer said. "He has not even introduced proof that the Helga was destroyed or that his partner was injured. I ask that the charges be dismissed."

Back in the hospital in Port Townsend, Tom was almost glad he could not talk to Arne. But Helga Nielsen understood. She knew how valiantly the men of her world had earned their right to the use of the sea.

"It ain't just Arne," she said bitterly. "Hines will be worse than ever now. A man like that ought to be set on the beach for life."

Tom Engdal blinked. Her words had crystallized his anger. The shock of an idea held his big body tense. But he did not speak of it to Helga.

"Gus Madsen," he muttered as he left her. "Sick here. I got to see him."

Gus would not be able to fish again that season. His Sea Otter was at anchor in the harbor, uncared for.

"It's a go," Gus agreed. "A fifth to the boat. I'll get something instead o' nothing, and you can keep goin'."

Tom hurried aboard the Sea Otter. But he did not go out to the cape to fish. Instead, he turned upsound to the home harbor in Bainbridge Island, where he talked to Helga Nielsen's nephew, a student in the university who owned a typewriter.

That afternoon the Sea Otter crossed to Seattle and tied up at the municipal float. Tom bought food supplies and then walked along the water front until he found the Mount Olympus, being loaded. He studied the dark streets that evening, and located several speakeasies. Later he followed a weaving figure down an alley, and when the Sea Otter sailed at midnight, Captain Ben Hines lay bound and drunk in the lower berth of her cabin.

TWELVE hours later Tom closed the throttle, kicked out the clutch, and went below.

"We're in the middle of the strait," he said. "Forty miles east o' Flattery. I'll let you up a bit."

His temperate tone indicated nothing of his mood or thought. He released Hines and turned to his cooking.

For a time the master of the Mount Olympus lay quietly. His head ached, and his arms and legs were numb.

"You big squarehead!" he suddenly burst forth. "What you think your game is? Start this damned tub moving and put me ashore. My ship sails tonight."

"That's what I figure—to put you on the beach," Tom said.

"Why, you Swede farmer! You heard what the inspectors said. You heard what was testified. You couldn't get my ticket away from me, nor the whole lot of you kelp navigators that clutter up the ocean around Flattery."

"I'm not a Swede," Tom said. "Come and eat."

The master of the Mount Olympus was hungry, and he found the food astonishingly good. Canned turkey, spaghetti rich with tomato purée, hot rolls, cold baked ham, a rich mince pie—the tiny table was crowded.

"Better grub'n we get in the Mount Olympus!" Hines said suspiciously. "This something special?"

"We earn good grub," Tom said. "You'll see."

"What you mean, I'll see? You're goin' to set me ashore right now or you'll spend the next ten years in jail. There's a law against shanghaiing."

Tom ignored that. He hurried through his meal and went on deck to get under way. When Hines had finished he started up the steps.

"Stay below," Tom commanded. "I'm skipper here."

"You couldn't be skipper of a saw log!" Hines shouted. He came up the steps and tried to pass. Tom Engdal threw his weight over and pinned the man against the side of the wheelhouse, then closed the throttle and kicked out the clutch.

"I was goin' to let you up for a while," he said. "Now I'll have to lash you down."

Ben Hines struggled with all the strength of his short thick body. Tom only leaned the harder.

"You're soft, man," the big fisherman said. "Too much sittin' in your cabin while others do the work. Too much drinkin', too, when your ship's at sea."

Something akin to gentleness seemed to actuate Tom as he forced the master of ten thousand tons down the steps, through the tiny cabin, and into the berth. Something akin to gentleness, but ominously so. The great arms were like the steel rods of a reciprocating marine engine. Suddenly Hines ceased to struggle, and Tom quickly slipped lashings about wrists and ankles.

"WE'LL take on ice and gas at Neah Bay," Tom said. "There'll be trollers about, and they'd like nothin' better'n to see you like this. But a coastguardman might hear you, so I'll lash your tongue too."

The sun was low that night when the Sea Otter fought her way out through the tide rips between Tatoosh Island and the cape. She carried full gas tanks, an extra ton of ice, and full food lockers. Tom set his course southwest, half a point south, and held it until midnight, when he anchored.

"We'll sleep awhile," Tom said as he removed Hines's gag and lashings. "Get in the upper berth."

Hines arose stiffly and with a crafty glance about the tiny cabin. He watched Tom remove a bar of bright metal from the huge two-cylinder motor and place it beneath his pillow.

"Maybe you can navigate a big ship, if you know your departure," the fisherman said. "But you can't start a gas engine—leastways this one now—and you don't know where you are. I can tell you we're a long way offshore, and off the ship lanes, so you got to have me to get you back. I'll sleep sound, knowin' that."

Tom tumbled into the lower berth.

Hines went on deck and into the wheelhouse. He snapped on the binnacle light. The compass card was smaller than any he had seen, and it swayed dismayingly with the roll.

"The crazy Swede!" he growled. "When those squareheads go screwy, no telling what they'll do."

Tom slept four hours. He called Hines by lifting him from the upper berth and setting him on his feet.

"We're late," Tom said. "Ought to be fishin'. Put on some coffee while I start the engine."

"Cook your own coffee!" Hines snarled. "I'm no steward. And just figure this out yourself, squarehead: You've got to put me ashore sometime! And soon's I step on a wharf, Uncle Sam is after you. You'll be hauled up for shanghaiing. All the fish in the ocean will be in cans when you get out o' prison."

"Put on the coffee," Tom ordered.

It was not so much the calm tone and manner that maddened Hines. He knew suddenly that this man had a plan and intended to carry it through. In a frenzy, he let go and struck with all his strength.

Tom's elbow caught the blow. Tom's great paws seized Hines and shook him. Then, with what appeared to be no more than a push, the fisherman hurled the captain from him.

"I could tear the arms off'n you, only I need 'm for fishin' in Arne's place," Tom warned. "And you can't do anything to me. If you did you'd never get to shore. You'd stay here until you'd rot. Put on the coffee."

He took the bright bar of metal from beneath his pillow and attached it to the motor. He threw switches and closed and opened valves. He made of the simple process of starting the big engine a matter of mystery and uncertainty. And when he had lifted the anchor and set the gear he called Hines to the deck.

" Now you learn how to fish," he said.

" Go to hell! " Hines retorted hotly.

Tom Engdal sat down in the little fishing well aft and slowly filled and lighted his pipe.

" I can beat you till you'll be glad to fish," he said. " I can throw you overside—and nobody saw me get you aboard the Sea Otter in Seattle that night. I can starve you. Which you want me to do? "

He seemed like a great hulk of flesh, sitting there in his oilskins. His eyes were without fire, his manner without threat. Hines stared at him uncertainly.

" Me and Arne'd been fishin' six days when you cut us down," Tom continued. " Sleepin' four and five hours. We had most eight thousand pounds o' salmon aboard. Maybe seven hundred and fifty dollars. We steered by compass from Destruction Island Light, course due nor'west, which brought us west o' Hoh Head and four miles off. And, just to make sure, I dropped the lead and found fourteen fathom. That's five miles inside the thirty-fathom curve, and no ship with a master who knows his business is ever inside that curve. But you heard me say all that in Seattle."

" Yeah, and they heard you! " Hines sneered.

" It's true," Tom said. " You know you were off your course and changed course soon's you hit the Helga. And I know it was you because I saw 'Mount Olympus' on the stern when you passed me."

" The inspectors didn't fall for that tripe," Hines said.

" Wait! " For the first time Tom Engdal's voice displayed emotion. He was walking the deck now.

" I know it's all true," Tom said as he paused. " You know it's all true. And out here it don't make any difference what the law thinks happened. I'm the only law there is out here now, Hines. You goin' to fish? "

" You've got me now," Hines said in a surly voice. " But wait till I get you ashore."

Hines fished. For two unending days he knew toil and pain and weariness. Lines scalded his soft hands until they bled. The constant motion, so much quicker than that of a big ship, took strength from his legs.

The sea remained calm and the Pacific mists hung on. Hines was alone in a small world with Tom Engdal.

The third day Tom did not set out the gear, but from dawn until dark the Sea Otter chugged into the northwest.

The next morning they were fishing again at dawn. The mist hung on. They saw nothing, heard nothing. Salmon ran freely. Under Tom's driving, Hines had no rest. His body was crammed with aches. And a new fear came to him. The barometer had been rising slowly. A heavy ground swell set in from the northwest. It had that sullen growing sweep ominous of heavy weather.

" You want to drown? " Hines burst out that night. " We're due for some wind."

" You 'fraid o' wind? " Tom asked curiously.

Hines slept because his weariness was greater than his fear. When he went on deck the next morning he saw pink snow peaks against the coming dawn and a great sweep of distant broken shore line.

He watched it exultantly as they fished. Land in sight, and the motor running! He could get ashore by himself now!

The sun rose in a clear sky. The sea was blue. Hines hauled in a salmon, clubbed it, and measured the weight of the short wooden weapon. He grinned as Tom stooped over a big fish to remove the hook. A forty-pound lead sinker fast to Tom's body and it would never be found.

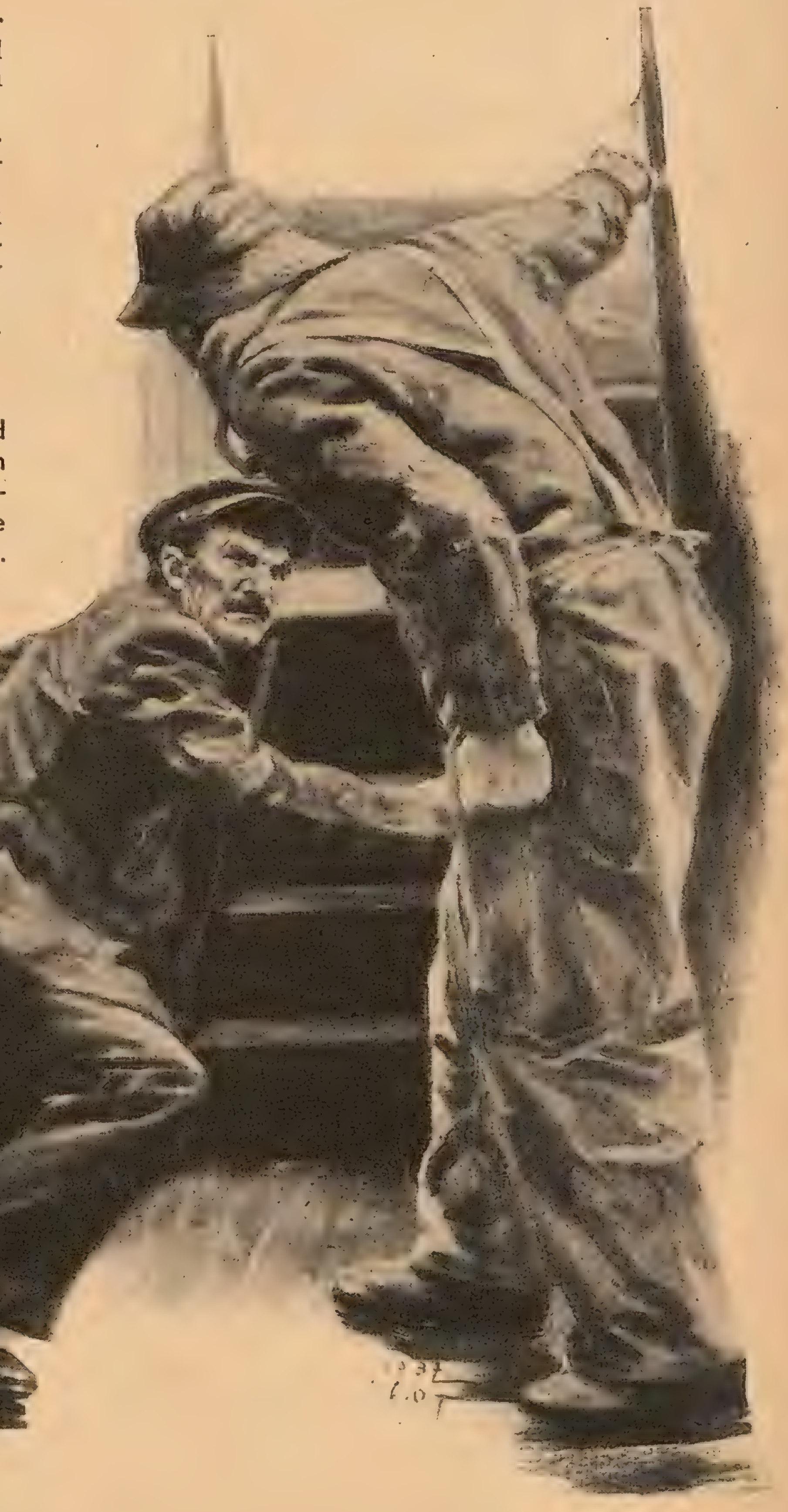
Tom mumbled something about going below to coffee-up. Hines followed the big man through the door. As Tom went down the steps, Hines struck. The club hit a carline and the force of the blow was broken. But it was enough to send Tom crashing down the steps.

Hines, intent only on finishing the job, leaped to strike again. " Now, you damned squarehead! " he yelled.

With the greatest effort, Tom reached out an arm. A paw closed on Hines's ankle and pulled. Hines came down. Only instinctively did Tom crawl forward, over the man, smothering him, striking, tearing. He continued to beat feebly when Hines no longer resisted.

Tom wanted more than anything else to lie there, but he remembered Arne Nielsen, crushed and broken, and why he had brought Hines out to sea. He forced himself to his feet and went on deck.

The wind was rising steadily, as Tom had expected.



With what appeared to be no more than a push, the fisherman hurled the captain from him.

That had been part of his plan—a stiff westerly toward the north end of Vancouver Island. Now, with his head aching so, with this weakness in his legs, he wondered if he could fight it out.

It was already too rough for fishing. He got in the gear, made everything snug on deck. Then he carried a pail of water below and slopped it over Hines's upturned face. The man shivered, coughed, blinked.

"Up on deck!" Tom commanded harshly. "I'm through bein' easy on you. I don't blame a rat for bitin', but none ever bit me twice."

He grasped Hines's shirt and lifted him to his feet, shook him, hurled him toward the steps.

"Hold her nose into it!" he snarled when Hines was at the wheel.

For two hours Tom was busy at the stove. He roasted meat in the oven and stewed meat on top, for by night cooking would be impossible. Occasionally he went on deck to watch Hines or to adjust the throttle.

"You goin' to stick out here in this?" Hines demanded.

"Scared o' the sea, eh?" Tom scoffed.

"We got no chance in this butter tub!"

"More chance 'n I had with a club swingin' for me. Feller, when I get through with you you'll shut your eyes every time you take a glass o' water."

Tom Engdal was no longer a quiet, implacable force. He scoffed at Hines. He drove him unmercifully. He kept him on duty all day, as the wind mounted and the seas roared down upon the Sea Otter with bared fangs.

Hines struggled frantically. Each wave was a peril that absorbed his entire attention. At sunset Tom stood on the steps and watched him.

"Never knew the sea was like this, did you?" the fisherman jeered. "On the high bridge of a big ship you look down at the sea instead o' up. That's the trouble with men in steamships. They ain't in the sea. They're above it. They look down, even on trollers. Cut 'em in two like they was so much drift. But a troller, now! He's right down where things happen. He earns his right to use the sea. And you're goin' to know that before I'm through with you, Hines."

Hines was exhausted when Tom relieved him after dark. He tumbled down the steps and into the lower bunk. But he did not sleep. A full gale was blowing now with the steady pitiless force of an Alaska-spawned storm. Great waves lifted the Sea Otter high, and when she was half out of water, defenseless, they struck her treacherously and hurled her over and down into a welter of broken seas. The motion was appalling—swift, unexpected, ruthless. Hines was hurled from the lower bunk to the floor. He could not sit. He could not stand. By morning his body was covered with bruises and terror filled his soul. He staggered to the steps.

"I knew it!" Hines shouted. "Crazy! A crazy Swede! Brought me out here to drown me!"

The man blubbered. A night in that thunderous pit had broken him. He did not cry out at Tom from hatred. Only from terror and despair. Tom, worn from his night's battle, looked down on him. He understood.

"But I'm showin' him he's a lubber," the big man muttered. "I'm keepin' him from killin' honest trollers."

DAWN of another day came before Tom could anchor. He lashed Hines in one berth and tumbled into the other. His purpose wakened him in the afternoon. The day was fair, with a light breeze. But off to the west was fog. Tom's drawn face twisted in a grin and he unlashed Hines and drove him to the wheel.

They ran southeast. The fog bank quickly rolled in to engulf them. Tom chuckled as he ordered Hines to blow the whistle every minute.

When night came he dropped the lead and found fifty fathoms. He anchored and went below to cook supper. Hines remained on deck, listening against the blackness.

"I heard a ship!" he called. "Due west."

"Japs make bad landfalls," Tom answered. "And they think steam was made for engines, not whistles. You've heard o' skippers like that, ain't you, Hines?"

"But at anchor we can be—"

"Same as Arne and me. You wasn't whistlin'."

Tom ate his supper alone. When he went on deck he heard a deep prolonged drone. It came regularly, every sixty seconds, and each time it was louder.

"Get up the hook, man!" Hines begged. "The bearing hasn't changed."

"Ain't got time now," Tom said. "Like on the Helga."

The whistle seemed to split the blackness itself. Hines blubbered. He cursed. He struck at Tom.

Again the whistle sounded and as if from the sky. Hines clung to the mast. Tom could hear him whimper.

A low roar came, grew, became thunder. They could not see three feet, yet they were certain of a mighty force engulfing them.

"You damned squarehead!" Hines moaned, and slipped to the deck.

The Sea Otter lifted with a rush. Tom leaped through the door and jerked Hines after him. Water crashed on the deck. They rolled as if they were going over. After a while the little vessel was quiet again.

"Get us out of here!" Hines begged.

"Go below," Tom said, and he pushed Hines down the steps. From a locker he took a sheet of paper, typewritten, and a pen.

"Sign this and I'll put you ashore," he said.

"Sign what?" Hines demanded.

"What you did to Arne and the Helga and me. The truth of it, Hines. Enough to put you on the beach."

"No! You think—"

"I've got gas and grub for another week. There'll be a lot o' fog. More wind. I could stay out ten days. Everything from China and Japan passes here."

Empty curses flowed from Ben Hines's lips but he reached for the pen.

THE next afternoon Tom set the ship captain on a fish company wharf in Seattle. Hines went ashore, a beaten man. He stopped once, looked back across the peaceful harbor, and fled to the street.

Later, Tom Engdal, who had feared lawyers since the Mount Olympus hearing, found himself telling his story freely to one the fish buyer recommended.

"The law likes to catch its own fish," the attorney said. "You made yourself the law, and Hines can send you to prison for shanghaiing."

"But that paper!" Tom protested.

"Worthless. Signed under pressure. No witnesses. Good evidence against you when Hines causes your arrest."

"Hines won't," the fisherman insisted. "I watched him goin' ashore."

The attorney was not only a specialist in maritime law but owner of a small yacht, a man who loved the sea and understood those who exact a living from it.

"Was your insurance paid?" he asked.

"Quick as they could send a man to Neah Bay," Tom said. "Only two thousand, though. A new boat will cost us six thousand these boom times. But Hines signed that paper. He knows every word is true."

"No court will accept it," the lawyer said. "But since you took this outside the law, we'll keep it there if we can. Owners of the Mount Olympus will not want that perjury aired. I'll write you at Neah Bay. And when you are arrested for shanghaiing, I'd like nothing better than to defend you."

Tom went back to the open sea, content when he stopped at Port Townsend and learned Arne would surely be fishing the next year. Near the end of the season he received a letter from the lawyer and a check for five thousand dollars.

"The Mount Olympus people have never heard from Hines," the letter concluded. "Congratulations on the success of your school for deep-sea etiquette."

Tom Engdal did not understand that last sentence. He still found much mystery in the whole affair as he tried to explain it all to Arne.

"What happened to Hines?" Arne insisted.

"Nobody knew," Tom answered. "But Helga found out in a paper last week. Told how he disappeared. Seems he went inland, back far's Idaho. Bought a ranch. Somebody that knew Hines ran across him there—diggin' potatoes."

THE END

DOUBLE OR NOTHING!

By CLEM McCARTHY, Famous Racing Commentator and Broadcaster

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

SMOKE curled gracefully above the Old Horseman's pipe as we sat in the firelit library of his rambling home on the Paris Turnpike, just out of Lexington. My host had shown me several days and nights of true Kentucky hospitality.

His eyes were but half open, and he remarked softly, "Derby day will soon be here." As I nodded, he said, "Preakness day, too."

My own eyes were wide and eager, and they flitted from Aristides to The Bard, across the room to Victorian and Twenty Grand. And now, with glowing embers in the great fireplace conceiving shadowy and grotesque figures which leaped and danced before pictorial images of thoroughbred heroes that covered the room's paneled walls, my gaze paused before the massive center table. Thereon stood small bronzes of Old Rosebud and Man o' War and Exterminator, so lifelike you felt an impulse to reach out and pat them on jowl or shoulder. Here at your elbow, and at the Old Horseman's, were ash stands with silvered plates from the flying hoofs of Black Gold and Duke of Magenta rimming their bowls.

I wondered if my host had seen many Derbys run. I wondered if he'd seen the Little Red Hoss—Aristides—win the first Derby, back in 1875.

"Oh, yes," he answered, puffing serenely, "Colonel Matt Winn and I have seen every Kentucky Derby run."

Colonel Winn developed the Derby from cause for a local holiday to a national sports event.

"Yes, Matt revived the old sectional rivalry that featured the early Derbys. Why, back fifty years ago, scarcely a Derby was run without some crackajack being shipped out from New York or Maryland to battle our Kentucky-bred stock. One year James B. Haggin brought Ben Ali on from California, and was ready to bet Kentuckians to a standstill. But somehow there just wasn't enough backing for our colts to suit Mr. Haggin's craving for speculative action, and as the Derby field lined up at the starting post he minced no words in voicing his disappointment. And after Ben Ali won he was still pretty peeved; sort o' thought we should have wagered everything we had—mortgaged our farms—that his colt wouldn't win the Derby.

"Course, I've seen times when we came pretty close to being that obstinate, or maybe just plain foolish."

"As when Proctor Knott was beaten by Spokane?"

"Just the instance I had in mind! I reckon every relative and friend of my family went broke on that Derby. And Proctor Knott really should have walked in."

He lost four or five lengths by darting out from the rail as he turned into the homestretch.

"Poor little 'Pike' Barns couldn't keep him straight. And no wonder; the colt was rank from the start—why, for more than a mile he literally pulled that little black boy's arms out of his blue-and-orange-dotted jacket."

Yet, with all the ground Proctor Knott lost turning for home, Spokane only caught him in the last stride. I wondered if one of our modern official photographs of the finish would have shown Spokane the winner.

"Yes, I think Spokane beat him a head—by more than Bold Venture beat Granville in last year's Preakness."

☆ **Will the same horse win the Derby and Preakness this year?—Here's the dope on turfdom's twin classics**

Ewing Galloway photo

My host had witnessed the running of every Derby; but how about the Preakness Stakes?

"Nearly every one—and, say, did you know that Oden Bowie, Governor of Maryland, owned the favorite in the first Preakness? Horse named Catesby, but he never had a chance with John Chamberlin's Survivor. John was a great fellow, a sporting soul. That was in 1873."

In those days the Derby and Preakness were not looked upon as a double event, as horsemen of today regard them.

"I like the modern idea: 'Win the Derby, then go for the Preakness!' And that reminds me. I must phone my bookie in the morning and see what odds he'll lay me I can't pick a colt to win both events. When I doubled on Gallant Fox—what year was that?"

It seemed like only a season or so back that Gallant Fox won the Preakness, then journeyed to Louisville and took the Derby, but 1930 was the year.

"I only got twenty-five to one on that double. However, I waited until I felt sure that Gallant Fox was a colt of quality, and that he had trained to suit 'Sunny Jim' Fitzsimmons."

He spoke of the quality of Gallant Fox. How high did he rank the Red Fox of Belair among Derby and Preakness winners?

"Well, about a hundred horses were winners of either of the two races, and I believe five colts won them both."

And Gallant Fox was one of the five.

"Ignoring that phase, but considering the merits of the hundred or more, I'd rate Gallant Fox in the best twenty."

I pointed to a picture directly above us, typical of Gallant Fox. He was winning by the shortest of heads, with Earl Sande driving him to the limit. Yet his ears were pricked, as if something directly ahead had caught his eye; and I saw him win other races by narrow margins in that same exasperatingly nonchalant manner.

"A loafer, 'tis true. But he had one of the wisest heads I ever saw on a horse. With a mind and will of his own, Gallant Fox was fortunate in having patient, intelligent handlers in the stable and on the track. Misunderstood, and thus perhaps forced to do things against his liking, he might easily have been turned into an arrant rogue. But we must regard him as we found him: one of the truest, most colorful, magnetic thoroughbreds ever to charge down a homestretch."

My host had mentioned that five colts had won both races.

"Let's see, those five colts were, first Sir Barton. Gallant Fox was next, and then, er—"

"Colonel Bradley's Burgoo King."

"Uh-huh, then Omaha, and last year Bold Venture."

Did he realize that, while the Derby and Preakness each were more than sixty years of age, they were past forty before a single horse, Sir Barton, could win them both?

"Yes, the two races started out in the early '70s, and Sir Barton didn't accomplish his 'double' until 1919."

How did he account for that? Colts as fleet and enduring as Sir Barton had won early Preaknesses or Derbys.

"I ACCOUNT for it in two ways: Up until World War days neither event was rich enough to inspire the owner of a good colt to try for both prizes. You recall—don't you?—that until 1918 no winner of a Preakness got five thousand dollars; a great many of them less than two thousand. And I don't think the Derby winner ever drew down five thousand, more than once, before that long shot, Donerail, was the lucky horse—1913, wasn't it?

"Secondly, in olden times facilities for shipping horses between Baltimore and Louisville were nothing like they are today. Why, your modern thoroughbred champion—and his rivals, too—they travel with all the speed and luxurious comfort of humans. A Derby candidate suffers no hardship in having to race at Churchill Downs one Saturday, and on the following Saturday be at Pimlico for the Preakness."

Speaking of winners of these races, but more particularly of the good colts and fillies that have won them, which did he regard as best of all the Derby winners?

"Hindoo. After him, and looking back upon their careers in the whole, rather than upon their individual Derby performances, I'd be puzzled at selecting the best between Sir Barton, Twenty Grand, Exterminator, Reigh Count, and Cavalcade. And perhaps I should include Ben Brush, Leonatus, and Spokane. If he'd had sound legs, Old Rosebud might have been one of the greatest, though I don't believe he could have beaten the others I've mentioned beyond a mile and a quarter."

Would Man o' War be his choice as best of the Preakness winners?

"Indubitably, although my old friend, James Rowe, Senior, would not forgive me that expression if he were alive and listening. Jimmy, you know, never quite forgave Man o' War for running the hearts out of three cracking good colts he was training for Harry Payne Whitney—John P. Grier, Upset, and Wildair.

"Jimmy would likely tell you that either Duke of Magenta or The Bard was greatest of the Preakness winners. And grand thoroughbreds they were, though I preferred The Bard to the Duke. After the three I've mentioned, came Sir Barton, Victorian, and Mate.

"But comparing horses that never met is quite impossible. Even after they face one another, oftentimes you're not certain the winner was the better horse; perhaps he was simply better that one day, or had the more racing luck."

WHAT was the grandest thrill he ever got from the Derby and Preakness?

"So many grand ones, I couldn't begin to recall them. Every big racing event has a thrill for me, but of course the Derby a little the strongest—I being a Kentuckian. I expect to enjoy this coming Derby as much as any I've seen, possibly more. And I'll be at Pimlico a week later. And now, young fellow, you've been popping questions at me all evening; let me ask you one. What's the big thrill you get out of going to Churchill Downs and Pimlico to broadcast these great races?"

One thrill upon another—the final trials of favorites and dark horses a few mornings before the big days . . . meeting old friends from all walks of life, from every part of the country . . . discussing as earnestly the chances of some candidate with a man or woman who intends to wager two dollars, as with a high roller from Wall Street or Hollywood who may risk thousands on his opinion.

And the rides from downtown Baltimore and Louisville . . . on the days of days . . . to historic, traditional Pimlico and Churchill Downs. Noting how the fabulously wealthy and youthful Alfy Vanderbilt takes as important a hand in the final preparation of his big-race candidate as any of his stablemen—if you didn't know, you might mistake him for assistant to his trainer.

And then the pack-jammed lawns and the thousands pressed into the stands . . . the turbulent hurry of the betting ring as excited bettors surge upon the sellers of mutuel tickets—especially that last-moment crush as the horses approach the starting stalls.

Fevered suspense—and they're off!

An alert Jockey Bullman beats the others away from the gate . . . a track burner, like Bubbling Over, goes into the lead—by open daylight . . . while an unlucky Brevity or a Granville is knocked off his stride—or loses his rider—mayhap it's a Black Gold, turned almost around as the swerving, veering field gets under way. A flying Captain Hal rushes by the pacemaker . . . but a blond Discovery assumes command on the far turn . . . a beautiful Head Play shows the way into the stretch, but his hotheaded jockey hampers a Broker's Tip that would pass him . . . while a Twenty Grand, a Cavalcade, and an Exterminator challenge for the lead—now it's one of them in front—then the other—but now—like the words of Disraeli . . .

A dark horse which never had been thought of, rushes past the stands in sweeping triumph!

"Ah-ha!" cried the Old Horseman. "A dark horse! That's the one I'm backing for this Derby—and the Preakness!"

The dark horse must win both races? He was doubling?

"That's it, my boy, double or nothing!"

I hope he does it.

THE END

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

HETTIE DYHRENFURTH

OF all the women in the world, Hettie Dyhrenfurth has reached highest toward the stars of heaven. She's the champion mountain climber of our sex.

With her husband, Dr. Gunther O. Dyhrenfurth, she made the ascent to the summit of Queen Mary's Peak, 24,500 feet, in the Himalayan Mountains of India. "My real job on our climbs," she says, "is not getting to the top for scientific observations—that's my husband's work. Mine is the care of our provisions and equipment and the management of our native help."

In this country Mrs. Dyhrenfurth lectures about her experiences. She gave me an interesting description of an expedition's end. . . .

"The native guides and porters," she said, "save all their pay until we're through with them. Then they go on a terrific spree which consists of buying sharp-pointed shoes and fancy umbrellas and filling themselves amazingly full of mutton stew. Mutton actually appears to intoxicate them in the same way that liquor affects us. Their Mohammedan religion forbids liquor, but they get as drunk as lords on mutton, and sing all night. To them an umbrella is the emblem of high living, especially a pink or blue parasol with ruffles on it. Also tight, pointed shoes. A husky Hindu porter looks odd hobbling around on his shiny new shoes with a little girl's parasol over his head."

● As a rule I steer clear of the occult, the supernatural, or whatever you may call that sort of thing. But I want to tell you this story. It comes to you from Mrs. Dyhrenfurth, who never has told it before outside her family.

At a remote camp in India she received a letter informing her of her mother's death. That day there was no one else in camp but her native cook. She said nothing to him of her sad news. He saw her crying, however, and spoke:

"Memsahib, your sorrow is my sorrow. Yet in my faith we know that what must be, will be. Your mother will go to a happy Nirvana if you do not grieve for her. Her journey will be delayed if you do. Your tears will hold her to our world."

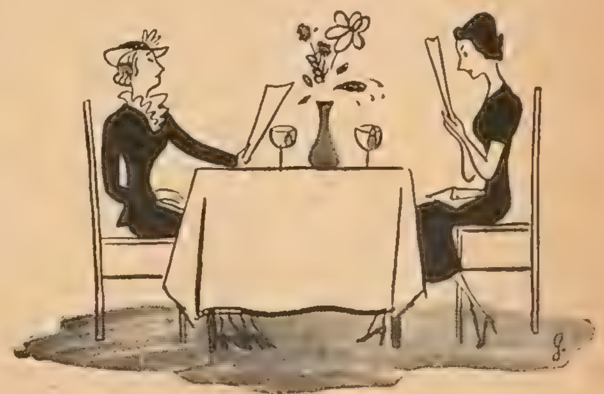
How could he guess the message in the letter? Thought transference? Intuition? *A profound mystery.*

● Kaiser Wilhelm was one of the first to drink large quantities of orange juice every day as a safeguard against rheumatism. His only alcoholic indulgences were an occasional glass of champagne and one small benedictine at night after dinner. . . .

I picked up this reminiscent item in Chicago from Otto Staack, chief maître d'hôtel at the Blackstone, Mr. Staack having once been Wilhelm's personal steward aboard the imperial yacht. He showed me a letter Wilhelm had written him from Doorn, and spoke of yachting parties at which the Russian Czar and Czarina were guests.

"She was always knitting," Mr. Staack told me. "I remember them very well. The Czar practically never said a thing except 'Yes, mama.'"

● I have been informed that most of the chicken à la king consumed in restaurants is ordered by ladies who can't read the menu without glasses but don't want the bother of putting them on. Too much trouble to fish specs out of handbag, muss hair around ears, refix hair, etc. So we frown at the menu, which means nothing but a blur to us, and we say, "Oh, what the heck! Bring me chicken à la king." If you are thus afflicted, as I am, you will be glad to learn that optician Walter A. Blöcker, president of Lugene, Inc., has contrived a tiny *pencil spectacle* for us. It's less than an inch wide, slips on under the snuggest hat, tucks neatly away in the slimmest pocketbook. Smart Mr. Blocker!



● Heavy trouble for some girls! A woman friend of mine has just returned from a vacation in Mexico; has come home in a wistful state of mind because she couldn't buy a little house she admired down there. "In Mexico," she says, "I put on weight. As soon as I got back here everybody told me to take it off. Now I spend my days in massage parlors, being slapped silly and plastered with hot mud. Oh, dear me!"

She could grow fat in Mexico, she says, and nobody would care. *They* like fat girls. Such a lovely country for women who hate reducing. Heavy trouble up here for a girl who puts on weight!

● In his new book, Give Yourself Background, F. Fraser Bond points a practical way to culture through investment of leisure time. (Published by Whittlesey House.)

● A diplomat now here from Yugoslavia, who happens also to be a fine amateur cook, has been telling me how roast duck is served in his country with this apricot stuffing. Tried it myself and found it delicious. . . . Cook ½ pound dried apricots slowly in just enough water to cover. Drain and chop them. Now mix 2 cups fresh bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons ground almonds, 4 tablespoons minced celery (with leaves), salt, 1 teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon dried marjoram, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 1 egg. Add the apricots last. When duck is half roasted pour ½ cup sherry wine in the pan and baste well.

Whitewashed Lady

BY DOROTHY SPEARE

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

LOVELY Diana Kildare, hostess on her father's gambling yacht, rescues Angie Dunster and Brad Hallowell of the Miami Beach colony, from a marooned sailboat. When Brad invites her to tea at the club, Diana is overjoyed. It is the first chance she has had in all her nineteen years to meet young people of her own age. On the yacht, which plies between European and American coast resorts, her companions have been sleek, amorous Guido Ferrone, known as Dan Kildare's manager, and Reg Van Tuyl, black sheep of a distinguished family. Her contacts with Angie's and Brad's world have come only through the jaded men and women who come to the yacht for baccarat and roulette.

One of these women enlightens Angie's mother about Diana's history. " The girl is known as ' Decoy Duck Diana,' " she says, " because she is the attraction that lures big prospects on board to play—and heaven knows how far *that* goes! " Mrs. Dunster is shocked, and she and her friends greet Diana with a frigid politeness that stabs like an icicle. Heartbroken, Diana leaves. She is stopped by Mrs. Steven Norton, an aging and somewhat déclassée beauty, who advises her, " Ask your father to let you go away. Learn to dress and act and be like the girls you want to know." Diana decides to do as she says.

Dan is not on the yacht when she returns, but she reveals her plans to Guido. Angered by her obvious distaste for his advances, he tells her that Dan has no money except a salary; that the yacht belongs to a syndicate in which he, Ferrone, is the largest stockholder. Amazed, Diana consoles herself with the thought that Dan, who has never refused her anything, will find the money somehow to let her go. But she never sees her generous, charming father again. Word is brought by Reg that Dan Kildare has died on shore of a heart attack. Diana is alone in a world where Guido rules. She has no money, no protection from him.

PART TWO—THE ACE OF SPADES

DAN KILDARE had gone out on a romantic gesture, as he would have wanted to do. From a taxi that droned through hot Miami streets he had leaned out to give a five-dollar bill to a ragged man who was offering a spray of gardenias for twenty-five cents. " Keep the change," he'd said. " They're for my daughter, and anything I buy for her has got to be expensive! " He had leaned back into the taxi again. And the driver, turning to ask him a question, had seen at once that he was still smiling at the spray of gardenias, although they had slipped to the floor. . . .

Diana was somehow sealed away from grief and horror in a cocoon that the shock of her father's death had thrown around her. She was only vaguely aware, during the days that followed, that the yacht was speeding to northern waters. She was told when they weighed anchor at Port Washington, Long Island, late one night, but it meant nothing to her.

She was still in this cocoonlike daze the next morning at Dan's funeral, which was at sea, as Dan had always said he wanted it. Ten miles out they steamed under power on a day of glassy calm. While a priest read, " ' I am the resurrection and the life,' " airplanes circled and swooped near. Diana, looking up, saw a head with a camera thrust out of one of the interrupting monsters.

She looked at Guido and Reg, who were looking at each other with raised eyebrows. She saw Guido mouth the word, " Reporters." She remembered this word the next afternoon when she surprised Solly, who had been off for the day to New York, reading a newspaper, which he tried to hide from her. She took it away from him and saw at once the headlines: " Noted Underworld Character Dies —Dan Kildare Is Buried at Sea."

Beneath these headlines there was a blurred picture of the ceremony, taken from above and enlarged, with an arrow pointing to the small black-clad figure of a girl standing alone, apart from the group of men on the deck.

She ran aft to the tiny living room which had been Dan's office, where Reg and Guido had been closeted since morning, going over Dan's affairs. She rushed in and threw the paper on the small ivory desk.

They glanced at the headlines and back at her. Reg looked uncomfortable but that was all.

" We've got to sue this newspaper for slander or libel," she cried, " or whatever it is for them to call Dan ' Noted Underworld Character ' ! "

Reg and Guido looked at each other. Then Reg got up, feeling under his collar as if it was too tight for him. " I'm going to get a drink," he said.

Guido put his big white hand out in front of Reg. " You're staying here," he told him.

He turned, unhurriedly, to Diana. " It costs money to sue newspapers," he said, " and you haven't got it. If you're so anxious to clear Dan's name, you better think about cleaning up his debts instead of starting new ones."

" Really, Guido," said Reg, " there's no need to get sordid so soon. Besides, she doesn't have to pay Dan's debts."

" Sure, I know that," said Guido; " any more than you have to pay those I O Us of yours in Dan's safe. It's just a question of honor, like suing the newspaper."

Dan, according to Guido's precise exposition, had left her nothing but debts. These included an account held against him by his former employers, the Wall Street combine in which Guido held the majority of stock, which had used Dan as their charming front for their gambling yacht. The yacht that Diana had always believed was Dan's and hers, as she had believed that the money Dan had spent so gorgeously was his and not a salary which, Guido explained, had always been drawn months in advance.

She staked her future on the turn of a card! A vivid novel of a gambler's daughter leaps swiftly into action

"Dan was one of those guys," Guido said, "who thought they'd never die. But you don't have to worry, Diana. We'll take care of you all right, huh, Reg?"

"I am hardly the type," said Reg uneasily, "to be the guardian of a young girl, especially one that looks like Diana."

Guido ignored him. He went to the door with the quick graceful suddenness which was always so unexpected in a man of his bulk. "Well, look things over, Diana," he said.

She could not answer. For the first time in her life she knew what it was to feel abject terror down to her toenails as she stared at Guido, who stared back blandly, jiggling his ruby watch charm for a moment before he turned and went out.

Reg, with stealthy motions, was drawing from his pocket a big brown envelope.

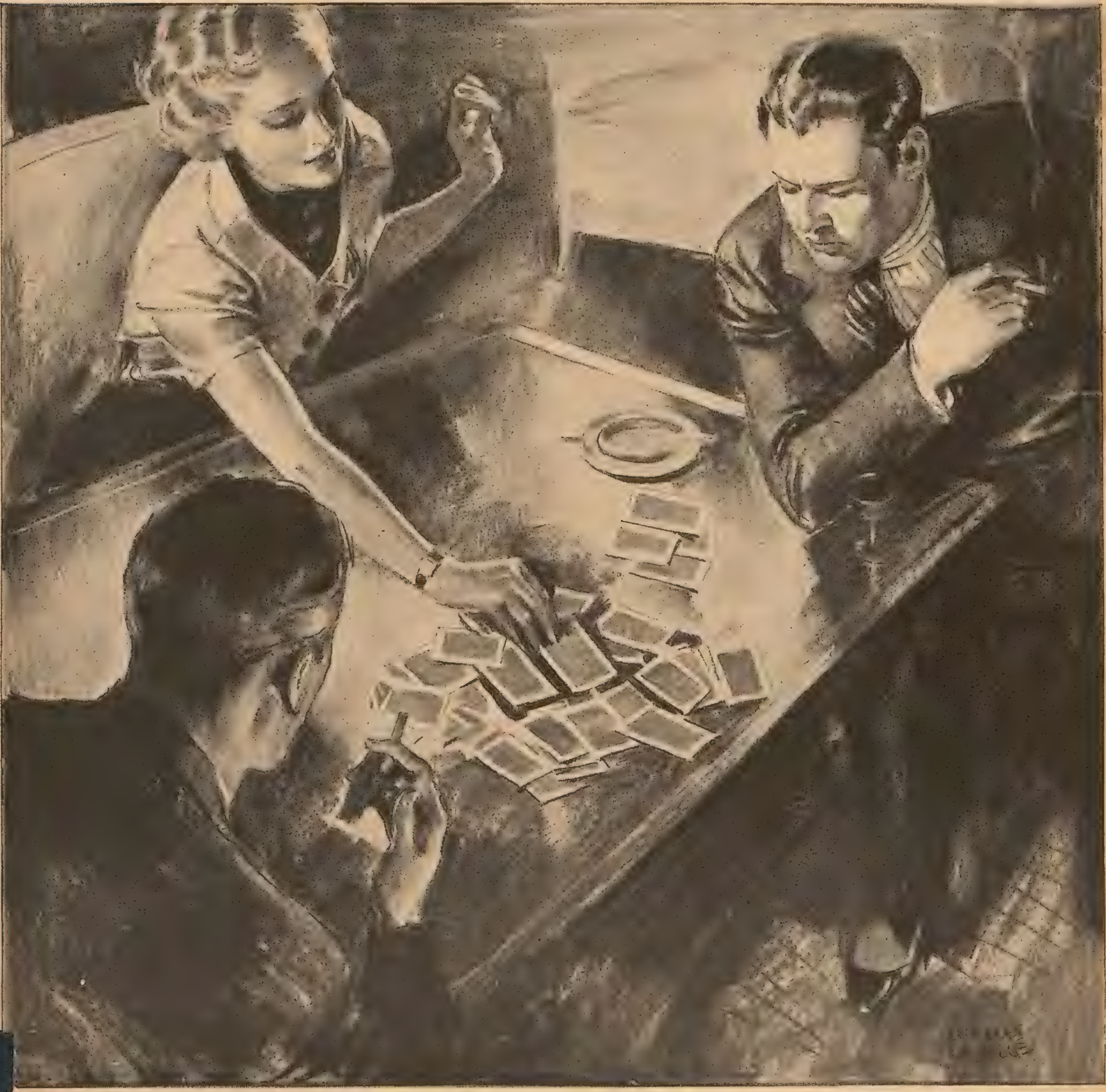
"When we went into Dan's safe," he told her, "Guido was so busy grabbing all the air that was in it, as well as my I O Us, that he didn't see this before I did. I was sure he'd open it before he gave it to you, and it looks private to me."

"Thanks," said Diana, staring at Dan's familiar scrawl on the face of the envelope: "For my daughter Diana. To be opened only in case of my death."

"Well," said Reg in an abnormally cheerful voice, "see you soon!" and exited.

Eagerly Diana broke the old red wax seal that was beginning to flake away and shook out the contents of the envelope—a packet of old letters, all written in the same hand, addressed to Dan at so many different places that it was evident he had been moving around as usual twenty years ago. Letters which all bore the same New England postmark. Opening the first one, Diana read the signature in firm writing that stood up under the faded ink: "Your loving wife, Faith."

Diana reached out a long, nervous hand. It fluttered over the cards and then turned one up.



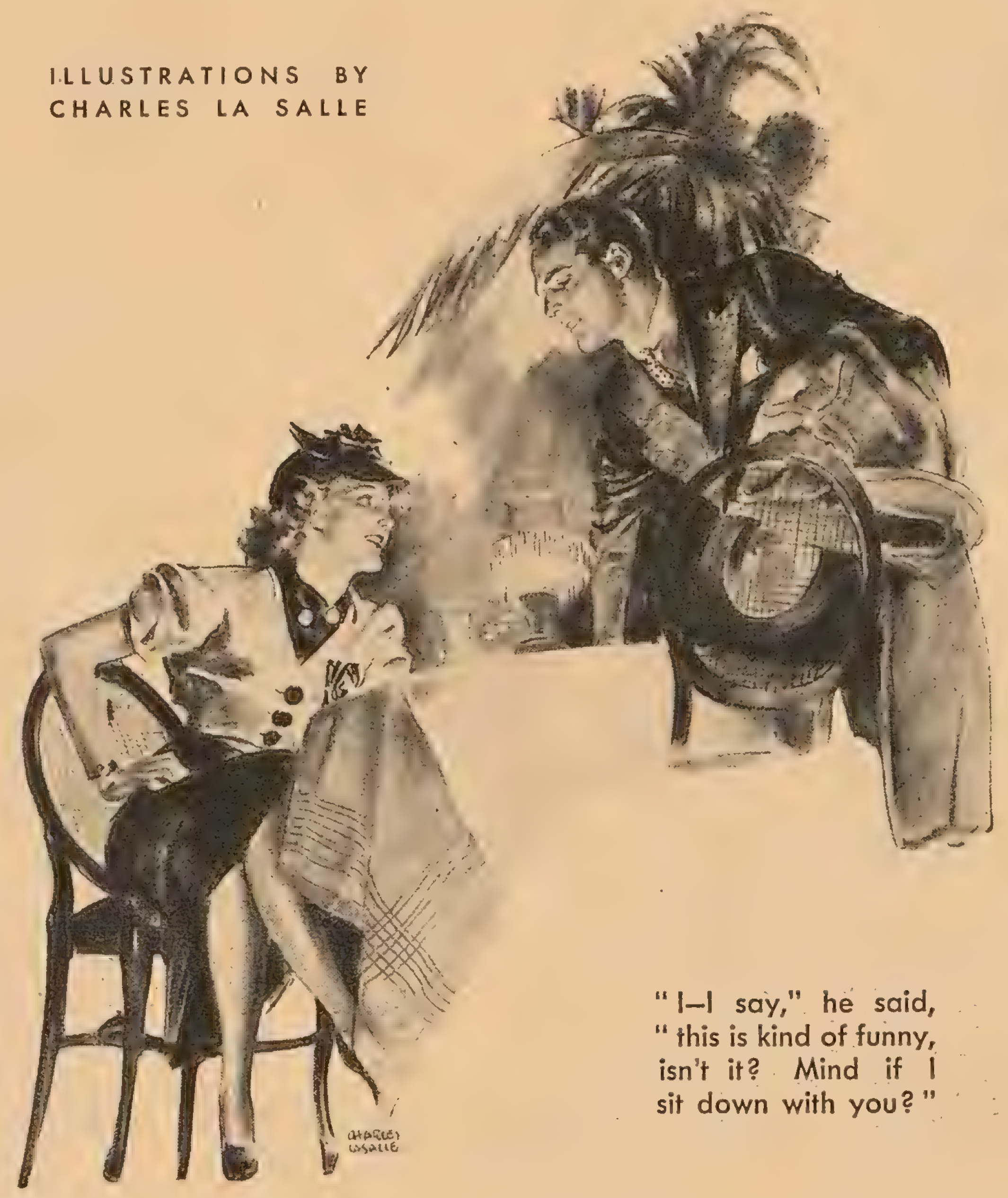
When Dan had talked of her mother to Diana he had done it soberly, using few words. Diana had unconsciously formed the picture of a dull little woman in the dull little New England town where Dan Kildare had found her.

"I don't guess I was a very good husband, darling," he had said to her once, with a charming rueful smile.

After Diana had finished reading she sat with the tears pouring down her face.

A farewell gift indeed from poor Dan, who would never have dared show her those letters while he was alive. A farewell gift to set her free of him and all that he stood for forever. Could he have known that they would do all that, poor weak Dan? Yes, weak; she knew that now. For the greatest thing that Dan had always taught her was to play straight. And he hadn't played straight with the girl who wrote those letters. Faith Kildare had not known, when she married him, or for some time after, that her husband was a professional gambler.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES LA SALLE



"I—I say," he said, "this is kind of funny, isn't it? Mind if I sit down with you?"

These pitiful little letters were all written begging him to come back to her in the New England town to which she had fled like a homing pigeon when she had learned the truth. There was a yellowed flower pressed into parchment in the last letter before the end. The end that was written in a note by a different hand. It said:

"Your wife died yesterday giving birth to your baby girl. Come and get her. We never want to see either of you again. Faith's Aunt Jane Crowell."

Tears seemed finally to melt the cocoon around Diana, leaving her alive again as she wiped her eyes at last and put the letters back into the envelope.

Opposite the ivory desk there was a small Franklin stove with a high grate. Diana went over to it and threw the brown envelope on the cold ashes. Slowly she bent and put a match to it and watched it burn. Then she went back to the desk and, with her jaw set, began resolutely to tackle the papers Guido had stacked there.

During her life with Dan she had been to New York several times, although the Diana had never before been moored as close to civilization as Port Washington. There was always a telephone connection on the ship when they were in harbor, and she was able now, with Guido and Reg ashore, to call one of the few people she knew in New York to whom she felt that she could turn. Honey Dacey answered the phone herself, being a young lady who had a great deal of free time on her hands between the New York visits of Breeze Windward, her gentleman friend, a gambler who had been a pal of Dan. Honey was favorably impressed with the idea that Diana presented to her. Would Diana meet her in town for lunch at the Shalimar Club so they could talk it over?

The Shalimar was as chic a rendezvous to the half-world in which Dan Kildare had moved as the Colony Club is to New York society. Diana had been there a few times with Dan. It looked overdone now and tawdry; as tawdry as her clothes had been in that agonizing moment of revelation at the Indian Creek Club.

Honey was not yet there. Honey was always very late. Diana permitted a waiter to lead her to a table in front of one of the little terra-cotta temples with which the big room was adorned.

Two young girls who obviously did not belong here were shown to a table alongside Diana's by a skeptical waiter.

The one who hung back was plump, with a round brown face, messy hair under an unbecoming little goblin hat, and an expensive tweed suit with skirt sagging in back. The one who dragged this laggard along with firm purpose was fair, with a Fra Angelico profile and a suit of dusty rose wool.

"Don't you see," she was telling the waiter in a high silvery voice, "we're waiting for Dick Norton! I suppose he's had *other* girls wait here for him *before*, hasn't he?"

The waiter made a noncommittal escape, and the round-faced girl, sinking into a chair so near Diana that Diana could have touched her, gasped, "Oh, Sally—you shouldn't have said that!"

"Why not?" cried Sally. "How are we going to find out *what* Dick comes here for if we don't make cagily insinuating remarks? Really, Elsie, you have no finesse. Sometimes I wonder how we ever got to be second cousins!"

"It seems to me," said Elsie gloomily, "that you are taking a good deal more interest in Dick than a second cousin's, or even a first's. And I never was so scared in all my life, and this place looks just like the underworld dives you see in the movies!"

"If that's what it is," said Sally, "what is Dick doing here? Don't you—even as his sister—think it's time the family found out?"

These girls were like Angie Dunster. Sally had pressed a button on her table lamp, which was in the form of a pagoda, and the bells of the little temple behind her started to ring. At this surprise she gave an eldritch shriek of delight, and another as it became apparent that the temple bells were a signal for the waiter.

At this moment a violin and piano behind one of the temples at the other end of the room started tuning up and burst forth, not with Pale Hands, or even The Indian Love Call, as might have been expected, but Let Yourself Go, and even Elsie dissolved into giggles. Then, suddenly, a young man with a thunderous face strode past Diana's table and thrust the waiter in front of the gigglers aside; and the giggling stopped altogether.

"What are you two doing here?" he said.

He had light-brown wavy hair and a long nose and eyes that were as blue as his second cousin Sally's but somehow softer, even scowling this way, with his nose pulled down like a hawk's. He was wiry and slender, and he stood a little over six feet with his long legs slouching and his hands in the pockets of his gray flannel suit while he glared at his sister and his second cousin, who stared back at him limply. It was Sally who first found her tongue.

"I—why—I followed you yesterday, Dick," she quavered. "We were on the same train coming to town, remember, and I heard you make this date for today with that man— What with your being so mysterious lately and never home and everything, I thought it would be fun to track you to your lair and—"

She gave up. Second cousin or no, she is crazy about him, Diana thought. But he was looking back at her without interest.

"Well, darling, I hope you've had your fun," he said, "because in five minutes it's all going to be just a memory." He turned and beckoned to a man in a blue serge suit bounded by big feet and a smooth jolly face, who had been lingering in the background. "George," he said, "these young ladies are leaving at once. They are taking the next train for Rivington, Connecticut, where they live, and where they are supposed to be day pupils at Miss Hunter's School."

Elsie, rising reluctantly, cried, "What do you think you are, Dick Norton—an Indian rajah or something? Wait till I tell father all this!"

Dick Norton bowed. "You're welcome to tell our father anything," he said pleasantly, "that might arouse his flagging interest in us."

HANDS in pockets and an amused grin on his face, Dick Norton strolled after the trio. For the first time Diana had a chance to view him closely. She leaned forward, pushing up her veil to get a better look; she had not expected that he would suddenly alter his smiling gaze so that it rushed full on hers.

A funny thing happened here. The piano and violin had shifted their tune and it was an old song Diana knew: "I took one look at you, that's all I meant to do, and then my heart stood still." . . . And that was what was happening.

He stood still, looking at her, and she looked back at him for a long time while everything seemed as still as they, except the music, that had dwindled to a far-away murmur. She went on looking while he came over to her as if it was the natural thing to do. "I—I say," he said. "This is —this is kind of funny, isn't it?"

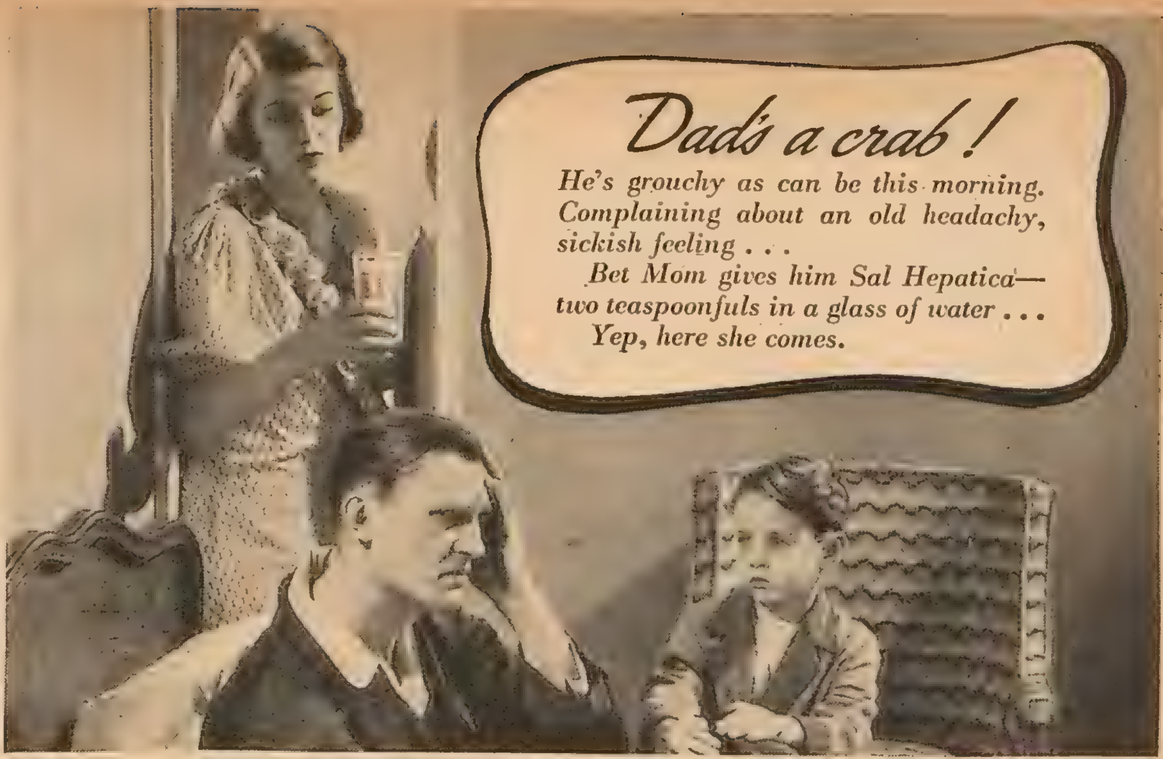
"Yes," she said, "kind of."

"Mind if I sit down with you?" he said. "You know—I mean I've got to get used to it a little."

"So—have I," she said.

He stood for a breath, looking at her as if he were afraid, as she was, to alter the strange quiet of this moment. "I took one look at you, that's all I meant to do" . . . and then a shrill voice clove between them.

"*Ba*-by! Have I kept you waiting long, dear? I'm so sorry. Is this the current big moment?"


Dad's a crab!
He's grouchy as can be this morning. Complaining about an old headachy, sickish feeling . . .
Bet Mom gives him Sal Hepatica— two teaspoonfuls in a glass of water . . . Yep, here she comes.

Dad's swell again!
Full of pep . . .
Grin a mile wide . . .
Ready to play . . .
Guess Mom's right... she says Sal Hepatica is the thing, 'cause you gotta help Nature lick acidity, too.

Take the laxative that helps nature COMBAT ACIDITY, too

Not every one knows this:

When you are constipated, in need of a laxative, you usually have another trouble—

Acidity. This acidity may linger after you've cleansed the intestines, causing your half-sick feeling to continue.

How much better to help Nature go after both troubles at once! You do that when you take Sal Hepatica for here's what this mineral salt laxative does:

1. **Sal Hepatica cleanses the intestines.**
2. **Sal Hepatica causes an alkaline (anti-acid) reaction to help Nature counteract acidity, restore the alkaline reserve.**

Soon you feel more energetic, higher in spirits, more like your old self. Get Sal Hepatica today.

Sal Hepatica
Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK
THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT HELPS NATURE COUNTERACT ACIDITY

TUNE IN: Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight"—Wed. nights—full hour—N. B. C.—coast to coast.

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

ARM SORE

FROM FIRST GAME

Mother applies Absorbine Jr. and muscles get QUICK RELIEF

WRITES Mrs. R.,* of Champaign, Ill.: "My son came home from his first baseball game of the season with his right arm so sore he could hardly move it. I applied Absorbine Jr. a few times and he was ready for his game the next day."

Spring is the open season for aches and pains. Unaccustomed exercise after a winter of inactivity brings sore muscles—muscular rheumatic aches often start up, too. At no time of the year is good old Absorbine Jr. so welcome in the home to soothe and relieve sore, aching muscles. Keep a bottle of this friendly family liniment handy in your medicine cabinet. It comes to you with the highest recommendations of many doctors and nurses for over 40 years. Also wonderful for relieving Athlete's Foot. Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle, and thrifty to use because a little goes so far. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

***Based on actual letter in our files**

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

Honey Dacey, the size of a pint, smothered in white foxes with her too-blonde hair twisted in a hundred and fifty glittering corkscrews around a tuft of a hat pinned to the top of her head with a great diamond buckle. Honey, who must have made up her face in the dark, flashing teeth and dimples on Dick Norton, who had taken a back step and now another. A veil seemed to have dropped over his face as he looked slowly from Honey to Diana.

"I'm sorry," he told Diana with distant courtesy. "I didn't know I was intruding." . . . He paused, waiting for her to speak. She couldn't. He smiled a little, as if he were rather sardonically amused at himself. "I guess," he said, "I didn't know anything—did I?"

And he was gone.

"Oh—so a stuffed shirt," said Honey. "Hope I didn't butt in or anything, baby."

Diana could speak, now that it was too late. "Nuts, Honey," she panted. "No time for stuffed shirts—when we got business to do!"

It was late that afternoon when she came back to Port Washington. A young man with glossy hair was waiting under the white awning of the quarterdeck. Solly was waiting too, pretending to polish some brass while he kept an eye on the young man, whose nose, in an otherwise good-looking face, had once been broken.

He stepped forward at the same time Solly did, and Solly said, "Hi, Diana, this number says he's got to see you on business. Has he?"

The young man's eyes crossed, looked down his crooked nose from Solly to Diana.

"Hank Gillis; call me Spike," he said. "Are you going to let that sailor stick around like he was your chaperon, or is he?"

"Solly," said Diana, "I'll ring if I need you to sweep him out."

Left alone with the glib young man she stayed standing in the middle of the quarterdeck and said:

"O. K., punk, let's have it."

"I'm from Pete Galeffi," said Spike Gillis.

IT was a name that she had heard vaguely. He saw her questioning look, and said at once:

"Maybe you don't know you were the best draw Dan had, but we do. Pete sent me to say if you'll come with us as hostess of Pete's New York place we'll give you a salary and a house percentage and the kind of a refined setup a girl like you should have."

"Thanks for the ad," said Diana dryly. "I'm not interested. I was only in this business because of Dan, and now that's done—I'm done too."

"You don't get me how it would be like Dan," said Spike Gillis. "You'd be as safe as you were with your own father. We're not like Guido Ferrone. We're not interested in you except for business. The sooner you leave this floating birthday cake and connect up with a real live organization the better it'll be for you in every way, especially with a man like Guido Ferrone, who plays a lone hand. While any one in this racket knows you've got to play ball, like Dan Kildare did and like Pete Galeffi does!"

Now she remembered. Galeffi was the lieutenant of some man higher up who controlled a big gambling combine in the New York territory.

"You better come with us," Spike went on, "if you want to travel with really noted people and not trust a small lone-hand shot like Guido Ferrone—"

WHAT were you saying about me?" came a flat voice. Guido was standing behind them on the quarterdeck. Behind him quakingly stood Reg. Spike Gillis tried hastily to recapture his smile of a moment ago. "Why, hello, Guido," he said. "I didn't know you'd taken possession of the yacht—and everything"—his glance flicked Diana—"quite as soon as this."

Guido lunged forward, picked Spike Gillis up as easily as if he had been a cat, and dropped him over the white-and-gilt railing. Spike yelled as he went, and Diana felt seasick for the first time in her life. Solly, appearing from nowhere, ran down the gangway to the grating and took a boat out to the churning spot where Spike was trying to keep his head above water. When Solly got Spike into the boat Guido leaned down and called:

"You tell Pete Galeffi I'll do more than that if he ever muscles in on me again!"

Gillis, as he got into his launch and made off, had no answer.

Diana was looking at Guido. "You needn't try to drown people on account of me," she said. "I'm leaving the ship tonight."

"Have you been listening," said Guido, "to a rat like Spike Gillis? I can give you everything he was offering you, and more. We'll go all over the world. You know you're fond of this ship, Diana."

"Not—any more," said Diana. "I'm going away somewhere where I can begin to live!" she cried. "I'm going away somewhere where people won't ever know I was mixed up with punks like you!"

"Where do you think you can go," Guido said, "where people won't know you are Dan's daughter?"

"I want to go to school with other girls!" she cried. "I want to learn the things other girls know, and do the things they do! I've got the school all picked out too, but I won't tell you where! I want to be young with all the trimmings—dances and everything. I've never had them, but it's not too late to try!"

"Are you crazy?" said Guido. A vein was standing out on his forehead. Hell, thought Reg, the mug really cares for her. If that doesn't make everything just lovely. . . . "Where do you think you'd get the money to do a thing like that," said Guido, "even if I'd let you?"

"Let me!" she said. "You're not

my guardian, even if you did vote yourself in on it! Eighteen's of age and I've got the money. Remember Honey Dacey? Well, I sold her most of my clothes this afternoon—she and a bunch of other floozies. We had an auction at her apartment. All the fur coats, even the fake ice, and some of it wasn't fake. You didn't know that, did you? There's enough to pay Dan's account with your combine as well as see me through a year in the best school in the country and even buy me a plain outfit to do it in. Nothing's going to stop me!"

"Nothing," said Guido, "except me. "Don't you think I could queer your game for you anywhere—any time—if you want to go where no one'll know who you've been? Don't you think I'd do it?"

She swallowed, and looked desperately at Reg.

Reg weakly coughed. This got to him more than anything else about Diana ever had, somehow: the picture of Diana selling her clothes to Honey Dacey and the other fancy girls of the gamblers who had been boon companions of Dan Kildare.

"But a girls' school—" Reg floundered. "You can't turn the clock back like that. It would be a voyage to Lilliput, that's all!"

SHE stared at him. "What's Lilliput?"

"A land in a book where the people are one inch high. You couldn't, Diana. After all you've had—and done—" Reg groped.

"Don't you see," she said, "I've got to find out what words like Lilliput mean? And everything that goes with it."

"Whitewash," said Guido. "That's all you want. Whitewash that wears off in the first rain."

"My whitewash won't," she said. "Once I get it, it'll stick all right." She looked at Guido again. "You won't get me," she said. "You can only make things bad for both of us—and maybe learn I can fight back!"

Reg cleared his throat again, wondering what Dan would have done, and that gave him his idea. "Listen," he said happily. "I mean, why not leave it to the cards? Give her a gambler's chance, Guido."

He could see his idea sinking in as Guido's eyes narrowed, continuing to look surprised but in a thinner, more avid way. "Well," Guido said, "what do you say, Diana?"

A thousand thoughts and hopes whirred through Diana's mind as she got up. "The cards," she said, "are in the saloon."

On the threshold of the saloon, the theater where so much of the drama of her past life had been played, she paused for a moment. She had loved this room, and now she was going to betray it. If only she could get the chance; and if only she could keep singing that tune inside that she had gone on hearing ever since that moment at the Shalimar.

And then my heart stood still, and it's going to again. I shall see him

Doctors know the *truth* about laxatives —do you?

IN protecting your health, the doctor makes no compromise with quality. Every drug or serum he uses must meet strict standards of purity and strength.

Even for a little thing like a laxative, the doctor has a definite set of requirements. Before giving a laxative his approval, he considers it from every angle to make sure that it meets his demands.

Read the specifications listed below. Will your *own* laxative check on every point?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THIS TEST AT EVERY POINT

Go right down the list. Ex-Lax checks on *every one* of the above points. It meets the doctor's demands of a laxative fairly and fully. In fact, Ex-Lax is regarded with such confidence that many doctors use it in their own homes. Ex-Lax has literally millions of friends. It is the most widely-used laxative in the whole, wide world.

LET EX-LAX PROVE ITS OWN CASE

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. Let your own experience convince you of its many advantages. You will find that Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. You will find that it is *not* upsetting or nauseating. You will find that it is completely effective. Moreover, you will appreciate the freshness and pleasant sense of well-being that follow such a thorough internal cleansing.

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Once you taste Ex-Lax, you'll say good-bye to harsh, nasty cathartics. Both children and grown-ups are grateful for its delicious chocolate flavor. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

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SAY, MACK, I'VE BEEN GETTING SWELL SHAVES WITH GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR LIKE YOU TOLD ME. THANKS FOR THE TIP!
THAT'S BECAUSE WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE BLADE
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Shaves are Kinder to Your Face

when razor and blade match

For clean, comfortable shaves, men everywhere agree that this perfectly matched shaving combination is tops! And no wonder! Where will you find shaving comfort to compare with the results you get from the flawless teamwork of the Gillette Razor and the Gillette Blade?

It is because this razor and blade are made for each other that they work so smoothly together. It is because they are designed as a unit—produced in the same factory—that they give a measure of shaving comfort that can't be beaten.

Diamonds Test Hardness

At the Gillette plant no expense is spared to assure users of Gillette Blades the utmost in shaving satisfaction. For example, real diamonds—80 times harder than any other known substance—are used to test the temper of Gillette steel. Variations of as little as one and one-half percent from desired hardness results in immediate rejection of the metal!

So why experiment when you *know* that the Gillette Blade is the ideal teammate for your Gillette Razor? Buy a package today. Use one in your Gillette Razor tomorrow morning and enjoy a wonderful new kind of shaving thrill!

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Every Sunday night.

Gillette BLUE BLADES

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

again, and Guido must be a long way from Rivington, Connecticut, before that happens. A long way from Miss Hunter's School where I've got to learn to be so right that when he does see me it could have been an accident that I was at the Shalimar. An accident, as it was for Sally and Elsie. . . .

They had come in and Guido had pressed a panel in the wall by one of the windows which were set curiously high up. The three sat down quietly, with the deep impersonality of great gamblers descending upon them as a small table swung out from the wall under the window. Guido opened a drawer in the table and took out a new pack of cards.

"Let's get this straight," he said. "If she wins—I let her go. If she loses—she goes just the same, but it's understood—I'm going to fix it so she'll be glad to come back. . . . Huh?"

Nobody spoke. He started to break the seal on the pack. "Draw once, ace of spades high, and high man wins," he said. "Huh?"

Diana nodded, her jaw set, watching him. Reg nodded too, although surprised. He had expected they would go through more of a game than that. But Guido couldn't wait. Guido's hands were trembling as he spread out the pack on the table, looking at Diana all the time. She looked down at the cards and laughed suddenly on a high note. He'd spread them face up. He got red, seeing what he'd done, and laughed shortly too. Guido never made a slip like that before in his life. If he cares like that, Reg thought, he'll never let her go. No matter how it turns out. Diana picked up the cards and gave them to Reg in a bunch, face down.

"You make 'em and spread 'em," she said.

Guido was still looking at her, which was lucky because Reg started when he felt that bent card, so little bent that none but the lightest fingers could have told it; but Reg had those. He had to think fast. So he thought nothing but, Hell, it's her show now! while he spread the cards out on the table, this time face down. Diana, not looking at him, asked Guido who went first, and Guido said go ahead, and she reached out her hand, which was long and nervous and had had a great training for this. It fluttered over the fanlike wedge of cards for a moment, not seeming to touch any of them. And then she turned one up—the ace of spades.

Reg could see her little finger straighten it out as if unconsciously while she looked at Guido. "I don't think—there's anything higher than that—is there?" she said.

Does Guido, like Reg, know that Diana cheated to escape? Will he trail her along the quiet road she has chosen to travel? Next week's chapter in this enthralling novel brings a new crisis in a girl's desperate struggle toward happiness.

HOW CAN EDWARD MAKE HIS MARRIAGE A SUCCESS?

What plans have the Duke and Duchess of Windsor made to insure their future happiness? In a life that is certain to be bathed in the spotlight of world-wide publicity, what has the former king done to make certain that he and the woman he loves, the woman for whom he gave up his throne, can live the free and normal married life that is the heritage of every couple?

HELEN WORDEN, who knows the former Mrs. Simpson and has talked with her intimate friends abroad, has some highly interesting and intriguing information about the married-life possibilities of the world's best-known sweethearts. She will reveal them to you in an early issue of Liberty.

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Twenty-four hours in the life of a dozen people. A beautiful book that runs the whole gamut of human emotions.

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Words of wisdom strained from the broth of experience for the small-boat enthusiast. Well seasoned with sage and human observations of men as well as boats. Adequately illustrated.

Will the British Monarchy Survive?

by the Right Honorable

LORD STRABOLGI

of the British House of Lords

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE monarchial system, once widespread throughout the world, and as old as human culture, survives in its strongest form in two island states, Japan and Britain.

The survival value of a monarchy depends as much on its antiquity as anything else. The last British *legal* monarch, according to the old law of heredity, James II, fled the country, taking the Great Seal with him. Fortunately, a Stuart princess had married William of Orange of the Dutch royal family. They were Protestants, and in the hope of preventing further argument he and his English consort were invited by the British Parliament to be the new rulers. There is still a Jacobite Society in Britain declaring that the present monarchy is illegal and that a Bavarian prince is the rightful king; yet the descent of the present occupant of the throne through the Stuarts, Tudors, Plantagenets, Norman and Saxon kings is clear enough for practical purposes.

The World War and the subsequent unrest led to the expulsion of the Hohenzollerns from Germany, the Hapsburgs from Austria-Hungary, and the Bourbon Hapsburgs from Spain. Most of Europe, and all of the New World except Canada, is republican or governed by dictators. As the Duke of Windsor was made to say in Bernard Shaw's witty imaginary dialogue, published just prior to his abdication, to his ministers, "Whom do you want me to marry? Who are my peers? Hitler, Mussolini, Ataturk? Have they suitable daughters?"

In Japan the poverty of the masses has created a rising discontent. When the Emperor travels the police make a prior roundup of thousands of malcontents.

The Japanese dynasty, supposed to descend from the gods, may suffer the same fate as the last Manchu emperor of China when he was driven out of the Temple of Heaven and the Chinese Republic established.

A startling look at the changes wrought by Edward's abdication: Will this coronation be the last?

The lesser monarchs in Europe will probably continue.

But will the monarchy survive in Britain?

Six months ago there would have been only one logical answer—Yes. Today the question cannot be answered without qualifications. That every effort will be made to retain the monarchy is certain. The symbol of the crown is now the only legal link between Britain and her Dominions. High legal opinion has maintained that it would have been possible for the Irish Free State, for example, or any other of the Dominions for that matter, to have refused to accept the abdication. It could not in any case become effective until an act had been passed by each of the separate legislatures. King Edward would then have remained King of that Dominion or Dominions.

In India, however, not yet a Dominion, the King of England has the real function of emperor, to whom the Indian princes swear fealty. Hence the practice of imperial suzerainty is of real practical value and will be of even more value in the future.

Nevertheless, Spain lost her South American colonies despite a king, just as Britain lost her North American colonies because of a king who allowed himself to be advised by shortsighted ministers. France and Portugal have great colonial empires, and both are republics.

If, for any reason, the monarchial system of government in Britain were changed, these matters could be adjusted in accordance with the usual English practice of compromise. And it is admitted that a hereditary monarch in the present-day world is an anachronism.

Why, then, has this institution survived?

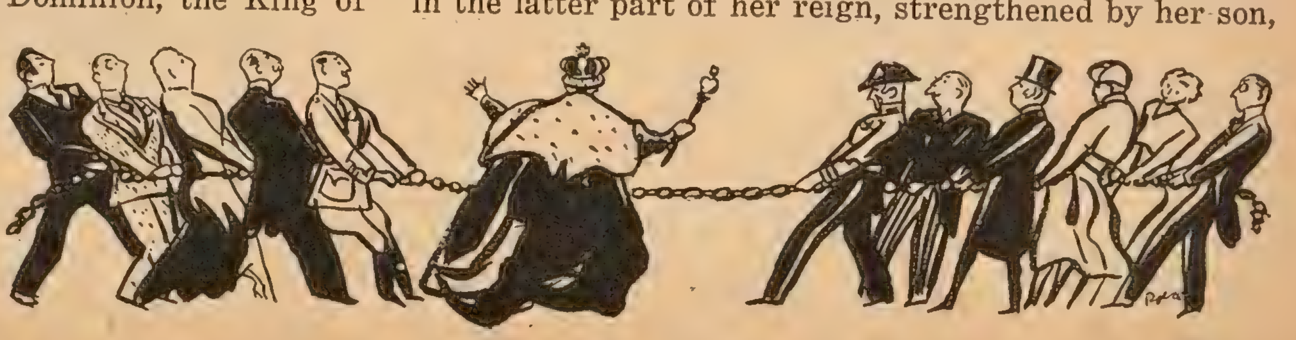
The answer is to be found in the history of the human race. Kings were necessary in a simpler age. When nations grew out of the amalgamation of warring tribes, a king was necessary to act as a binding cement. The feudal system required a king exercising a higher authority over the nobility. Then a reverence for monarchy in some form is part of the psychological make-up of a large proportion of the human race. The fall of a monarchy always leaves a strong Royalist Party working for a restoration.

A section of the Hungarian royalists, not desiring reunion with Austria, are preparing to invite the Duke of Windsor to assume the Crown of St. Stephen—and to marry whom he likes.

As democracy has developed, so the powers of monarchy have diminished, only the symbolism remaining. Republicanism became active in Britain at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Most of the great liberal leaders of the last generation—Chamberlain, Dilke, Morley, Cobden, Bright—were republican in sentiment, even though there was no separate Republican Party in Britain. King William IV, the uncle of Queen Victoria, was popular despite his weak health; but his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, was an ardent party politician, did his best to oppose all reforms, and was anathema to the mass of the people.

If King William had died before the Princess Victoria, the next in succession, was old enough to assume the crown, and the Duke of Cumberland had been appointed regent, according to custom, there would have been real trouble in the country and possibly a revolution. As it was, Queen Victoria was unpopular during the first part of her reign. Her marriage was disliked, the Prince Consort was regarded with suspicion, and more than one attempt was made to assassinate her.

In her later years, partly as a result of the new British imperialism, she became an object of affection. The solid foundations of the British monarchy were re-established in the latter part of her reign, strengthened by her son,



A King of England can do nothing at all without advice and full consent of his ministers.

King Edward VII, and solidified by the twenty-five-year reign of her grandson, George V.

During fifty years a determined and successful campaign in favor of monarchy in general, and of the royal family in particular, was carried on in Britain. Up till the fall of 1936 republicanism was a dead issue.

But the events of November and December, 1936, shook these foundations of the monarchial system and inflicted a certain injury on the very institution of kingship in the eyes of great masses of the British people.

Before making prophecies, let us examine briefly the functions of a present-day constitutional monarch. The absolute monarchs do not call themselves kings; they are Führers, or Duces, or Inspectors General. Without disrespect, the functions of a monarch are those of a figurehead on a ship. A popular and experienced king can, however, influence policy. Queen Victoria interfered actively with the government of the country through her Prime Ministers, though it was all done privately, unofficially. King Edward VII exercised some influence on foreign policy, but always with the approval of his ministers. Any attempt by King George V or King Edward VIII to exercise a direct influence on affairs immediately aroused the resentment of the party bosses.

King George V would have been a Tory if he had been a peer or a commoner; and when, in 1931, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's second Labor Government was tottering, the King lent himself willingly enough to the device of forming a so-called National Government, and took the initiative without the advice of his ministers. Thus he consulted the leaders of the parties opposed to his government without the knowledge of his own cabinet. He refused to accept the despairing resignation of his Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, and insisted on his forming a new government. "Pull yourself together," were the King's actual words to his unhappy Prime Minister.

But by this action the King incurred the hostility of important elements in the Labor Party. These events were unknown to the general public or there would have been real trouble. The actual part played by the King was overshadowed in the general crisis of events. But it was remembered, and led to the first revival of republicanism since the '80s of last century.

The greatest event, since the flight of King James II, affecting the British monarchy was the abdication of King Edward VIII. Here was a case of a man of parts, anxious to *do* things, impatient of his role of a ceremonial lay figure. On attempting to influence policy directly, he immediately incurred the hostility of politicians of all parties. The *subsequent* development, arising out of his projected marriage to Mrs. Simpson, discovered practically the whole political machine against him.

THE truth is that it is impossible for a King of England to do anything at all without the full consent and advice of his ministers. If he has Parliament against him his position is impossible. If he has in addition the Church, the upper classes, and a large section of the middle and working classes in opposition, his position is hopeless. The whole function of government in the British Empire is, in theory, concentrated in the monarch. In practice he has no power whatsoever. The whole institution, therefore, is a make-believe. It has worked well enough and, as an institution, is popularly accepted.

Yet the King must have certain attributes and must behave in a certain way. He must appear to live a normal family life. He can have mistresses, but they must be kept in the background. In practice he can marry only with the consent of his government in Britain and the Dominions. He must play his ceremonial role, wear the right clothes, do and say the right things, and satisfy not only British "society" but the masses throughout the Empire. King George V did all this admirably. King George VI will probably do it as well.

In these days of radio and the fierce publicity under which a king lives, can the monarch keep up the illusion all the time? What can he do if a press campaign is directed against him, as was done by our leading British newspaper, the Times, against Edward VIII? If the monarchy has been so much weakened that its survival value is doubtful, it is not the fault of those who have occupied the throne in our time. George V did his job admirably; and his widow, Queen Mary, is loved and respected by the whole nation. His eldest son and heir, served his country nobly for twenty-five years as Prince of Wales, through the World War and afterward. Now politicians of all parties are reluctant to make any provision for him from our Civil List.

The first official function of King George VI was an informal visit to the East End of London. A large crowd of workingmen and -women made the occasion a public holiday. The coronation festivities and pageantry will be an enormous success. But something has changed in the last six months.

The monarchy is now seen as it really is—a gorgeous pretense. That the people of the Empire are fundamentally loyal to the King and Queen and the institution of monarchy is true enough. The royal family deserve the loyalty they receive—and if the monarchial system breaks down, no blame can be attached to them. It will be the combined power of the Church, headed by the all-powerful Archbishops of York and Canterbury, and the power of the oligarchy that controls the government of Great Britain, which should be held responsible.

IF King Edward VIII could have remained a kind of perpetual Prince of Wales, the "First Commercial Traveler of the Empire," all would have been well. But the strain of the continued make-believe was too much for him. The fact that he was not prepared to fulfill the conventional role caused resentment.

King George VI is fitted in every way for this present-day role, except for a slight impediment in his speech. In these days of radio, that is a disadvantage. But there were successful constitutional monarchs long before there was any radio. The next in succession is a child, the Princess Elizabeth, already showing signs of some strength of character. If she succeeds after reaching maturity and being happily and successfully married, and if her consort is a success in British eyes, all should be well. There is a British tradition of expansion of prosperity and power under queens.

The difference now is that the inviolability of the occupant of the throne no longer exists in the eyes of the mass of the people. The shock of King Edward's abdication has been tremendous, and its full effects have not been felt. And there is another factor at work. Nationalism, in its extreme form, is becoming more and more clearly recognized as one of the curses of the modern world. Because of nationalism the institution of war survives; and because of it economic recovery is retarded. Monarchy in Britain, as in other countries, is the very symbol of nationalism. One hears people talking once more of "this king business" as a cause of wars.

There is also some apprehension that the monarchy, say in the next reign, may be capitalized as a means of resisting changes in society. There were hopes that the British monarchy could be a bulwark against Fascism. Nobody believes that any more. It is not strong enough for the purpose. And so people are beginning to talk of the expense of the Court and the royal family.

There are proposals to nationalize the hereditary estates in Lancashire and Cornwall attached to the wearer of the crown. There is already a demand for greater simplicity in the Court. Against this, the British people, like most other people, enjoy pageantry. And yet, "society" in England has altered in character. Its leaders are no longer of necessity members of the aristocracy. It is larger in number. Court ceremonial, titles, and the entree to Court create a dividing line between classes.

When the so-called upper class was small in numbers, this dividing line was tolerated. But now a numerous plutocracy, leavened by a poorer but more numerous aristocracy, is not so acceptable at a time when class differences are breaking down everywhere, even in education.

To sum up: The survival value of the institution of monarchy in Britain is high enough to see this reign through, provided that the present King fulfills the allotted span of life. But if there were any more difficulties, then the most profound changes might occur.

THE END

FREE AIR *from a* TAXI PILOT

In which a bottle leads to a battle, and it's colossal!

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

Words and Pictures by BERT GREEN

HELLO, Mazie, old dear. How's my sweetie? Gee, it's good to see you. Listen, toots, you sure got me into ample trouble the other night, and I don't mean maybe. As soon as I surround myself with some eats I'll tell you all about it. —Let's have a copy of ham and eggs with the headlights burning.

Well, here's the dope:

Last Tuesday night, I was cruising along 44th Street when out of a tavern barged a funny looking goof with only one lamp. To make things worse, he was two-thirds scotch and one-third club soda. I noticed he was gunning the parked cars.

"Hey, buddy!" I hollered. "What are you looking for?"

"I losht my car," he said, with a comical grin.

"Where did you leave it?" I asked.

"Shomewhere between here and Fiftshy-ninth Street."

"Hop in!" I said, "and we'll try and find it."

So over he barged.

"What kind of a car is it?" I asked.

"Blue shedan," he grunted.

"What's the number?"

"Shearsh me!"

We browsed over to the East River on one street and back to the Hudson on the next for about six blocks, but darned if I could find his trap.

"Are you sure you *had* a car?" I asked.

"Shurtenly!" he replied. "Keep going!"

Well, after touring for another hour, I began to worry about my dough, as they was $5.20 on the damper. I slowed down and put the bee on him.

"How are you fixed for cash?" I asked.

Without opening his trap, he reached in his kick and pulled out a wad that would make Jack Rockefeller look like a public charge. He then ordered me to drive to a snooty cocktail lounge over on Lexington Avenue, saying he wanted to "dampen his tonsils." As I drew up to the curb, what did I see parked in front of me but a *blue sedan* just like the one he described.

"Hey, is that your car?" I asked.

"Holy mackrel! Thash her," he hollered. "Ish just where I left it."

The yell is, it had enough "tickets" plastered on it to fill a cops' ball. He was so tickled to find it he insisted I should join him for a snifter. —Let's have a cup of oolong, eh, Mazie?

Great Cesar's ghost, kid, I wish you could have seen the ultra-ritzy joint he dragged me into. On the level Mazie, the place was lined with red leather seats and had a nifty shiny bar. Painted on the mirror were Chinee bungalows, volcanoes and stuff like that.

I felt like a bum in my mail order lumber jacket.

As soon as we parked our hips, my customer called the waitor over and ordered a pair of "Angel's Breaths" with brandy for a chaser.

Nifty drinks, eh kid? Oh boy, they slid down like cylinder oil and when they started to percolate they had a kick like a disapearing gun. No fooling, they must have been built by Colt and aged in the Blue Ridge mountains.

While we was busy hoisting the silly syrup, my pal loosened up and became quite clubby. He told me his name was Major Doyle and that he was a parachute tester for the United Chute and Carpet Company. That sounded kind of goofy to me, but I let it skip.

He said the last test he made in Hollywood was very terrible. He mentioned he bailed out at 20,000 feet and couldn't control the blamed thing because they was a bee in his pants. The result was, he crashed through a *skylight.* He said he didn't mind that so much, but he broke up a *spiritualists' meeting.* According to him, some old dame had just contacted her Uncle in Sir Oliver's lodge, and when he came crashing through the glass, they took him for the *devil.* He said the way they mobbed him was terrible. When they got through, he was all lumped up and minus his left lamp. —Let's have another bowl of oolong, eh, sweetie?

Anyway, after he and I had been in the cocktail lounge about an hour, I noticed they was a cute little blonde job sitting at the next table. She was inhaling a Thomas Collins and was enjoying a crying jag.

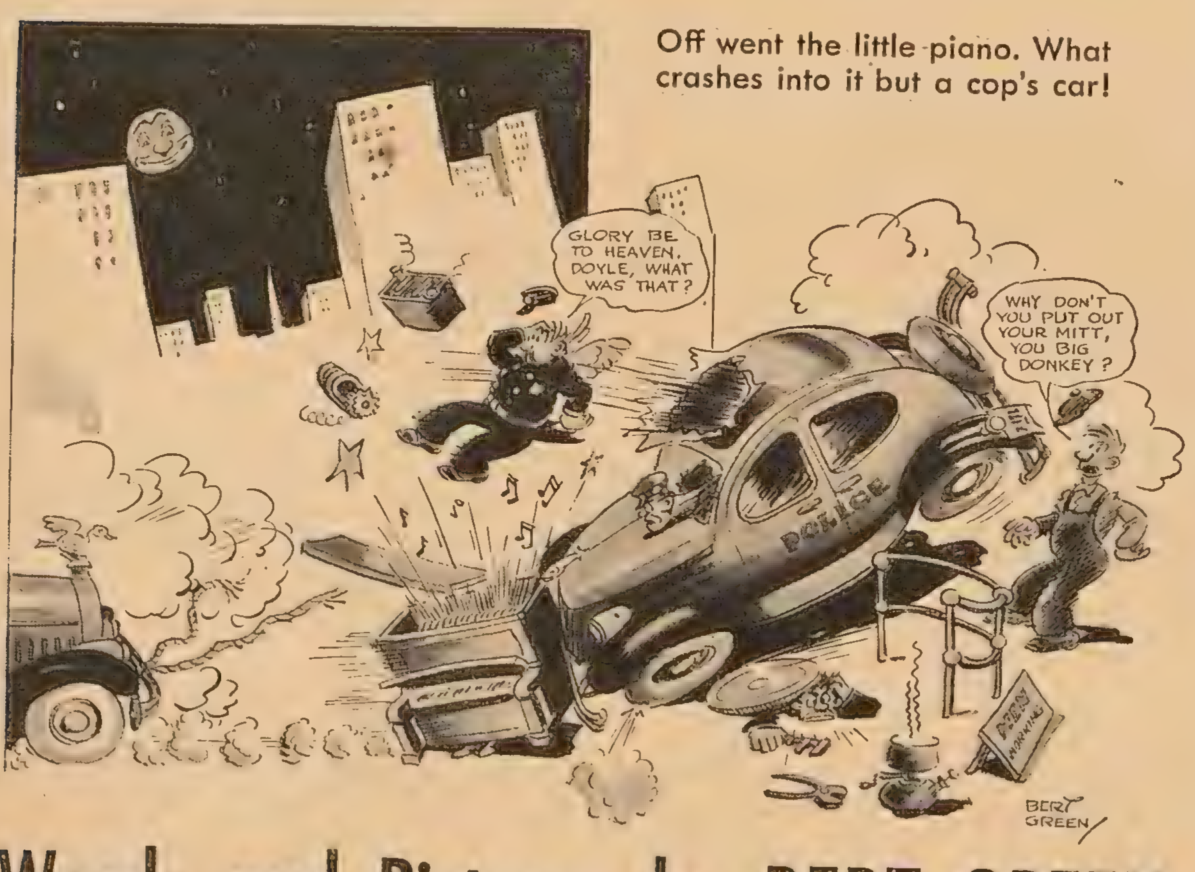
"Hey! Pipe the cutie next to you!" I said.

The Major took a peek and decided he'd get aquainted.

"I think I'll give her the office," he whispered.

He then proceeded to dude himself up in order to make a hit. He straightened his tie and flattened his curly locks. The next thing he did was reach in his pocket and pull out a crockery glim. When I looked at him again I nearly did a handspring. He had slipped the china peeper in upside down, and it was covered with bread crumbs, salt and pipe tobacco.

Well, Mazie, he was just about to speak to the cutie when who blows up to the table but a good looking Chinese girl with a silver tray full of trick eats. On it were dwarfed airdales—with toothpicks stuck in them—snails and crackers sprinkled with egg, onion and stuff that looked like bird seed. Just as the little blonde went to reach for the groceries, over


GLORY BE TO HEAVEN, DOYLE, WHAT WAS THAT?
WHY DON'T YOU PUT OUT YOUR MITT, YOU BIG DONKEY?
POLICE
BERT GREEN

Off went the little piano. What crashes into it but a cop's car!

"O.B." As Bad As "B.O."

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went her Thomas Collins smack in her lap. Without thinking, the Major grabbed an old guy's silk hankerchief and proceeded to mop her up. The next thing I knew, he had her sitting at our table and was calling her by her first name.

Listen, Mazie, if this story bores you, squark and I'll tune it out. No? Alright, slip me a side order of beef stew—I'm starved!

Seeing that the little dame was eyeing me suspiciously, the Major introduced me as Oswald McNitny and said I was a wealthy lumberman who was driving a hack for his health. He told her I was just getting over the Spinal McGinnis after being in a plasterer's cast for twelve years. Can you imagine? And me in the pink of condition.

Anyway, after two more jolts of Mr. Collins, the dame perked up and told us all about herself. She said she was a widow and had only been wedded three months when her hubby was smacked by a cab. She mentioned he would still be here if it wasn't for a cock-eyed surgeon who had pulled a boner. She said that the medico was supposed to remove a hub cap and the fan belt from her hubby's wish-bone, but instead, the dumb cluck lifted out his *ticker.* Honest, Mazie, it was so sad she had the three of us crying.

In order to try and cheer the widow up, the Major thought it would be a swell idea to take her out to Bedside, Long Island, and meet his missus.

"I don't think that would go so *big,*" I told him.

"Listen!" he roared, "*I'm* the *boss* in my family! What *I* say *goes,* get me?"

"Okay," I said, not wishing to gum the fun.

Ten minutes later, I piled them in the cab and started for Bedside, leaving his trap parked in the street. It was a good thing too, because he was getting as stiff as a board.

WHEN we reached his house, he said to wait outside, as he wanted to break the news to the "little woman." He had only been in the joint about two minutes when I heard a hell of a row and out he came doing nip-ups and barrel-rolls all over the sidewalk. The next thing I saw was the "little woman" dusting off her paws. She sure was "little" alright. She filled the door frame and could have tossed Strangler Lewis over Bear Mountain.

"I want my clothes!" he squarked.

"Okay," yelled his storm and strife.

Shortly after, up went the second story window and out came pants, coats, shirts, undies, shoes and whatnot. All she did was dump bureau draws. No kidding, the lawn looked like a fire sale.

To top the fun, when he bent over to pick up his dress suit, she let go a big paper bag filled with *ice water.* Judas Crimps! It bopped him smack on the noggin, and when I looked up, he looked like a seal.

Well, somehow, I managed to get him and his junk piled in the mouse-trap and we started on our merry way with the little widow laughing her head off.

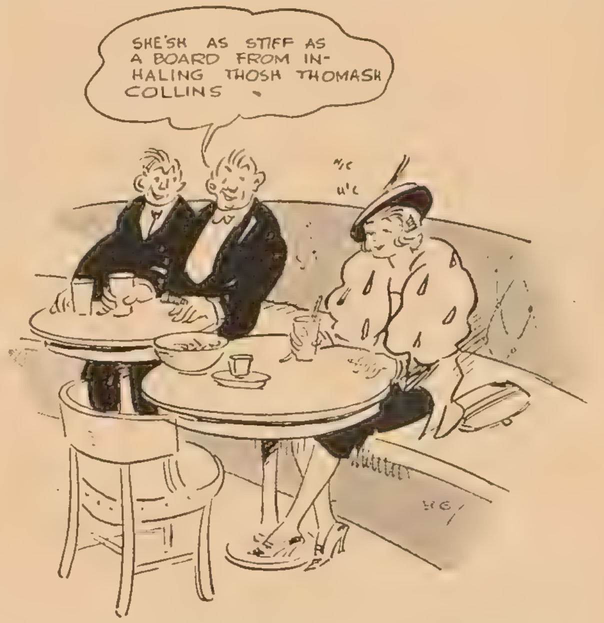
"Whatcha laffin' at?" asked the Major.

"I thought you said *you* was the *boss?*"

"Thash what I thought too," he panted.

He next ordered me to drive him to the "Pink Girdle" in Great Neck. He said he had a chill coming on and needed a bracer.

Oh, sister, when we barged in the back room the merriment was over. Over in one corner was four Pullman porters from Hawaii. One had a Mexican bazoon, another a slip horn, another a guitar—plugged to the light socket—and the fourth was tearing the Twelfth Street Rag apart on a *midget piano.* Hot dog, the way that guy fanned the elephant tusks would make Duke Wellington think he wore boxing gloves. —Gimme a chunk of that lemon pie, sweetie!


SHE'SH AS STIFF AS A BOARD FROM INHALING THOSH THOMASH COLLINS

Well, Maze, knowing it was *your birthday,* I thought I would surprise you. I told the Major what a swell kid you was and suggested it would be a great idea to grab the little piano, throw it in the hack and stage a cabaret *right here in your lunch wagon.*

The Major went for the idea in a *big* way and hired the jigaboos to follow us over. We couldn't get the piano inside the car, so I *tied it* on the front bumper. Holy smoke, everytime we went over a bump, the thing played the Anvil Chorus.

Just as I was tearing along Second Avenue at 50 miles the hour, I heard a sireen and a cop's whistle. Right away I slammed on the brakes. Oh, boy! Off went the little piano. It went scooting along the street like they was a out-board motor glued to its tail. A second later, what crashes into it but a *cop's car!* Five minutes later, I'm surrounded with enough cops to quell a riot. Each one handed me a ticket, and by the time I get out of the cooler I'll look like Grant.

Holy smoke! There's another drunk climbing in my cab. So long, sweetie.

Shorty McCoy will disclose some more midnight thrillers in an early issue.

Manhattan Magdalen Makes Good

A recently-headlined defeat for vice brings Miss Davis back to the Hollywood fold—Mr. Crosby, in Hawaii, sings again

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ MARKED WOMAN

THE PLAYERS: Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, Lola Lane, Isabel Jewell, Eduardo Ciannelli, Jane Bryant, Rosalind Marquis, Mayo Methot, Allen Jenkins, John Litel, Ben Welden, Damian O'Flynn, Henry O'Neill, Raymond Hatton, Carlos San Martin, William B. Davidson, Kenneth Harlan, Robert Strange, James Robbins, Arthur Aylesworth, John Sheehan, Sam Wren, Edwin Stanley, Alan Davis, Allen Matthews. Screen play by Robert Rossen and Abem Finkel. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 95 minutes.

CAN it be that Hollywood producers are getting embittered at life? The facts of existence have seeped through the sunshine of California, left the producers aghast at their stark reality. It's a horrifying thought, but the Warner Brothers no longer view events with calm complacency. The hooded gentry who terrorized the Middle Western countryside were pilloried in The Black Legion. Now the Warners, appalled again at life, stagger back from the recent Manhattan vice ring revelations and rush Marked Woman to the nation's theaters.

Doris Nolan with the old copy of Liberty she found while working on Top of the Town set. On the cover is the picture she posed for when a high-school girl in New Rochelle.

Marked Woman is bitter, sardonic, and unrelenting. Here Bette Davis, recently a rebel at Hollywood contracts, is back in the Warner fold, forgiven and playing one of those pretty little night-club Jezebels. It's her job to dance with the male guests, get them to order a lot of liquor, make pleasant their path to knockout drops and robbery. The hours are rigorous, but, as Mary herself says, what else can a poor girl do? All goes well until Mary's innocent little sister gets involved with the gang and is killed. Then Mary marshals her scarlet sisters into action, and their testimony crushes the vice gang, sends the leaders to prison. No, Mary doesn't marry the ambitious young district attorney. The final fade-out shows the representative of law and order being congratulated, the lonely scarlet girls wandering off into the fog of New York.

The richly promising Miss Davis is excellent as the Manhattan magdalen; Humphrey Bogart is more than adequate as the district attorney; and Eduardo Ciannelli is properly sinister and ruthless as vice czar Johnny Vanning. The bad girls—sweet and kindly under the make-up—of the Club Intimate are sharply drawn by Lola Lane, Isabel Jewell, and Mayo Methot.

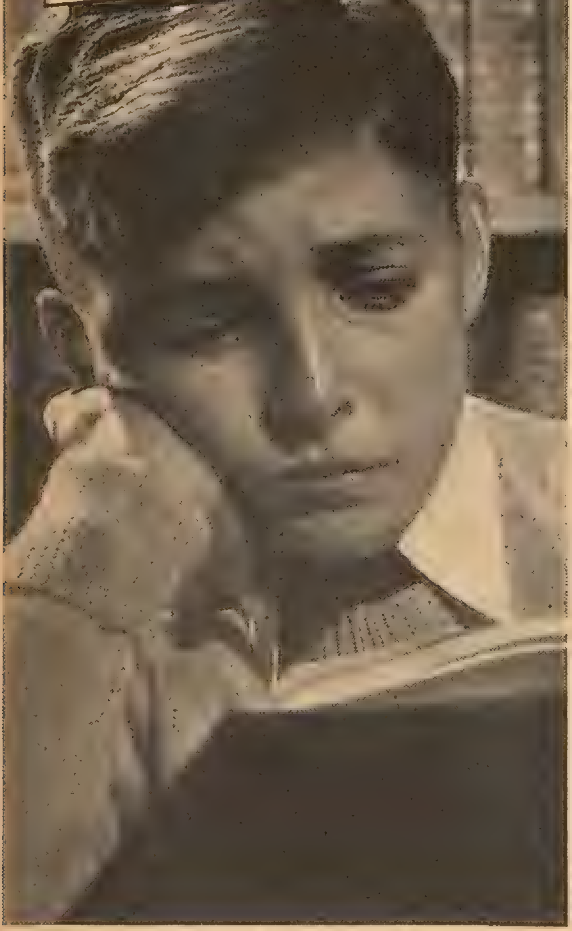
VITAL STATISTICS: Bette Davis returned from England minus ten pounds, a contract decision to the Warners, and a British accent. Worried off the poundage while salary boxing the Warners, and took her decision on the chin. Says it took masterful control to avoid the British accent because (a) the temptation to hide a Yankee birth behind a broad a is terrific to most actresses; and (b) the English, forgetting the cockney, and thanks to the Warner-type gang film, think of Americans as savages who bark "Scram, Butch!" at each other. Bette gave herself a pahty for this her thirtieth screenie; recalled she once had to usher at a Cape Cod theater when her debut show folded; was packing her trunks to creep out of Hollywood when George Arliss lamped her at the Brown Derby and dangled a career afore her. . . . Raymond Hatton hammered himself out a career. Hired as a stage carpenter, Hatton's job was to stand behind the scenery and knock a picture off the wall so's it would conk the comedian onstage. Nervous on his first crack at the gag, Hatton not only knocked off the picture but the scenery as well. As he crouched there in full stage view, little and trembling, the audience burst into laughs, the comedian ad-libbed a bawling out, and the gag stayed in the show ever after, Hatton becoming a comic despite himself. . . . Lloyd Bacon had the flu and married actress Nadine Coughlin midpicture. . . . Eduardo Ciannelli says it's easier to be bad onstage than good—just like in life. Hardest task in the sneering line is to avoid scenery chewing, heh-heh-hehing, and moustachio twirling. . . . Says newcomer Rosalind Marquis: "You can't censor sex appeal out of the movies, especially if it's the wholesome variety." . . . Humphrey Bogart last petrified Bette Davis with his black sneers in Petrified Forest; now smiles heroically on her. Hump got sympathy for his grim performance in P. F. A sophisticate from Brooklyn, Bogart treasures German helmets he copped from an infantryman during his naval-gunner days; shoots a neat 76 at golf; is a bridge pupil of the late Joe Elwell, whose cocktail shaker he still uses. . . . Joan Davis willingly fell down those stairs, didn't mind the bumps, insisting you've got to take them one way or another. A newie, Joan, with all the millions crackling around her in Hollywood, gets fifty dollars a week. . . . Costume designer Orry-Kelly avoided dishpan, flowerpot, and pot-lid hats in this, feeling that it is high time dames used the inside of their heads as well as the outside.

★ ★ ★ WAIKIKI WEDDING

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Martha Raye, Shirley Ross, George Barbier, Leif Erikson, Grady Sutton, Anthony Quinn, Granville Bates, Maurice Lin, Kualei De Clercq, Prince Lei Lani, Spencer Charters, Alexander Leftwich, Ralph Remley, Harry Stubbs, Pierre Watkin. Story and screen play by Frank Butler, Don Hartman, Walter De Leon, and Francis Martin. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 90 minutes.

THIS is an innocuous, pleasant little trifle that gently kids the glamour, the lush languor, of hula-hula land. The story relates of a lazy press agent who launches a

Relief
FOR TIRED EYES



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Pineapple Queen Contest for his Hawaiian fruit-canning company, falls in love with the small-town winner. His fishing pal is a hillbilly with a penchant for pet pigs. Since Bing Crosby saunters through the film, easy, nonchalant, and unforced, as the publicity expert, and Bob Burns, of radio's bazooka fame, is the porker expert, the proceedings move smoothly and divertingly. The contest winner seems colorless in the person of Shirley Ross, and your Beverly Hills can take the raucous Martha Raye or let her alone. Miss Raye is the islands' public stenographer number one.

Mr. Crosby, it should be noted, sings some soft and pleasant tunes very ingratiatingly.

VITAL STATISTICS: Biggest ham in the cast is one Wafford, six-weeks-old razorback, imported from Arkansas via its governor, to play opposite Robin Bob Burns Burn. Wafford was captured in the White River bottomland and dispatched to Hollywood by plane. Bob Burns met him at the airport with a milk bottle, and Wafford took an immediate liking to a fellow Arkansan. . . . Miri Rei, who does that Polynesian drum dance, refused to come to America back in 1931, to dance in the Follies, unless her contract stipulated her body be cremated and shipped back to Tahiti should she be shot by gangsters. Her parents had seen those American gang films, were taking no chances! . . . Those dances you see are ancient Hawaiian jigs, including the uli uli, the olapa, the hula kui, the ili ili, and the kalaau. Fancy preserving our own sacred dances like the bunny hug, the turkey trot, ballin' the jack, and the black bottom! . . . Important diet item: The camera which used to weigh 350 pounds has lost 200 pounds. . . . Bing Crosby is now in the prize-fight, gold-mine, race-track, horse-breeding, song-publishing. opera-star-agent, apartment-house, office-building, restaurant, investment, and town-boosting business. On the side he makes about $12,500 a week singing and acting. Kidded constantly about his racing stable. His present ambition is to breed a California hoss to win the Kentucky Darby and silence bangtail jokes forever. During this his two-year-old Aunt Kitty made her historic Santa Anita run that netted $160 for a two-dollar ticket, but he had nary a nickel on Aunt Kitty's nose. Brother Everett Crosby not only didn't bet her but touted all Paramount studio off her. Afterward Everett left town for two months. . . . Martha Raye used to sing serious tear-jerking ballades. Has just got engaged to Jerry Hopper, studio music dubber, because each thought the other smart alecks. . . . Bob Burns regretfully put his bazooka aside to learn the sliding or Hawaiian guitar for this. Bob refused a double to do his hog-calling. Has become a bacteriologist; spends hour after hour peering into the private lives of germs. Is so interested in dregs, his housekeeper dares not clean out the empty coffeecups. Is building a 200-acre tourist camp, public park, and permanent exhibit near Van Buren, exhibit not to contain any of Bob's relatives or old jokes. That one he uses in this about the pig that swallered the seventeen sticks of dynamite which blew up the town but only gave the pig indigestion should go into the exhibit. Also knows of a goldfish which grew so fond of its owner it gradually learned to do without water, traveled about in its master's pocket, until the day it accidentally slipped into a pan of water and got drowned. Van Buren is mighty proud of Bob, and woe be to him who listens elsewhere on the dials when Bob's broadcasting, for there's a town law ag'in' it. . . . Weather note: 'Twas impossible to get Hawaiian fronds, ferns, and leafage around Hollywood, due to freezing weather—so it's mostly phony pholiage, pholks. . . . Crosby made those Hawaiian shots himself, but Catalina and the Paramount back lot of Hawaii are considered better than Hawaii. I'm getting so disillusioned with screen boat scenes, whenever I see a boat tossing violently in a boiling sea I can't help thinking of the prop men underneath the set doing the rocking. Alas for the lost illusion!

★ ★ ★ TOP OF THE TOWN

THE PLAYERS: George Murphy, Hugh Herbert, Gregory Ratoff, Ella Logan, Gertrude Niesen, the Three Sailors, Henry Armetta, Mischa Auer, Doris Nolan, Samuel S. Hinds, Claude Gillingwater, Richard Carle, Ernest Cossart, Ray Mayer, Joyce Compton, Peggy Ryan, Jack Smart, Gerald Oliver Smith. Screen play by Brown Holmes and Charles Grayson from a story by Lou Brock. Directed by Ralph Murphy. Produced by Universal Pictures. Running time, 86 minutes.

THE heroine of this big and decorative musical film is another of those richest girls in the world. She has fantastic ideas of showmanship and she takes over the night-club roof—the Moonbeam Room—of New York's tallest skyscraper, which her family owns, to reveal her bizarre fancies. The garish high-brow first performance is going artily to the dogs when the handsome young jazz maestro she has demoted steps in and saves the show. Then, as chagrin and love fight it out, the wealthy Diana Borden admits she's wrong.

This story is no strain on the proceedings, staged in huge sets of glitter and cellophane. Specialties, songs, and chorus numbers parade across a room that would cover three Radio Cities. Doris Nolan is the balmy spoiled darling with fifty million; George Murphy is the hot-tune maestro. They're pretty good. Hugh Herbert seems a little lost; Mischa Auer is utterly wasted as a burlesque Hamlet. Whether or not you like the sultry Gertrude Niesen depends upon whether or not you like the sultry Gertrude Niesen. The Three Sailors perform in the Ritz Brothers manner, only less so.

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Ostentatious, expensive, not very original—but *big.*

VITAL STATISTICS: Co-author Holmes is an ex-office boy, son of a newspaperman, authored Fugitive from a Chain Gang. . . . Several miles of film were cut away from original finished version. Nearly snipped was the work of the Three Sailors. Almost entirely left out at the first Hollywood preview, they were laughed back in. Much of story sense also sacrificed to get in that final Top of the Town scene, shot evidently in the Grand Central Station suffering from delusions of grandeur. Covering an entire stage and making the Grand Central Station look like a peanut next to an elephant, this super-modernistic set was even huger and had to be cut down to make it seem a dash credible. . . . Picture came to $1,065,000. . . . Sets are work of one John Harkrider, ex-Follies scenarian and Texan. Harkrider believes that the scene should dominate the action; that scenes should be creative; that furniture has personality; that actors are merely puppets who stride around among furniture and sets. . . . Chewing-gum-mugged Hugh Herbert walked into one of Harkrider's glass doors, not seeing the door for the glass, cut himself all up around that rubber nose. Herbert is a fanatic on drunken driving; wants all drivers who have had accidents to be forced by law to display insignia: "I am a dangerous driver!" . . . Doris Nolan has the most prominent dimples since Lillian Walker; and, curiously, there have been few dimpled screen darlings. Doris had a crack at Hollywood in 1934; did six months on the Fox lot just sitting. Went on a stand-up strike; returned to New York, where Al Woods starred her in Night of Jan. 16th. Under personal contract to Woods, Universal suddenly needed her for this, prayed D.'s following show would be a flop so Doris could skim westward. Show flopped—a supercoincidence. . . . George Murphy's as Irish as Pat's pig; does the only straight role in this; is son of Mike Murphy, most famous of track and 1912 Olympic coaches. . . . Gertrude Niesen owes her contradictory nature to a Russian maw and a Swedish paw. Was born on a Norwegian boat heading toward New York. Studied for opera; but her voice changed one day from soprano to lush contralto, and she began carrying the torch song instead of the bum tenor. She lives with mother and father. . . . Grarggory Rahtuff worried a lot about his part; particularly upset when Hugh Herbert diddled those jitter paws behind him. Since Hugh was always behind him, Greg feared scene stealing would set in. Hasn't quite recovered from that epic orgy of scene stealing—Sing, Baby, Sing. . . . The Three Sailors are the oldest comedy trio in this world or any other; have been together for fifteen years. Names are Bert Jason, Bob Robson, and Harry Blue. Were born and raised in Rockville Centre, Long Island. . . . Henry Armetta's been in 229 films since 1923.

★ SILENT BARRIERS

THE PLAYERS: Richard Arlen, Lilli Palmer, Antoinette Cellier, Barry Mackay, Roy Emerton, J. Farrell MacDonald, Ben Weldon, Jock Mackay, Ernest Sefton, Henry Victor, Frank McGlynn, Sr. Screen play by Michael Barringer and Milton Rosmer from a novel by Alan Sullivan. Directed by Milton Rosmer. Produced by Gaumont-British. Running time, 83 minutes.

THE British makers of this ambitious would-be epic of the building of the Canadian Pacific expended a lot of time and money. Unfortunately, the results of this 1937 Iron Horse are pretty poor. The story is feeble, the dialogue weak, the direction completely dull. The result is an unimaginative translation of a great pioneer task of the '70s, building a mighty transcontinental railroad through wilderness and river rapids, over mountains, past treacherous muskeg. There must have been romance and heroism as the "thin red line" crept from ocean to ocean; little of it emerges from the film.

Richard Arlen does his best with the role of a gambler who is caught in the adventure of railroad building, but the role is not worthy of him. Best of the surrounding cast is Lilli Palmer, tough little flower of the tough Rat Trap Saloon of pioneer Moodyville.

VITAL STATISTICS: Seventy-one members of cast and crew made one of the longest location trips in the world—about 8,000 miles from London to Revelstoke, British Columbia, Lake Louise headquarters, where exteriors were filmed. C. P. R., whose history this unfolds, co-operated down to every railroad tie. All in all, pic came to about £250,000—no mean weight on the back of the British film industry at this moment. . . . Those are the genuine trains the C. P. R. used back in their iron-horse days; still run, but only do about 20 m. p. h. . . . That is a real train that sinks into the dreaded muskeg, a sort of quicksand; that is a real town that burns up; that is a genuine forest fire the cast fights. Arlen says it was toughest he's ever had to do—fight that fire. Four weeks were spent preparing the canoeists for the descent of Kicking Horse Falls, never before photographed, idea being to avoid any accident. . . . Canada got her first studio when company rebuilt a gigantic Vancouver skating rink, planed in Hollywood actors for a few days' work, planed them back. This way Arlen met his neighbor Gilbert Emery for the first time, although Emery lives across the street from him in Hollywood. . . . Picture was cut and assembled in England. . . . Lilli Palmer is really Lilli Pladner of Vienna. . . . Antoinette Cellier, who combines the best features of Oberon and Swanson, is on the exotic side. Once cooled her lovely heels around M-G-M for six months, until she decided to return to England and earn an honest living. . . . Roy Emerton is a solid English Shakespearean actor; thinks you can't play anything till you can knock off the Bard.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion, Winterset.

★★★½—Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque.

★★★—Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—The early photo is of a musician born January 30, 1862, at Breslau, Germany. He produced Wagner, directed the New York Symphony Orchestra, composed The Scarlet Letter, and conducts radio's Music Appreciation Hour. Who is he?

2—What city is the sunniest spot in the United States?

3—Who invented baseball in 1839?

4—Why are cherries imported into Cherry Blossom Land (Japan)?

5—Who wrote the Encyclopedia of Physical Culture?

6—Was Jack Dempsey, Jack Johnson, or Joe Louis once known as Kid Blackie?

7—How long can mothers' milk be kept fresh?

8—Does the widow of President Coolidge receive a pension?

9—Browning, Lewis, Hotchkiss, and Schwarzlose are types of what?

10—Who now lives in a fourteen-room mansion at Fairfield, Newbridge-hill, Bath, England?

11—When in the Bible did ears swallow ears?

12—What's a good way to peel onions without weeping copiously?

13—Which Sunday-night radio favorite is haunted?

14—If a cashier hasn't a silver dollar or dollar bill, and can't change a dollar, half-dollar, quarter, dime, or nickel, but does have $1.15 in coins normally used, how many coins has he?

15—Westphalia, Germany, and Smithfield, Virginia, are famed for what?

16—What is sixteen times more sensitive than the human ear?

17—If there are three primary colors, how many basic odors are there?

18—What was the name of Anne Hathaway's husband?

19—Who first called a locomotive the Iron Horse?

20—Which chief executive official in the United States has had his share of sit-downs?

(Answers will be found on page 47)

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Gaston B. Means—
MASTER BAD MAN

BY MAY DIXON THACKER, Co-Author of "The Strange Death of President Harding"

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

THE secrets Maisie Melvin guarded for eleven years after the murder of her sister Maude King—of which Means was acquitted—were revealed in last week's installment. Her sensational confession to Mrs. Thacker was made while Maisie was a virtual prisoner of Gaston and Julie Means in their hotel in Washington, D. C., when Mrs. Thacker was writing for him The Strange Death of President Harding.

Maisie admitted that she was Means' accomplice in many things. But she plotted and schemed with him, she vowed, because she trusted him, and because she believed he was working for the best interests of her sister at all times.

She told how he obtained control of Maude's fortune, and how he squandered it in less than three years; how he seized her mother's trust fund of $150,000 by forging her name to it; how he created a phantom lover to placate the flighty Maude while he attempted to have recognized a second will of Mr. King. That will, giving additional millions to Maude, was branded a rank forgery.

Maisie also confessed to Mrs. Thacker that Means tried to persuade her to have Maude's body cremated after the tragic shooting at Blackwelder's Spring. Even then, Maisie said, she did not suspect him. Only when he took Maude's jewels, valued at $100,000, did she reproach him. It was then he turned on her, threatened to expose her implication.

A noise in the hotel corridor brought a sudden terrified conclusion to Maisie's confession that night, just as she started to tell Mrs. Thacker the truth about Maude's mysterious death. Fearing it was Means eavesdropping, she hurried back to her room. Mrs. Thacker never learned Maisie's secret, for the next opportunity she had to speak to her was years later, when she found the old woman ill in a friend's home in Chevy Chase, Maryland. Death sealed her lips then.

PART FOUR—THE SHOT AT BLACKWELDER'S SPRING

I WAITED, with Mrs. Smith, in the front room of her house, for the undertaker. While we were waiting, she went to a desk. From it she took a manuscript. It was quite bulky, fully half an inch thick, written in longhand, on both sides of the paper.

"Maisie told me to give you this," she explained, "to use as you see fit. She wanted so much to see you yesterday."

I glanced through the manuscript hurriedly. It was a rambling, scrawled, nearly indecipherable thing.

"The poor old creature," Mrs. Smith said. "She could scarcely see. And her hand trembled so."

I put the manuscript in my briefcase. Then I asked Mrs. Smith a question that had been perplexing me for a long time:

"Why did Means—after all the years that elapsed since Maude's death—take Maisie in, pay her board at the Commodore, keep her under constant surveillance there?"

He walked with Presidents!—Now this amazing chronicle sheds new light on the sinister mysteries that rocked the nation's capital in the days of the "Ohio Gang"

Mrs. Smith shrugged.

"I don't know. I think it had something to do, probably, with a statute of limitations. I don't know. But Means had his reasons, we may be sure. Evidently the time was up. He was through with her . . ."

She made a little gesture of finality. I nodded. I was well acquainted, by this time, with that particular characteristic of Gaston B. Means.

"I firmly believe," Mrs. Smith said softly, "that Maisie was being slowly poisoned—somehow."

I asked her about funeral arrangements, learned there was not a cent of money with which to bury Maisie; learned, too, that Mrs. Smith, characteristically, planned to pay for the burial out of her own funds.

The utter injustice of that angered me. For nearly three years Gaston Means had thrived and grown fat on Maude's money. He could at least, I told myself bitterly, bury his own dead. It was none of my affair; but this time, I was determined, he would not get away with his habitual practice of flinging a broken victim aside. I told Mrs. Smith as much.

"I'm going to see Julie," I announced. "They can at least pay for Maisie's funeral."

Mrs. Smith shook her head, smiled wryly. "They won't bother."

"We'll see about that," I persisted stubbornly.

I located Julie that same day. She again was living at the Commodore Hotel, and when she opened the door to her room, I had to struggle to keep the shock out of my face.

Maisie Melvin's words surged back into my mind:

"Gaston Means has killed everything and everybody he has ever touched. He is killing Julie. She is not the same person."

And Julie was *not* the same person I had met but a few years before. Gone was her petite daintiness. She had grown fat and bloated. Her cute and pretty face seemed strangely flushed and hard. There was an unnatural brightness in her eyes, and, on the breath of this once demure, beautiful woman, the strong odor of liquor.

Inside, when we were seated on a davenport, I said:

"Julie, you could never guess where I've been for the past few hours."

Julie's dark eyes grew even brighter. "No," she admitted eagerly. "Where?"

"I've seen Maisie Melvin die."

"Oh!"

Her black eyes went wide and alert. She was all attention. Then, suddenly, she changed to a pose of careless indifference.

"Has the old thing really passed out at last?" She strove—without much success—to keep eagerness out of her next question. "What did she say?"

I related the circumstances.

"Don't you think, Julie, that you and Mr. Means should see to it that she has a decent burial?"

Julie's anger flared.

"I should say not! Why on earth should we? It's ridiculous even to talk about it," she exclaimed irritably.

"It's not a question of money. Money means little to me. But I do resent giving anything to that old hag Maisie Melvin. I won't do it, that's all."

And that, apparently, *was* all.

"Are you sure," Julie asked in a more friendly manner, "that Maisie didn't make any statements before she died?"

"Quite sure. She was dying before I got there. She did leave me some sort of manuscript. Said it was her story and that she wanted it revised and published."

"What!" Julie was white and shaken. "What's in that manuscript?" she clipped.

"I don't know," I answered. "I glanced through it hurriedly. I haven't really read it."

"You haven't read it? Now, see here, Mrs. Thacker, we must talk this over. I want that manuscript Maisie Melvin left for you. I can't have you publishing anything about her and Maude King and Bud and all that mess. Where is the thing?"

"I have it. It's in my briefcase."

Julie's excitement and eagerness ran wild.

"I want it—for more reasons than one. I'll give you one thousand dollars for it. It's nobody's business if we make that little deal."

"It's altogether your proposition," I reminded her.

"You're damned right it's my proposition."

And so, I went to my room and brought back the document to Julie Means. I was so utterly disgusted with Gaston Means and all of his villainous treachery that I felt I wanted never again to see or touch anything pertaining to him.

Julie almost grabbed the manuscript from my hands.

"I'll get you the money," she promised. "I haven't all of it on hand just now. I'll give you half and pay you the balance later."

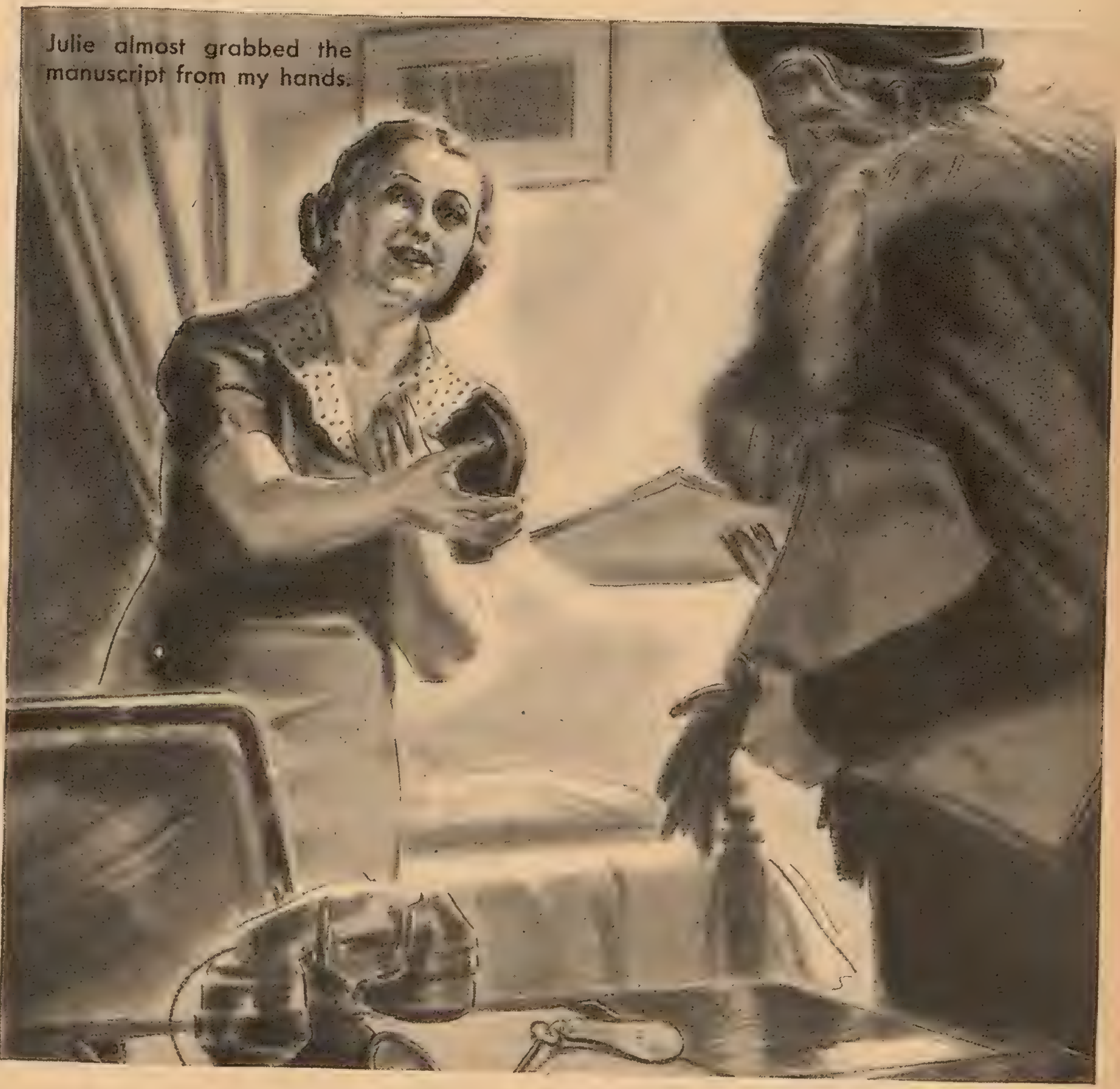
She turned and strode into the bedroom of her suite. I sat there quietly. She was gone for a long time. I was occupied with my own thoughts. A thousand dollars would pay Maisie's funeral expenses. And, I reflected bitterly, Bud and Julie Means would be taking care of the old woman in death, after all. There was a grim satisfaction in that.

I heard the water closet in the bathroom flush several times. And suddenly—fantastic as it may seem—realization came to me, for the first time.

My God, I thought, what have I done?

Only a few hours before, standing at the bedside of a dying, withered old woman, I had sol-

Headquarters of the "Ohio Gang" in Washington, and (below, left) Means, when he was the government's star witness in the sensational Teapot Dome investigation.



Julie almost grabbed the manuscript from my hands.

HEADACHES STOPPED, WHEN I GOT WISER
NOW I'M AN ALKA-SELTZER-IZER
HEADACHE
PUDDINGS AND PICKLES AND CHEESE AND PIES
BETTER PLAY SAFE AND ALKALIZE
UPSET STOMACH
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emnly vowed that some day I would really learn the true facts of the Maude King tragedy. Those facts had been left behind—in the manuscript of a dying woman. And now, where was that manuscript?

Why, why had I let it out of my hands for a moment? Of what was I thinking, to deliver it so calmly to one of the two persons who would inevitably destroy it?

To this day, I can't answer those questions; can't explain this idiotic act. The obscure motives that lead us, blindly, to incomprehensible acts had led me into this thing. Incredible? Life is incredible, often.

"Julie!" I cried.

But I knew—even before she came into the room, smiling and empty-handed—that the manuscript was gone. And it was. She gave me half payment, five hundred-dollar bills. Later she kept her promise, gave me the remainder—again, five hundred-dollar bills.

I left Julie and tried to get in touch with Mrs. Smith. She could not be reached by telephone. I went directly to the undertaker's, prepared to assume responsibility for all expenses. I was told that Maisie's brother—who had not spoken to her since the trial of Gaston Means for the murder of Maude—had been notified and had wired nine hundred dollars for funeral expenses. The matter had been attended to without my contribution.

. . . . .

During all of my long months of association with Gaston B. Means, while we were at work on his book, I had been convinced that he was a much maligned, much misunderstood man. Long after my blind eyes had been opened, the book repudiated, and I had come to understand the man for what he was—an archcriminal, sadist, fiend, and hypnotic, boastful demon—came the day when Gaston Means himself told me what really happened to Maude King.

I found Gaston Means in a mellow mood. When he was in the right mood, Gaston Means could no more resist showing off his cleverness than he could resist being clever. He'd done it time after time, in the past, when he had divulged his hoaxing of Maude King to Maude's own sister, Maisie Melvin. And, on this particular day, he wanted to talk. And I wanted to listen.

HE was sipping whisky in his Chevy Chase home, regaling me with details of various clever adventures of his that belonged to his unsavory past. He had concluded one story and was about to launch upon another, when, without attempting to conceal my obvious curiosity and eagerness, I interrupted him.

"Many persons in North Carolina," I said bluntly, "believe that you killed Maude King deliberately, in cold blood."

He chuckled. "Don't I know it!" he sneered. "Remember this: I was tried before a jury—and came off clear. It's a dangerous crime to accuse a person, before a witness, of a crime for which he has been acquitted. Know that? The law gives one redress. Besides, Maude King killed herself. Now get this straight:

"*Her finger was on the trigger.*"

I plunged in boldly:

"Could your hand have been over hers?"

The room suddenly seemed strangely hushed. Gaston Means stared at me unbelievingly. His eyes narrowed dangerously and gleamed as he glared at me through half-closed lids. I began to regret my boldness, when suddenly his whole face relaxed, he leaned back in his chair and laughed out loud.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

The strange career of Gaston B. Means, according to Thatcher Colt, New York's legendary police commissioner, is an example of the futility of a life of crime. Means has a cunning brain, yet he is in jail. He considered himself smarter than anybody else, yet no one respects him; no one believes in him. One can only pity him and wish he were a better man.

Stupid men sometimes get away with their crimes through no skill of their own. Clever crooks like Gaston B. Means generally wind up in jail in spite of their cleverness. Some criminals are too dumb to get caught. The "master minds" of crime are almost certain to be trapped by their own brilliance. Thus, paradoxically, "the wise guy is the sucker, after all"—as they say in the underworld.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

"You're a smart gal," he said genially, and then used a phrase he has often used when talking to me. "But wait a minute—you don't understand how my mind works. Listen: My conscience told me that I had just as much right to old man King's money as Maude had. Hell, she got it by fraud. Her divorce was crooked—crooked as a snake. What real right did *she* have to his money?"

"So you took it," I supplied.

"I invested it," he corrected. "And lost it. Oh, I did spend some. Maude could spend, too. She dropped sixty thousand dollars in one night, shooting craps."

"Did *you* win the sixty thousand?" I asked.

Gaston Means laughed a little louder, slapped his leg.

"I like you," he said. "You don't beat around the bush. Well, I'll not beat around the bush, either. I'm going to tell you about Maude King—and then you can forget it, see?"

I said nothing, and suddenly his narrowed eyes were hard and threatening upon me.

"Did you hear me? I said, 'And then you can forget it, see?'" Again his face relaxed and, before I could answer him, he himself dismissed the warning. "What the hell," he remarked jovially. "Forget it or don't forget it. If I ever meet this conversation again, I'll deny every word of it anyhow."

"Naturally," I agreed.

"All right. Here it is: Maude King was no damned good. She was just a pretty, silly, flirting, half-witted woman. I did win that sixty thousand from her one night. If I hadn't, some one else would have.

"What happened to her was the best thing that could happen. Best for her. Best for everybody else. Her money was gone. And I was in a jam."

He leaned forward, leered at me over the empty whisky glass. In his next words vibrated the tom-tom beat of sinister self-justification:

"I had to think of my wife and child, didn't I? Maude was no damned good, I tell you. The world was better off without her."

He waved his hands in a wide, sweeping gesture, brushing the whole topic aside, and turned to pour himself another drink. He was grinning amiably.

I felt a surge of nausea as I looked at the grin on the fat face of this swinish hulk of a man. He might have been living over those awful moments when he and a foolish trusting woman stood alone in the gloomy dusk of Blackwelder's Spring. It was incredible that any normal man could obtain such gloating satisfaction from callous cruelty. He held nothing sacred, except his own vicious cleverness. I pushed the conversation forward one more notch.

"Then," I said, "so far as the Maude King case is concerned, we understand each other perfectly, you and I?"

"Right," he boomed, and held up a warning finger. "But don't get ideas. Maude King killed herself. She held the gun. She shot herself behind the left ear. *Her* finger was on the trigger. . . . The jury said so."

HIS eyes were brightly amused, his voice a scornful whisper: "Twelve good men and true said so."

I shuddered a little and knew a stab of cold terror such as Maude King must have known that grisly night just before a revolver cracked in the wooded loneliness of Blackwelder's Spring.

All of the scheming cruelty that, with my own eyes, I witnessed in Gaston B. Means served him in a spectacular and sinister career following the Maude King case.

. . . . . .

Washington! Capital of the nation!

There this incredible monster with the agile mind of a confidence man, the murderous black heart of a killer, was to attain the ghastly climax to his career.

There he was to walk with Presidents, associate with political blackguards who were no match for his own nimble ruthless cunning.

In an administration reeking with graft and corruption, he was destined to become himself the most awful

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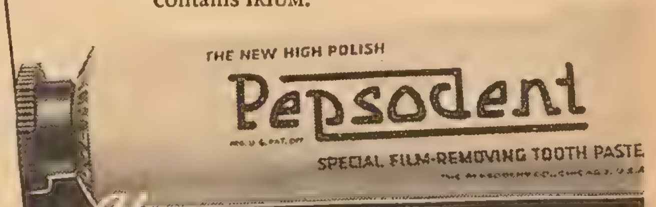

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THANKS MRS. MARTIN —I'VE GOT LOTS OF STEADY CUSTOMERS
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symbol of all—a driving force for evil that, unchecked, might have shattered the very backbone of the country.

Like some heartless spider, he was to reach out, pulling gold to him, crushing all who stood in his way; revenging himself brutally, viciously, on all who attempted to stop his dizzy plunging career of evil.

In the web of his perfidy were left the broken, disemboweled reputations of a score of men and women, high and low, innocent and guilty:

President Warren G. Harding; Mrs. Harding; Marcia—Madame X—astrologer of the Harding regime, today incurably ill in a hospital; Attorney General Harry Daugherty; Jess Smith, likable ill-starred fellow collector of graft for the notorious Ohio Gang; Roxie Stinson, dark-haired comely wife of Jess Smith; Nan Britton, beautiful reputed mistress of President Harding, who claimed to be mother of the President's illegitimate daughter.

Across the lives of all of these strangely assorted characters fell the black shadow of Gaston B. Means. All of them, in life or in death, directly or indirectly, were victims of his ruthless greed and vicious spleen. Not one of them escaped untouched.

We must return, for a moment, to the years following his acquittal on the charge of murdering Maude King.

Means had no sooner been acquitted than he brought suit against the two New York prosecutors who had helped present the case against him for a cool million dollars, charging a conspiracy to send him to the gallows.

That suit was thrown out of the courts.

He kept busy for two years or more fighting for recognition of the second will of James King that he had "discovered." That suit, late in 1920, was dismissed.

Lean days set in. All of the money Means had filched from the King estate had been quickly squandered.

Gaston Means—for the second time in his life—was broke. He was living in a dismal Chicago tenement, with Julie and Billy, third and only surviving child, when his ex-employer, the famous detective William J. Burns, found him one day, and offered Means his old job back.

"I'VE always had confidence in you, Gaston," Burns told Means. "I've always felt that you had a future ahead of you—a big future. That you'd go places. Well, I expect to go places myself. Washington—for one. I expect to have an important appointment there soon."

The detective paused.

"Maybe you'd like to go places with me. I need clever men. String along with me and you'll go far."

Gaston Means accepted.

Burns nodded, smiled.

"You'll go far," he repeated.

How ghastly true was that prophecy, William J. Burns could not have suspected that afternoon in Chicago. Nor could Gaston Means—for all his sinister cleverness—have known.

In August of 1921 William J. Burns was sworn in as director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. By October of that same year his ace investigator was Special Agent Gaston B. Means.

* * *

One night in the spring of 1923 an expensive limousine stopped in the dark lane behind a three-storied gray-brick house at 903 Sixteenth Street, N.W., in Washington, D. C.

A heavily built man got out. The car's uniformed chauffeur asked respectfully:

"Will you need the car any more this evening, sir?"

"No," said Gaston B. Means.

He fumbled in his pocket as the $5,000 automobile pulled away. He took out a key. Before him was a steel door of vaultlike proportions. He unlocked it, opened and closed it behind him. He was standing, now, in a steel cage, confronted by a second door, equally sturdy. He unlocked it. It gave access to the rear yard of the house—a yard surrounded by a thirty-foot fence surmounted by a double network of fine steel mesh.

HE crossed the yard, passing a watchman, and entered the rear door of the place. He walked through the half-darkened corridor of the house's English basement toward a front room that was furnished as an office. Blinds were down in the room. Lights were on. On a couch, stretched at full length, lay a man.

The man on the couch sat up, carefully smoothing the wrinkles from his trouser legs as he moved. He was a dapper little fellow, middle-aged, well dressed, affecting spats and a close-cropped neatly trimmed mustache.

He had no official title in Washington, although he had a desk at the Department of Justice and traveled on a railroad pass of that organization.

He came from Washington Court House, Ohio, where he had been proprietor of the town's chief department store. There, too, he had been bosom friend of Attorney General Harry Daugherty, with whom he was now sharing a suite at Washington's famous Wardman Park Hotel.

He was a genial, likable, fussy, society-looking chap with the manner and appearance of a floorwalker and with a merchant's passion for making books balance. He was proud of the fact that he dined quite often at the White House with President and Mrs. Harding.

His name was Jess Smith.

He blinked hazel eyes, now, at Gaston B. Means, said:

"Welcome home, Gaston. How did it go today?"

"Hello, Jess," Means said, and began to pull currency from his pockets. He laid the money—all in bills of large denomination—on one of the desks in the basement office.

"Had a good day," said Means. "I think there's $43,655 there."

Fussily, in the manner of a storekeeper checking his cash on a Saturday night, Jess Smith counted the money, placed it in neat stacks, totaled with pencil and paper, then rechecked.

"There's five dollars short."

"We're making thousands and you worry about five dollars!" Means tossed a bill on the desk. "All right, son. We've got to keep your bookkeeping straight."

"Accounts are useless if they don't balance," said Jess Smith seriously.

Late that night Gaston Means turned the money over to Julie.

"Keep it on you," he instructed. "I'll bank it tomorrow night."

Julie pinned it to her clothes. The next night Gaston Means lowered the money through an eight-inch terra-cotta pipe, concealed in the back yard of the Sixteenth Street house, to the bottom of a hole twenty feet deep.

The pipe and hole constituted the "bank" of the notorious Ohio Gang—for which Gaston Means had become a collector.

The house at 903 Sixteenth Street, N.W., in which Means, his wife and child, and W. R. Patterson, Julie's father, now lived, was the undercover executive headquarters of the Ohio Gang.

Jess Smith, the dapper little man without a title, was the checker of funds obtained by the gang through the sale of paroles, pardons, influence, and—during those years of 1921-23—privileges to bootleggers.

It was an era of graft and corruption and easy money—and Gaston B. Means was getting his share.

The house in which he now lived was known to neighbors as "the House of Mystery." It was exquisitely and expensively furnished. Its upper floors were living quarters. There was a maid for Julie and there were other servants.

The house was leased in the name of Julie's father. Its rental was a thousand dollars a month. Officially, Gaston Means' salary, while with the Department of Justice, was $89.33⅓ per week.

Actually, as collector of graft for the corrupt Ohio Gang, which numbered among its members such big men in the nation's politics as the Alien Property Custodian, the Director of the Veterans' Bureau, and others, Gaston Means was making much more on the side.

THE administration was shot with corruption. No one kept records, asked for receipts. This was big business and shady business and cash business, and Gaston Means was in it up to his fat flabby neck. He had his hard ruthless eyes on millions, and he intended to get them.

One night, more than a month later, Jess Smith paid Gaston Means a visit. They sat in the basement office. They were a queer and totally dissimilar pair, these two collectors of graft for the Ohio Gang.

Between them existed the nearest thing to a friendship that Gaston Means had ever been capable of feeling toward any man.

And Jess Smith liked Means, rev-

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DR. EDWARDS'
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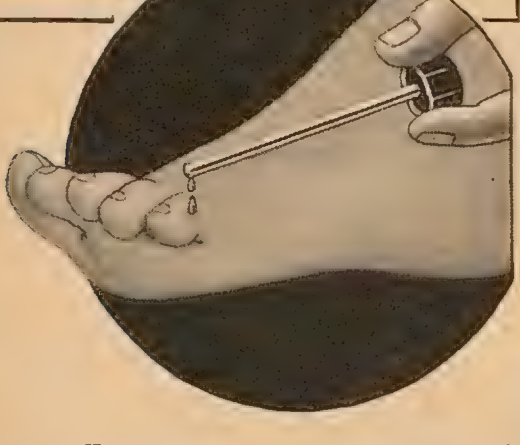
THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

HOW TO REMOVE CORNS
—without using pads or knife



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FREEZONE

eled in the tales of espionage and detective work that Means spun for him —out of fact and fancy.

Jess Smith had not come to the House of Mystery, this fine May night, on business. That became quickly apparent to Gaston Means. The little fellow seemed worried about something. Means lit a cigarette, let smoke curl from his nostrils, and watched Jess Smith through sly half-closed eyes.

Jess Smith made several sporadic halfhearted attempts at conversation that lapsed quickly into silence.

Gaston Means grinned to himself. Poor Jess! He was continually worried, continually scared. This harassed little fellow belonged back in a small-town department store, matching ribbons for women. He lacked the nerve, the guts, that his present work called for. Means watched him smoothing and patting the clothes he loved so well, then grew tired of the silence.

"All right, Jess," he said bluntly. "Out with it. What's got you scared this time?"

Jess Smith jerked uneasily at the drawled words. He crimsoned, became flustered.

"Nothing's got me scared," he snapped irritably.

"Then quit pulling the sleeve of your suit. You'll tear a hole in it. Nice suit, too."

Jess Smith took tugging guilty fingers away, looked more frightened than ever.

"You're damned funny, aren't you?" he complained peevishly. "You think you're smart." He brushed his forehead with a nervous hand. "Well, you're in danger, Gaston. Think that over."

Gaston Means smiled indulgently. He'd heard that foreboding from Jess Smith before.

"So I'm in danger—again?"

"We're all in danger," Jess Smith blurted. "I tell you, Gaston, there's a crash coming. The gang can't get away with this grabbing forever. We're heading for a fall. What you know and I know is enough to blow the dome off the Capitol. Don't think they'll let you run away—and talk."

"Nonsense," drawled Means. "Why should I run away and why should I talk? I like it here. I'm doing well."

JESS SMITH became irritable again. "All right," he snapped. "Be pig-headed. Don't take my advice. They'll trap you just as they've trapped a bunch of squealers. You've heard of them dying. Suicides! There are too damned many 'suicides' in Washington these days. If you ask me, they're easing them off, one by one, with some little white powders."

Gaston Means was no longer amused by this terrified little weakling who, to comfort his own distraught soul, was blurting out these words of "warning."

"Cut it out, Jess. You're having bad dreams. If you're afraid of little white powders, stay away from them."

"All right," said Jess Smith sullenly. "If you don't want to listen to me, you don't have to. You and I ought to stick together. Mark my words. It's war! Pretty soon it'll be every man for himself. When that time comes, I'll be ready."

"Yes?" Gaston Means was becoming tired of this semihysteria.

"You're damned well right I'll be ready," said Jess Smith. "I've got something that not a soul in Washington suspects I've got—a detailed account of every transaction, a record of every cent of money that has passed through my hands."

For one of the few times of his wily life, Gaston Means was speechless. His mouth sagged open and he nearly lost his cigarette.

Records! The damned dapper little fool with his department-store-Saturday-night accounting soul *would* keep records! If Jess Smith, driven by panic, ran with his records to his friend in the White House, there'd be hell to pay.

THE Ohio Gang would be smashed overnight. The government would crumble overnight. But it was not these instantly plain considerations that most affected Gaston Means.

It was this fact: the flow of golden graft would be shut off—graft that had been finding its way into the pockets of Gaston B. Means.

Gaston Means had been moving swiftly and steadily forward. Suddenly, with a jerk, Gaston Means realized that this panic-stricken little fool could send him, Gaston Means, to prison. And after that—what? Gaston Means' lips curled in a silent half snarl as he thought back to that dingy Chicago tenement with its stink and noises of poverty.

Jess Smith was going to put him back there?

No!

Sweat beaded on Means' brow as he fought to keep the things he felt out of his face. His half-closed eyes grew greenish. He took the cigarette from his mouth, and it burned close to his fingers, but he was unmindful. His evil mind raced toward a solution of this danger as he kept his voice gentle, chiding, friendly.

"Who ever heard of keeping books, Jess, in this business we're in?"

Jess Smith fidgeted in his chair, and his shifty hazel eyes looked up defensively.

"Well, I do. Always have and always will. This is business, same as any other business, isn't it?"

"I suppose you're right, at that, Jess," Means soothed. "You hang on to those records, see? I'll keep my ear to the ground. If I hear anything about a blow-off coming, I'll get in touch with you and we'll talk things over."

"I'll hang on to them, all right," Jess Smith promised grimly.

Where in the hell, Means wondered, would Jess Smith keep those records? Aloud he said:

"Just out of curiosity, Jess, where do you keep those papers?"

"I'd tell you, Gaston," Jess Smith replied earnestly, "but I want you to be in a position to say you don't know where they are. Don't worry. They're where no one will find them without my knowing it."

"So that's where he carries them," thought Means. "On his person! The damned little fool!"

But he nodded apparent approval.

"That's smart, Jess," he said.

Gaston Means got up from his chair. He walked over to Jess Smith, patted his shoulder.

"Let me investigate things for a couple of days, Jess," he suggested again. "Don't do anything—yet. I'm sure there's plenty of time. And remember: You and I. We'll stick together. You and I. Understand?"

Jess Smith did understand—he thought. There was relief in his face as he rose to go. He had a very genuine admiration for the cleverness of this huge man whom the Director of the Department of Justice rated so highly.

Gaston Means watched Jess Smith go down the steps, and then went into the front office. He stood there before his desk for a moment, silent, frowning.

Jess Smith had to be stopped!

Means sat down at his desk and took the receiver of a telephone from its hook. He called a number—the number of a man prominent in national life, high in the Ohio Gang. When the connection had been put through, Gaston Means spoke only six words:

"Come over immediately. It's an emergency!"

Means swiveled back in his chair, put a match to another cigarette. His eyes, half closed and cruel, stared through the wisps of white smoke while his brain raced on, with the mad speed and cunning that had never deserted him, to the one logical ghastly conclusion.

Even as Gaston Means sat there, Jess Smith walked mincingly down Sixteenth Street in the direction of the suite he shared with Attorney General Daugherty.

Jess felt better after his talk with Means.

He most certainly did not feel like the thing he was, even then—a walking corpse.

For, a few weeks later, in the huge apartment of the Attorney General, in Washington's fashionable Wardman Park Hotel, there was to sound the muffled noise that a bullet makes when fired from a silenced gun.

Officially, the death of Jess Smith is recorded as suicide. But in next week's installment of this series, Mrs. Thacker will reveal some new and startling facts, confessed by Gaston Means himself, that cast a definite light on this sensational case.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 39

1—Walter Damrosch.
2—St. Petersburg, Florida, with less than five sunless days a year.
3—Colonel Abner Doubleday—although baseball is a development of an old English game called rounders. In 1846 the first baseball team in the United States was organized.
4—Because the native fruit is tiny and lacking in flavor, due to soil conditions in Japan.
5—Bernarr Macfadden.
6—Jack Dempsey.
7—About a year, if preserved by a new process that calls for quick freezing under pressure.
8—Yes; $5,000 annually from the United States government.
9—Machine guns.
10—The Emperor of Abyssinia, late of Addis Ababa.
11—In Pharaoh's dream, Genesis 41:5-7—"And he slept and dreamed the second time: and, behold, seven ears of corn came up upon one stalk, rank and good. And, behold, seven thin ears and blasted with the east wind sprung up after them. And the seven thin ears devoured the seven rank and full ears. And Pharaoh awoke, and, behold, it was a dream."
12—Do the peeling under running water.
13—Phil Baker—by Beetle.
14—Six: a half-dollar, a quarter, and four dimes.
15—Hams.
16—The human eye.
17—Four: fragrant, burnt, acid, and caprylic.
18—William Shakespeare (1564-1616).
19—Sitting Bull (1837-90), Sioux Indian chief.
20—

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The Professor Remembers

BY BERNICE BERTHOT KLINGENSMITH

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

IRMA wept. It was not the quiet weeping of a woman in sorrow. It was the loud, abandoned howling of a child disappointed and resentful.

As she sniffed and sobbed she stuck carnations into a plain glass vase. A red, then a white; a red, then a white.

Cut flowers from the greenhouse are a rare luxury in the homes of small-salaried college professors. They came to the Baldwin home twice a year. They came the twelfth of every April on their wedding anniversary, and the fifth of each October on Irma's birthday. Irma's husband sent them, and they were always red and white carnations.

Irma was a very happy little person. It puzzled her no end how such a trivial thing as a color combination could so upset her. But there it was. Her earliest recollection was of a childish tantrum she had when her mother had made her a red-and-white gingham.

Professor Alfred Baldwin lived in a security of many little prides. He was proud of his profession. He was proud of his wife, their lovely daughter, and their little home. He was proud of his ability to remember every wedding anniversary and every one of Irma's birthdays. But he was most proud of the belief that no one could ever pigeonhole him as the absent-minded professor.

Irma knew all about Alfred's prides. That was why she couldn't say to him, " Now, dear, in case you plan to give me flowers for my birthday Wednesday, please don't send red and white ones."

She had always hoped that by extreme tact she might impress her feelings upon Alfred's mind. Each spring she had stood over him to keep him from planting the red sweet peas next to the white ones. She had refused to let him wear a Christmas necktie, telling him that its white design upon a red background nauseated her. Once, when he had bought red-and-white pajamas, she had made him exchange them for blue-and-white. She never missed a good opportunity to tell how she hated these colors together.

And when now, on their nineteenth wedding anniversary, she received her thirty-eighth bouquet of red and white carnations, something inside went snap, and she wept.

It wasn't until the last flower was in the vase and the display placed in an obscure corner of the living room that Irma paused to blow her nose and wipe her eyes.

She returned to her desk, where she had been writing a letter to Jessie, their eighteen-year-old daughter, now visiting her grandmother on the Coast. She had always been a sympathetic and understanding child, and, before she knew it, Irma had written to her:

" The usual red and white carnations arrived today. You know how I feel about them—but I shall have to kiss the poor dear just the same."

It was characteristic of Irma that by the time Alfred came home to lunch she was singing in the kitchen and had nearly forgotten the morning's storm. She had even managed to move the flowers to a more conspicuous place on the dining table. When she kissed Alfred and said, " That's for being such a thoughtful dear to remember me with flowers," she meant it.

When Alfred was ready to return to his afternoon classes, Irma called to him above the clatter of lunch dishes:

" I want you to mail Jessie's letter, dear. It's there on the desk. You'd better read it over and see if you can't add something. You haven't written lately."

Alfred must have been halfway to the campus when Irma remembered, with a sickening start, that the letter contained something never intended for his eyes. There was nothing she could do then but wait.

When he stepped into the kitchen that night, Alfred looked like a dog whose beloved master has just stepped on its tail.

It was one of his pet lecture theories that it is most effective to come to the heart of a subject at once. He acted upon that theory now.

" I didn't know you disliked carnations, Irma."

" But I don't, Alfred. I adore carnations."

" You—you like carnations? "

" Of course I like them! "

" But in Jessie's letter you said—you see, I didn't know it was there, and you told me to read it—it sounded as though you didn't care so much for carnations."

IRMA put down the fork with which she was about to turn the chops. Alfred needed personal attention, even at the sacrifice of a savory meal. She put her arms about his neck and rested her head on his shoulder.

" I forgot that was in the letter, Alfred. It was nasty of me to put it there. I wouldn't have hurt you for the world. But now that you've seen it, I may as well make a complete confession. I do like carnations, but I hate red and white ones together. I don't know why, but the combination makes me want to scream. I've tried for years, in a million ways, to impress it upon you that I dislike those colors together. I've hoped you would remember—but I am sorry I've made such a fuss about it."

The chops got too brown. But what mattered that when Alfred smiled sheepishly, kissed her, and said he bet he'd never make the mistake again—now that he knew?

Six months slipped rapidly by—happy months like many others they had spent together. It was Irma's birthday; in the middle of the morning, according to the usual schedule, there came the usual familiar bundle from the florist's.

She removed the wrapper, and uttered a sudden shrill laugh in which there was a vague note of hysteria that quickly died out into fond chuckles.

They weren't carnations. They were roses. Six red ones and six white ones. And on a little card Irma read:

> You see, darling, I did remember about your not liking carnations.
>
> Your ever loving husband,
>
> ALFRED.

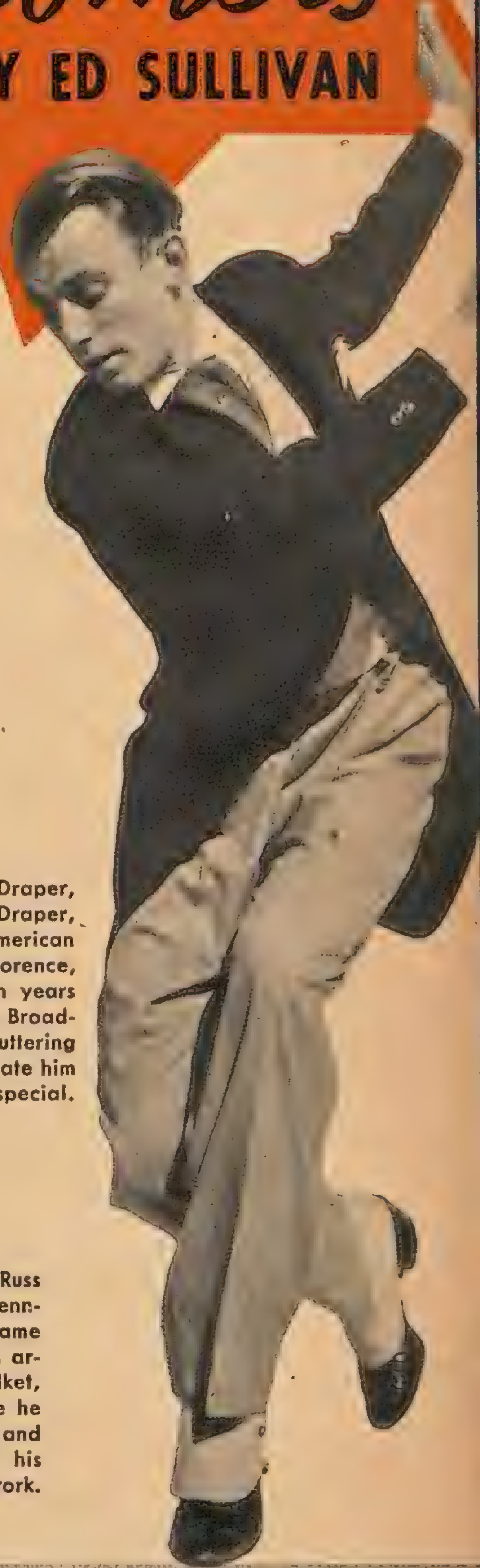
THE END

LIBERTY PRESENTS Comers

BY ED SULLIVAN

DIXIE THRUSH—A great-granddaughter of Robert E. Lee is causing Broadway to rave. She is, professionally, Marjorie Gainsworth; real name Gillman, according to the birth records of Des Moines, Iowa. A graduate of Chicago's Civic Opera. You will hear from her.

THEY'VE GOT RHYTHM—Turning to the field of ballroom dancing, you focus on Estelle and Leroy, greatest dance team to come up on the theatrical horizon in a blue moon. She was a chorus girl; he learned to dance in Broadway dime-a-dance palaces. They can't miss.



TOPS IN TAPS—Paul Draper, nephew of famous Ruth Draper, marks a new high in American tap dancing. Born in Florence, Italy, he's twenty-seven years old; learned his art on Broadway; has conquered stuttering as George VI did. I'd rate him as a four-star talent special.

YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN'—Russ Morgan graduated from Pennsylvania coal mines. First came to Broadway attention with arrangements for Jean Goldket, bandmaster. At twenty-one he was arranging for Sousa and Victor Herbert. You hear his band over the C. B. S. network.

One Chance for Heaven

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

HE stood before her, broad-shouldered, strong, and yet so gentle. His arm went round her, crushing the starched white linen of her nurse's uniform. Slowly his head, with the crisply waved dark hair, and the brown eyes that could be so keen, bowed over her. . . . And then suddenly he was gone from her arms like a shadow. And she was crying, heavy sobs that woke her finally.

There was no time to relive the bitter sweetness of the dream. The weird sound of the alarm shrilled through the quiet of the Nurses' Home, and told Ethel Saunders that it was time to get up. She must be on duty in an hour. Before noon she would see him. He would come into the ward with his friendly interest in every patient, making them all feel better by the vitality that flowed from him.

He would call her Miss Saunders, and his eyes would never look at her. To him she was just one more nurse in a blue uniform, with a black band attached to her cap to tell him that she was in her senior year.

How could she be so mad about him when he didn't even seem to know that she was alive? She knew his voice, she could recognize his steps coming down the corridor; his handwriting on the charts at the desk in the ward was as familiar as her own—and to him she seemed to be just a machine in a blue uniform.

She dressed hurriedly. Ate the tasteless prunes and cereal of the Home breakfast, and reported at her ward at the tick of seven. Swiftly she went her rounds, doing her routine tasks. In spite of herself a happy glow seemed to surround her. The memory of that dream was still real enough to keep her heart skipping. And when the real Dr. Connell came into the ward as usual, at nine, looking so precisely as he had in her dream, her face flushed heavily as she met for a brief flash his keen eyes. She pulled herself together with effort.

She meant nothing to him, she told herself. Nothing but to assist him with his work at the ward. She had only one chance of making him see her. The dance tonight! All through her training she had given all her time and energy to her work. It was her career; it meant everything to her. Refusing to share the skylarking of the more reckless student nurses had been easy; but this was different. The wives of the committee of trustees of the hospital had arranged a dance for the nurses and staff members in the Home. Going to this dance was almost a duty, and to Ethel it was more than that. It might be a chance at happiness! If he could only see her once in a dress that made her different.

How she had saved for that blue gown! For two weeks it had hung in her closet, and repeatedly she had tried it on. It made her blue eyes bluer, her hair a richer gold. Sheathed in it, it was easy to believe that he would see her, that they would dance together, and that some day —she didn't dare dream further.

The day dragged, with its twelve long hours of duty.

At a quarter of seven she was finishing her tasks. The nurses of the day staff were hurrying with her, all eagerly looking forward to the dance.

The night nurses came on duty, and the nurses of the day force hurried to the closet for capes. They were free! Ethel's heart beat hard in her throat.

The short block to the Nurses' Home seemed endless as the young anxious feet walked along as sedately as their profession demanded. In the large hall of the Home they found a group of nurses waiting. Miss Laurence, the supervisor, had called them together.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I know you have all looked forward to this dance, but I shall have to ask for one of you to volunteer to take Miss Andress's place in the Female Ward. She is very ill."

In charge of the Female Ward! Here was the chance she had been hoping for—a big chance to show her ability. But give up the chance to wear her new blue gown, to meet Dr. Connell as a human being?

I can't—I can't! she wailed inwardly, but all the time the hard voice of common sense told her, You must. This was the kind of chance she'd longed for only a few weeks ago, before this young doctor had come.

"I will take Miss Andress's place, Miss Laurence," she told the supervisor quietly.

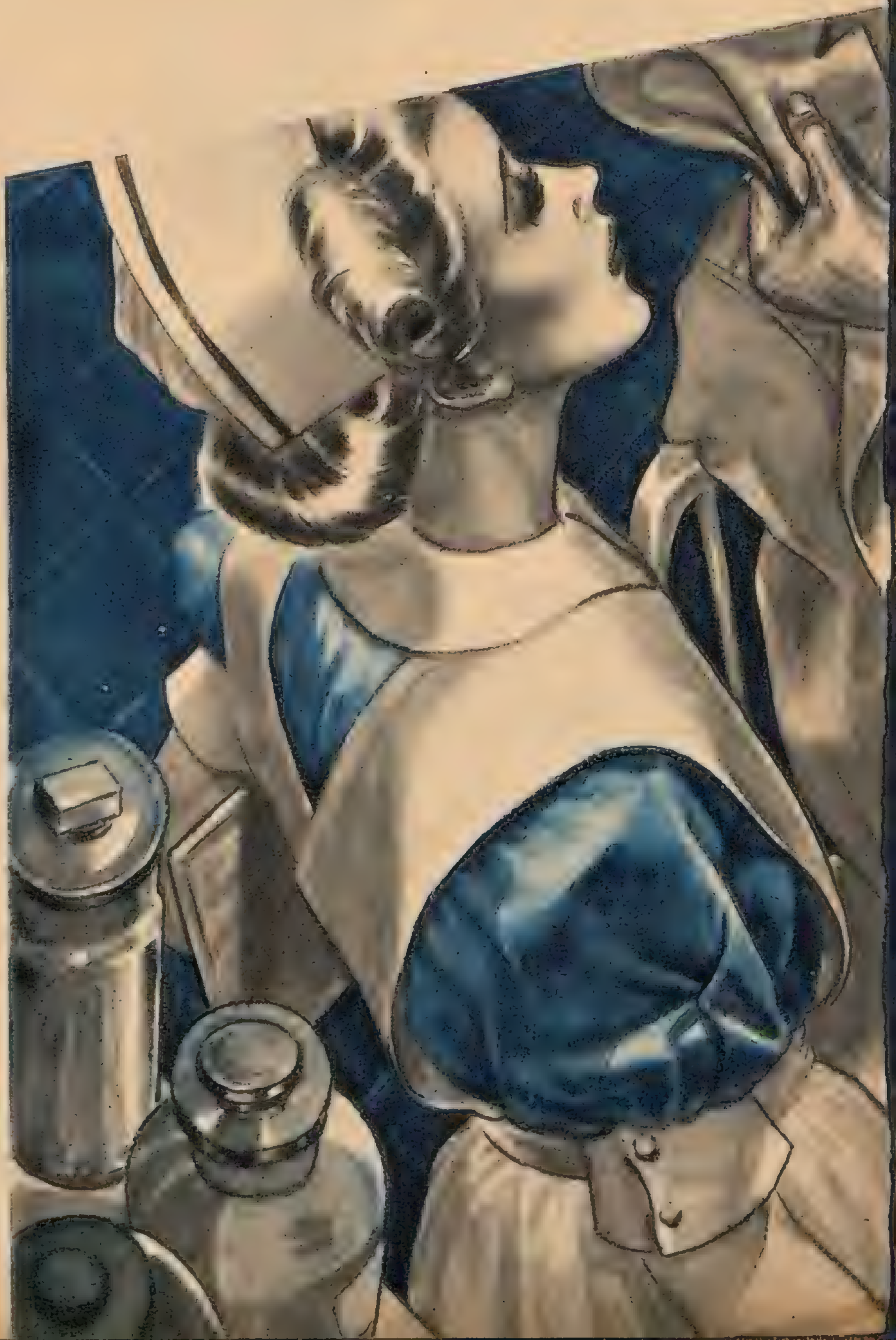
The other girls, relieved, rustled away with much crackling of starched linen, while she stayed to get instructions.

There was time to run up to her room before she went back to the hospital. Her small room looked desolate. In the closet hung her blue dress. Resolutely she kept her eyes away from it, put on a fresh cap and apron, and started back to the hospital.

For a few minutes she stood at the desk, glanced over charts and studied the night orders. Then she hastened up and down the ward, now and then consulting the slip of paper in her hand.

As if she had been doing it all her life, she found herself giving orders to her junior nurse, not in the least revealing her excitement. Before she had a moment's time to let her thoughts steal across the street to the Nurses' Home, to the dance, it was twelve o'clock.

At the far end of the ward she stopped at one of the large windows. Her head turned to look over at the brightly lighted Nurses' Home. Would she be dancing



Straightening his shoulders he said, "That was great!"

BY KAY RAE NEBEL

ILLUSTRATION BY HANK ADAMS

with Dr. Connell if she were there? Perhaps she was spared the disappointment that he did not see her. And here she was doing real work, these patients were in her care, she was in charge of the Female Ward.

The single buzzer of the night phone startled her. She hastened to the telephone.

" Female Ward, Miss Saunders speaking," she said in a whisper. . . . " Yes—yes—I'll get ready." And calling to her junior nurse, she whispered, " Miss Fairmont, get bed three ready; an attempted suicide coming up—took poison."

Presently the stretcher was wheeled in. The doctor walking beside it was Connell. Gently the limp body of a girl was lifted into the bed. While Ethel was folding warm blankets closely around the young body, Dr. Connell removed his white coat and went to work.

Dr. Connell was young. And he was on his own in this struggle with death, with only a nurse beside him, working tirelessly, swiftly.

Ethel's hands reached out and she put into them the implements he needed. Before he asked, she had her fingers on the girl's fluttering pulse. She was hands for him, eyes for him, now, in this emergency.

Gradually the girl began the struggle back to life, and Ethel could straighten her back, weary from stooping, and lift her head with a sigh of deep relief.

Dr. Connell stood at the foot of the bed. His brown eyes met hers with an expression that she could not fathom.

Straightening his broad shoulders he said crisply, " That was great! " Then he grabbed his white coat and walked swiftly out of the ward.

Ethel stood looking down at the girl into whose white face color had returned. The young face was lovely, even after such suffering and despair. What would the girl do with the life that they had given back to her? Suppose she were unhappy—suppose the girl, like herself, had seen the man she loved turn away from her as if she were part of a doorway or a table.

Once more she put her fingers over the delicate wrist to count her patient's pulse. Satisfied, she went to her relief nurse to leave the orders for the rest of the night.

As she was leaving the ward she met Dr. Connell. " Be sure the patient is kept warm," he said, slipping into his coat, " and watch her pulse, Miss Saunders."

" I'll tell Miss Shellace, doctor. I was only relieving until one o'clock."

He glanced at his watch. " But it's long past one." He looked at her. " You've been on duty almost twenty hours. Good Lord! " He pushed her into a chair. " I'll tell Miss Shellace." He hurried back to the desk in the ward.

Almost numb with exhaustion, Ethel waited for him to return. Then suddenly she found herself crying. She mopped at her tears, and when he again stood in front of her, she smiled up at him quiveringly. She'd spoiled even this evening for herself now, with her tears. She wasn't even a good nurse to him any more.

" I'm just tired," she apologized, looking at him with blurred eyes. " I never cry."

He grinned. " You're telling me! Cry all you like," he said, walking at her side through the long, dark hall. " I'm glad to find out that you can."

He left her sitting near the elevator, to find the night supervisor for permission to take her over to the Home —the hospital was strict. The supervisor was delighted —the watchman, the only possible escort, was making rounds.

They stepped out into the sweet spring night. The lights at the Home were out—the dance had been over long ago—all dreams were over long ago. Ethel tried to put a spring into her feet, tried to find something to say.

He broke the silence. " Why didn't you go to the dance? " he asked.

" Miss Andress was ill."

" Thank God! And I was cursing my luck for being put on ambulance duty tonight." He paused. " But I'm glad we had this chance tonight," he said—" and—you're sweet," he added with a long breath. " But how did you expect me to guess that? "

" What do you mean? "

" You were always so darned efficient, so everlastingly on the job. For a long time I've been trying to get up nerve—wondering how I could find out whether you were only a nurse, always a nurse. All I hoped for was a human smile some morning—I never thought I'd have you crying on my shoulder."

" I did not cry on your shoulder."

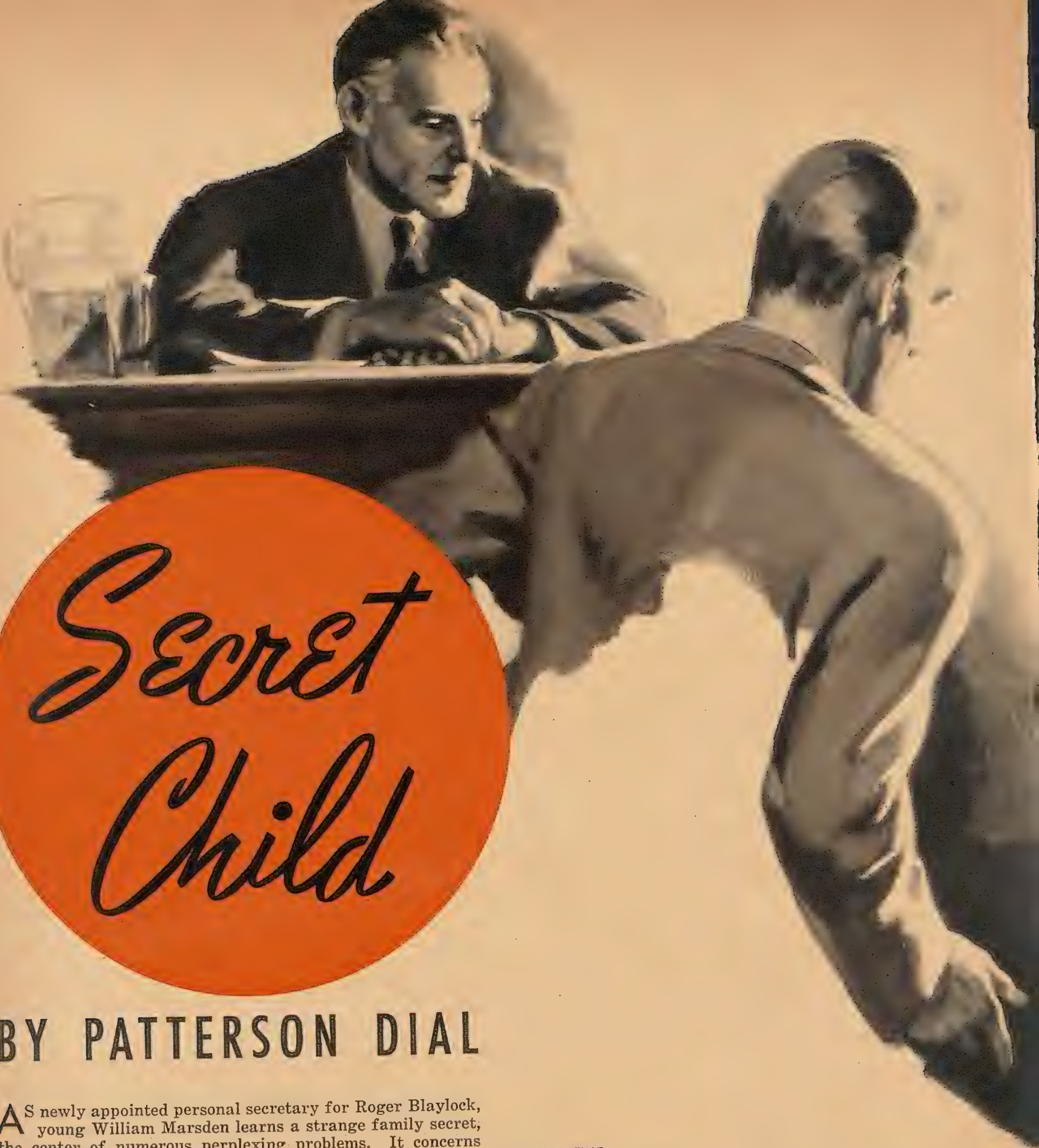
" Well—you may—any time you like."

Under the entrance to the Nurses' Home they came to a stop. Ethel could feel her heart thumping as she put her hand into his outstretched palm. Timidly she lifted her head and looked into his brown eyes—and there she found the tenderness that she had dreamed of. A long time they stood there, just looking at one another. And when he released the hand he had held tightly in his, she hastily ran into the Home.

Once inside the heavy doors, she leaned a moment against the wall, covered her hot face with both her hands, and gasped. Oh, it wasn't nonsense—it wasn't a wild dream—he loved her. No, it wasn't a dream!

THE END

★ **Of hope and dreams — The heart-warming story of a girl who thought love had passed her by**



Secret Child

BY PATTERSON DIAL

AS newly appointed personal secretary for Roger Blaylock, young William Marsden learns a strange family secret, the center of numerous perplexing problems. It concerns baby Andrew, grandson of his wealthy employer, living secretly in the family mansion near Santa Monica Beach.

The child's father, Marsden is told by lovely daughter Alice Blaylock, is Jerome Blaylock, worthless son who married under the assumed name of Andrew Lovelace. Andrew's mother died at his birth, and Jerome kidnaped the baby. The Owenses, Andrew's grandparents, knew Jerome only as Andrew Lovelace.

The presence of Stephen Hunt as guest of the Blaylocks offers another problem for Marsden. Alice tells him she does not love Hunt, but in order to protect the secret of Andrew she will marry him. Marsden, in the meantime, finds himself falling in love with Alice. But, realizing that her love for the baby comes before all else, he makes a secret visit to the office of Dr. Wilbur, family physician of the Owenses, and without arousing suspicion obtains his word that, should a court trial be necessary, he would testify against the maternal grandparents. They had mistreated the child, he said. Yet, even with Marsden's optimistic report, Alice refuses to test a court trial.

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

An old picture of Jerome in a Sunday newspaper—with his right name in the caption—forces the issue, however, when the Owenses recognize it and take legal steps to recover Andrew.

Mr. Crockett, the Blaylocks' attorney, tells Alice they have a chance of winning with Dr. Wilbur's testimony. And Marsden leaves to pay him a second visit.

Suspense reaches the breaking point in the story of a romance strangely entangled with the fate of a child

She answered Jorgenson's baiting with a cold defiance.

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

PART SIX—"I'D RATHER SEE HIM DEAD!"

MARSDEN dreaded the first few moments with Dr. Wilbur. He could imagine the doctor's expression, his first remarks, when he learned how Marsden had tricked him.

The doctor lived up to Marsden's expectations. His welcome had been hearty and affectionate, for him. He was solicitous of Marsden's hand, and gave his familiar grunt—which in this instance meant satisfaction—when he scrutinized the smoothly healed wound. Marsden, remembering how he had kept it inflamed in order to come daily to the office so that he might work his way into the old doctor's confidence, had plunged into his story with the mumbled preface:

"I want to tell you the truth about that hand, doctor."

Wilbur had listened, his mouth narrowing, his eyes beginning to glower. Marsden got the worst part over with first, admitting every deceit he had practiced before he gave the reasons for his lies. Wilbur had interrupted once to tell him exactly what he thought of him. It wasn't pleasant. Marsden had taken it silently, nodding in agreement, which only infuriated Wilbur the more. But from then on he remained quiet, judging Marsden, evaluating his statements, while he described the Blaylocks—Allie and Jerome and their father: the way they lived; the sort of care they were giving the child. When he had finished, Wilbur rasped at him:

"I'd have more reason to believe the Blaylocks were taking proper care of the child if you'd come out at the first and put your cards on the table."

Marsden's breath caught against the awful possibility that Wilbur did not believe him. He asked:

"Wouldn't I have been a fool to put my cards on the table before I knew what you thought of the Owenses? Suppose you had been their friend?"

The doctor countered with another question:

"Then, when you thought you'd found out what I thought of 'em—why didn't you tell me then?"

Marsden tried to force an easy smile. "Do you remember how"—he groped for a mild word—"how annoyed you were when you discovered how much you had said about the Owenses? It didn't seem the psychological moment to annoy you further."

Wilbur did not smile back. He began to question Marsden about the Blaylocks, about Andrew's mental and physical growth; and Marsden could not tell from his grim concentration what he was thinking.

"Why don't you come and see Andrew?" Marsden suggested. "Allie and her father want you to come, but they don't dare ask you to put yourself to that inconvenience."

"Do you want the Owenses' lawyer—that Jorgenson, I know him—to say I've been 'bought by the Blaylock gold'? If I can believe what I've read, there've been too many people bought by Roger Blaylock, for such an accusation not to sound reasonable. Your case will be better if I never see a Blaylock till I meet all of 'em in court."

Marsden kept his relief from showing on his face. This testy oblique statement was as near as the doctor wanted to approach an open admission of his willingness to align himself against the Owenses.

Wilbur stood up, dismissing him with the curtly spoken words: "Mrs. Wilbur is downtown. If she was home I suppose she'd like for you to stop in and visit. I'll tell her you were here."

It was his way of saying that all was forgiven and understood.

When Marsden returned to the Blaylock estate, Allie was waiting down by the gate. Stephen Hunt by her side, she paced on the lawn, while near by Andrew, the Pekingese, and the small horse romped in some vague game.

Marsden jumped from the car and ran to her. "It's all right!" he said. "Dr. Wilbur is definitely with you."

Her face, harsh and ugly with her anxiety, crumpled like the face of a child, and she turned and hid against Stephen Hunt's shoulder.

Hunt, drawing her close, put his lips against her hair and whispered: "Don't cry, Allie; don't, dear!"

"I'm not crying," she answered meekly. "I'm just trying to get my breath. It seems as if I'd held it every minute that Bill's been gone."

The sight of them shattered Marsden's detachment toward any emotion that concerned only himself. For the moment he knew nothing but the realization that Allie was treating Hunt like the man she loved. All this trouble, this last terror for the child, must have made her see that she loved Hunt. It had brought them together. They had needed this unhappiness to make them acquire the patience necessary to understanding. And understanding, for them, meant loving each other.

Marsden turned away from them and started for the house. In this first anguished moment of his realization no power could have kept him there beside them.

THE days that followed gave Marsden no reason to feel he had been wrong. Allie spent more and more time alone with Stephen Hunt. Alone except for Andrew.

With the exception of the times when Jerome begged him to play tennis or Roger Blaylock sought his companionship for long rambling conversations, Marsden was more or less free. He dug into the mountainous work that had piled up during his enforced neglect of his duties as Blaylock's secretary; and time dragged with the ache in his heart.

Under other circumstances Marsden would have gone to Allie and made her tell him the truth. He couldn't do it now. It would have been brutally unkind. The very thought was somehow blasphemous to him as he watched her growing day by day more tense and silent, thinner and more haggard from the lack of sleep. At mealtimes she no longer made even a pretense of eating after the first few mouthfuls of food; and often in the late night hours Marsden saw her small figure pacing the flagstone paths in the patio dimly illuminated by the lights blazing in her father's study. But Roger Blaylock never joined her. They were too much alike for that—each, at the low ebb of courage, wanting to be alone.

Even Jerome, for all his weakness, had something of this feeling. Marsden had seen slits of light between the drawn curtains of his rooms and heard faintly the raucous hubbub of Jerome's parrot, the wretched bird rebellious at the interruption of his sleep.

Never a light showed at these hours in the squat outline of the guest cottage on the other side of the swimming pool. Marsden wondered if Stephen Hunt could nevertheless be awake, as he was; awake and sitting at a window, watching over Allie. Hunt's handsome face glowing and refreshed each morning was reasonable proof that he had slept. And Marsden was glad, even as he tried to muster self-contempt for the smallness of his satisfaction. If Allie loved Hunt, let him be as near as possible to the man he could be.

Allie and her father had failed to take cognizance of one danger—Jerome's habit of reaching a depth in his remorse for the consequences of his drinking that forced him back to liquor in order to forget. But Marsden was alert to these unmistakable signs.

He took Jerome in hand, watching over him every moment without seeming to. When Jerome made some excuse for leaving the grounds, Marsden, ignoring Jerome's displeasure, again left his work to Miss Meeker and made some excuse for going with him. Any excuse Marsden offered was accepted by Roger Blaylock, who felt too deeply in his debt to refuse him anything. Without commenting, Allie Blaylock showed a hurt disapproval of Marsden's frequent absences, and he accepted it rather than add another worry to her anxiety.

He came in late one afternoon after a day in Los Angeles with Jerome. Not yet able to relax from the ordeal the day had been to him, Marsden went to the patio. He hoped there'd be no one there. If he could have a few moments in the cool air to sit quietly and read the afternoon paper he could pull himself together.

The patio was not deserted. Allie sat in a big chair, cross-legged, the flowered linen of her full skirt spread about her.

In the distance, near the pool, Stephen Hunt played Indian with Andrew and the little horse, while Roger Blaylock impersonated a movable rock behind which Andrew took refuge from Hunt's war-whooping attacks.

Allie was watching them, smiling faintly at their antics. She saw Marsden and her smile stiffened.

"Did you have a good day?" she asked him.

"Passable." He caught back a sigh of tension and let himself down into a chair.

He looked at her. The sunset light was tender on her face, giving it an illusion of the slight fullness it had lost in the past weeks, and an illusion of repose that made her look very young and gentle, sitting in the big chair with her pretty dress flounced out like the skirts of a doll.

"Is that a new dress?" he asked. "It's pretty."

"This?" She glanced down at it, and the shifting light made her look what she was—wretched and distrait.

"Why, this dress is old," she began. Her attention was caught by Andrew, who was stealing up on Stephen Hunt, his baby features contorted into a remarkable mask which he meant for savage ferocity. Hunt pretended violently to be oblivious of his approach.

She laughed.

"Scooter's having such a time. He's just discovered that Steve really knows how to play. I've just discovered it myself. Funny, how you can think you know a person and not know him at all!"

"Meaning Steve?"

Marsden leaned forward. There was one thing he could ask her now, and her reply would tell him infinitely more than he seemed to ask.

"Does that mean," he said, "that you believe now"—he forced himself to be fair, and added, "what I was always convinced of—that Hunt never would have told the Owenses where Andrew was?"

"Yes," she answered promptly.

She could tell him the rest now; she might as well. Marsden wondered why she didn't, and immediately thought he understood the reason why. She loved Hunt, truly loved him at last.

"I don't think Steve would have told the Owenses," she said; "but I think he wanted me to think he would. That's a lot different from being capable of telling them. Though it's rotten enough. Rotten and brutal."

"Well, you should understand that. You've been brutal to the Owenses. And for the same reason Steve was brutal to you—because you wanted somebody more than you wanted anything else in the world."

Marsden wondered why he should take it upon himself to defend Stephen Hunt by attacking her. He did not realize that actually he was trying to lead her into some admission that would prove he was wrong about her loving Hunt.

Her eyes widened with a hurt surprise.

"But that's different," she protested, and quickly amended:

"No, I take it back. From a strictly impersonal viewpoint, I don't suppose Steve would have seemed any lower than I was."

SHE sighed. "I forgive myself. I understand why I did what I've done to the Owenses. I know I forgive Steve, and I think I can make myself understand why he was so rotten. I should be able to." Her mouth began to tremble and she lowered her head away from him. "I certainly should understand what wanting somebody terribly can make one do."

She flung her head up and, once more composed, turned back to Marsden.

"Anyway," she said, "if maybe I don't quite understand the disagreeable person Steve used to be, I'm beginning to. And one thing—when he's like what he is now, I find that what he was doesn't seem to bother me any more."

She looked off toward Hunt, who had joined forces with Andrew in some new version of their game. Her eyes softened with a tenderness that held a faint regret—

regret, Marsden knew, for the way she had baited and neglected Hunt into being the disagreeable person he had been.

" Isn't he marvelous with Scooter? " she asked Marsden.

" Yes." He swallowed hard. " Marvelous."

He knew suddenly that he had come to the end of his life in this house. He would stay until the trial was over. He had to. He couldn't walk out on the Blaylocks now. But after the trial, as soon as he could leave without unduly inconveniencing Roger Blaylock, he had to go. His going, from the very beginning, had been inevitable. And almost from the beginning he had known it, he contemptuously reminded himself.

Yet perhaps he had not been quite the fool he accused himself of being; for, once he had been told the secret of Andrew, it had made him, in a way, a prisoner who could not escape until the child's fate had been settled. Well, that would be very soon, and then he could go.

Whatever life held for him, it could hold nothing that was even remotely connected with the Blaylocks; nothing that would make it necessary for him to see Allie and Stephen Hunt. He had thought he could bear to see her with a man she loved. He knew now that he could not. He wanted her to be happy. Yet his unhappiness would be supportable only if he was spared the sight of her felicity.

EVERY one who lived or worked on the Blaylock place was beginning, in his own way, to falter under the strain of the last days before the trial. The life of the house was like a circle tightening about the child; and Andrew bustled through the rigid schedule of his waking hours, busy and joyous with his small affairs, his laughter the only genuine gaiety the household knew.

The day of the trial came on a morning sweet with wind and clouds that piled and drifted across the sky.

Andrew could not understand why he could not go too, when his grandfather and Allie, his father, Marsden, and even his nurse got into the limousine waiting at the door. Never before had they all gone away and left him like this. Not all of them at once.

" All in a suddens to leave me! " he wailed, and would not be comforted by their promises to be back soon, or the pictures Stephen Hunt evoked of a day to be spent doing whatever he wanted to do—within reason. Hunt, who had not been called as a witness, had volunteered to take the place of Mrs. Tomkins.

Marsden, sitting sidewise on the small seat, tapped on the glass and called to the chauffeur: " All right, Williams, go on. And hurry, please! "

Andrew's voice, wailing and bereft, came to them above the sound of shifting gears. They did not look back.

There was no talk as the car climbed and descended the curving hills of Sunset Boulevard. Once Mr. Blaylock spoke:

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"Amazing how the white clouds emphasize the blue of the sky."

Jerome and Allie nodded, while Marsden said:

"Yes; the sky is very blue."

When they reached Beverly Hills and paused at a red stop signal, Marsden commented:

"New signal. It wasn't here last week."

Mr. Blaylock said: "A good place for one, with all the traffic there is."

No further word was spoken until they had gone through Hollywood and Los Angeles, to come to a halt before the great tower of City Hall.

Reporters and news photographers waited on the sidewalk. Allie, blank-eyed and obedient to her father's advice, posed for pictures while her father and Marsden answered the barrage of questions. Jerome was silent.

The courtroom was genial with morning light. Mr. Crockett and his associate, a mild person in mild tweeds, were already at the counsel's table within the railing. A few feet away, a middle-aged blond giant of a man, badly dressed and awkward in movement, took a mass of papers from a briefcase. That would be Jorgenson, Marsden decided; Jorgenson, the Owenses' attorney.

Mr. Crockett came forward as Marsden held back the gate for the Blaylocks, and, greeting them in a low voice, led them to their chairs.

Across the room a man and a woman sat. The man's heavy frame in its black serge towered; the brown mane of his hair swept back from a square fleshy face whose cleft chin rested on the loose folds of a black tie. The woman, her gray hair a scalloped frame for the sagging paleness of her face, her fat body corseted into a curveless bulk, sat rigid, her stiff hands crossed in the gray lap of her dress.

Marsden knew who they were before Jerome whispered, "The Owenses." Their hostile stares, avid with a curiosity they could not veil, returned the inspection of the Blaylocks and Marsden. Jerome did not look at them, but kept his eyes fixed on the tray with its glass and pitcher of water placed on the corner of the judge's desk.

The trial unfolded ponderously, legal step by step, through the long hours of the day. Judge Lowell, the full black sleeves of his robes meeting at his folded hands, sat above the court; his narrow face unperturbed and still except for the darting scrutiny of his eyes, his voice incisive, impersonal when he spoke to either attorney. Witnesses were called, examined, cross-examined. Though the case was technically between Joseph Owens and Roger Blaylock, Allie and Jerome could not be left out of it, despite Mr. Crockett's desire to evade the matter of Jerome's rights, under the law, to his child. It would be too perilous trying to score points for the Blaylocks through Jerome. Mr. Crockett combated Jorgenson's emotional outbursts with a quiet reasonableness, accepting all adverse testimony with no effort to turn and twist it to his needs.

HE wanted Dr. Wilbur for his last witness, and Wilbur waited in readiness to be called. It was three days before Crockett summoned him.

And in those days every unpleasantness that Jorgenson had been able to unearth had been bared before the court and published in the newspapers. He had tried to make Allie—the "social butterfly," he called her—seem a shallow heedless creature of doubtful morals, whose arms, "weighted with their jeweled bracelets," could never be like "a mother's or a white-haired grandmother's arms enfolding a helpless little child." The very fact of her wealth, if you believed Jorgenson, made it impossible for her to know a maternal emotion.

Marsden tried to shut his ears and not hear as she answered Jorgenson's baiting with a cold defiance. She wasn't afraid of him; not for herself, she wasn't.

Marsden he dismissed with a few brief questions which Marsden answered as contemptuously as he dared and not antagonize the judge.

Jerome was meat to Jorgenson. He tore the boy to shreds, and in the process made the pathetic figure of the dead girl, Rose Owens, seem a sacrifice on the altar of Jerome's brutal drunken selfishness.

Roger Blaylock he let off with comparatively little punishment, pounding only on the question of why Blaylock had not, instead of concealing the child, come willingly into court, "like a man," and made his fight for his grandson.

Mr. Crockett's manner with the Owenses was all gentleness and consideration. He encouraged them both to talk at as great length as the court would allow. Mrs. Owens was monosyllabic and afraid. But Joseph Owens, glib with platitudes delivered in the sonorous tones of an orator, pleaded his cause with an emotional intensity that at times forced Judge Lowell to put in a word of restraint.

Dr. Wilbur, small and unobtrusive, slipped into the room only a few moments before he was called to the stand. When he walked up to the chair, Owens stared from him to Jorgenson in baffled wonderment that changed to anger and unbelief as the doctor began his testimony.

Marsden's eyes did not leave the judge while Dr. Wilbur answered Crockett's questions with a gruff authority. But Judge Lowell's expression told nothing. Marsden tried to find some helpful significance in the judge's occasional questions, which Wilbur considered thoroughly before he gave his concise answers.

JORGENSON could not trick the doctor into a contradiction. The lawyer towered by the witness stand, flailing the air with his awkward gestures, badgering the small man who sat at ease and undisturbed, firmly maintaining his belief in the Owenses' unfitness to care for a child, and reiterating his reasons for so believing.

It was a brave deed for one who earned his living by ministering to the ills of a small community that was more or less controlled by the man he attacked. And doubly brave for one of Wilbur's years. It was too late now for him to move on and begin again.

Marsden thought of the doctor's wife. She was probably sitting at home, rocking on that plant-bedecked porch, her lovable plain face violent with her imaginings of what was going on in court, and every atom of her wishing for the defeat of the Owenses.

At the close of the trial Jorgenson came back to the question with which he had harried the senior Blaylock:

Why hadn't Roger Blaylock fought for the child, "like a man"? The courts had been open to him, waiting to give him justice, as they were ready to give it to all law-abiding citizens. But had he come to the courts? No! He had, using his weakling son for his tool, stolen the child; hidden Andrew as any criminal would hide his loot. And why had he done this? Jorgenson pointed to Allie and Jerome. They were why. They were proof positive of Roger Blaylock's parental care and guidance. And deep in his heart Blaylock had known what any just man, any man "such as the honorable judge of this court," would think of his claims against the claims of Joseph Owens and his good wife; poor people, it was true, unable to give the child the baubles to be bought with gold, but supremely fitted to give him what money could not buy—true parental love and a decent American home.

Mr. Crockett sadly reminded the court that if Roger Blaylock was to be judged by his son, Joseph Owens and his wife must be judged by their daughter. Crockett had only pity and understanding for them both. But Rose Owens had, of her own will, married Jerome Blaylock; he had not forced her into marriage. Rose Owens had sought escape from the rule of her parents in the unfortunate escapades Jerome had offered her. It was thus the Owenses had reared her—to want of life what Jerome could give her.

Marsden wished Crockett had not said that. Marsden believed it was true; but, watching Lowell's face, he saw a flicker of emotion disturb the judge's tranquil expression. Marsden felt the judge did not like such talk of the dead girl. Was it because he considered it unnecessary to put into the record another black mark against the child's parents? Or was he revealing an impatience with Mr. Crockett's tactics?

The look worried Marsden. He could not forget it. His eyes followed the judge when, the case finally at an end, court was closed, and Lowell, his robes swinging at his ankles, retired to his chambers.

Mr. Crockett said Judge Lowell would probably write his opinion over the week end. Opinions seemed usually to be written over the week end and turned over to the clerk on Monday morning. The clerk would send a copy of the opinion to each of the attorneys.

"Of course"—Mr. Crockett took off his glasses and rubbed the bridge of his nose—"that isn't the end of the case. There'll be the going into court to receive his decision from the judge. But you won't have to wait until then to know what his decision will be. His opinion will tell that."

"Four days to wait!" Allie said under her breath. She was like some one hanging by the hands above a great height, rigid with the effort to remain quiet until relief came or she fell to oblivion.

Marsden fought against the desire to lift her in his arms and make her rest against him—make her rest before she was destroyed by the tensity that was in every fiber of her.

To Marsden, to them all, the days were timeless: the hours made of minutes moving too slowly to be counted; sunset, then sunrise, and between them intervals that were dark or filled with light. Every one on the place came to wear the same expression—a detached fixity of look that deepened with pain at the sight of the child. Andrew's smallest gesture, the most ordinary gropings of his babyish language became adorable with a poignancy almost beyond bearing.

Sunday night Allie broke under the strain. The family sat in the upstairs library, Allie before the low table holding the silver coffee service. They were all trying to talk of casual things, trying to stay clear of the trial and any further rehashing of what had been said and done. Roger Blaylock had just asked Marsden if he had ever been in Death Valley, and Marsden was beginning an account of a pack trip through the Panamint Range, when Allie pushed the table away from her. It toppled over and the silver and china crashed on the marble hearth as she came to her feet.

IF he doesn't give Scooter to us," she said under her breath, "I'll never give him up. All the laws and courts in the world can't make me. I'll kill the Owenses before I'll let him go to them!"

Her black hair fell on her forehead, shadowing her eyes, black now like her hair and blazing in the thin harshness of her face. She was ugly, terrifying—magnificent.

Marsden sat still, as the others sat, staring up at her. He remembered the beauty that could lie in her face. It sprang from the same source as this ugliness—the passionate completeness of her love. Anybody she loved, she would love like this. She knew no other way.

Marsden looked at Stephen Hunt. His handsome profile, lifted toward her, was faintly shocked and disapproving.

"If I have to live day by day," she said in a dogged monotone, "knowing he is down there with those Owenses, my happy unafraid child being nagged and punished and frightened into a timid sneaking hypocrite, if I have to go through the rest of my life knowing that each year a little more of the man Andrew could grow into is being destroyed by their heavy-handed, unimaginative stupidity"—her lips curved back from the sharp intake of her breath—"I'd rather be dead! I'd rather see him dead!"

Her voice rose to a cry: "The Owenses can't do that to Scooter! They can't!"

She began to shake with crying that brought no tears to her eyes. Roger Blaylock and Jerome went to her and tried to still her sobs even as they gulped down their own; and Stephen Hunt hovered behind them, frowning and distressed.

Marsden could not stay in the room. Those three—they had the right to go to her. Those three. There was no place for him.

HE went downstairs and out into the grounds. For hours he walked blind to the sheen of moonlight on grass and trees and flowers and the white mass of the house that sheltered her.

She was once more tensely quiet and remote when Marsden saw her in the morning, her eyes parched from the lack of sleep, as his were, as were Roger Blaylock's and Jerome's, and the eyes of old Tupper, Miss Meeker, and Mrs. Tomkins. Only Stephen Hunt seemed at all refreshed, and he was far from his usual tranquil self.

At nine thirty Allie took her place at Blaylock's desk before the telephone. She could look through a doorway into the patio where Andrew played with the Pekingese while the parrot watched from his perch and preened in the sunlight. Roger, the morning paper on his knees, sat near her, and Jerome paced the floor. Stephen Hunt rustled his paper, pretending to read. Marsden went through the motions of working. Standing by the desk, he sorted the mail, not seeing a word of the letters he opened.

The telephone rang five times in half an hour, and each time Allie lifted the receiver at the first ping of the bell. Each time she put it back and Miss Meeker took the call in her office. A little after ten the bell rang again. As Allie put the instrument to her ear, her lips began to tremble.

"Yes, Mr. Crockett. This is Allie."

It couldn't have been more than three seconds that she listened. Her expression did not change. Then she said in a choked voice, "I can't talk now. Later. Later we'll call you," and hung up the receiver.

Judge Lowell's decision! Here is the moment that holds the hopes and fears of all. Was it in favor of the Blaylocks or the Owenses? And, one way or the other, what final reward awaits Marsden? Will he lose Alice, or— Your copy of Liberty next week will contain the answers in the final installment of this modern novel.

OLD DUTCH

costs less to use

It goes so much further

Just notice how much longer a can of Old Dutch lasts! How much more cleaning it gives . . . and *without scratching!* For Old Dutch is made with grit-free Seismotite.

Lovely Silverware at ⅓ Retail Cost

Old Dutch makes it possible too for you to get lovely silverware, exactly like that sold in exclusive stores, yet save ⅔ your money! Simply mail coupon below with 3 Old Dutch labels and receive 6 lovely teaspoons. FULL $1.50 VALUE FOR ONLY 50¢.

LOVELY SILVERWARE

Think of it! 6 lovely teaspoons in the beautiful "Croydon" pattern, genuine Wm. A. Rogers A1 Plus quality, made and guaranteed by Oneida, Ltd. Value $1.50 for only 50¢ and 3 Old Dutch labels.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. S326
221 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

I am enclosing_____¢ and_____Old Dutch labels for which please send me 6 teaspoons. You may order as many units as you like. Offer good only in United States and Canada and expires December 31, 1937.

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Address____________________
City_______________State________

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE . . .

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

ENTER TODAY AND WIN A CASH AWARD!

THIS IS THE SIXTH WEEK IN LIBERTY'S

ALPHA CONTEST

$2,500 IN CASH PRIZES!

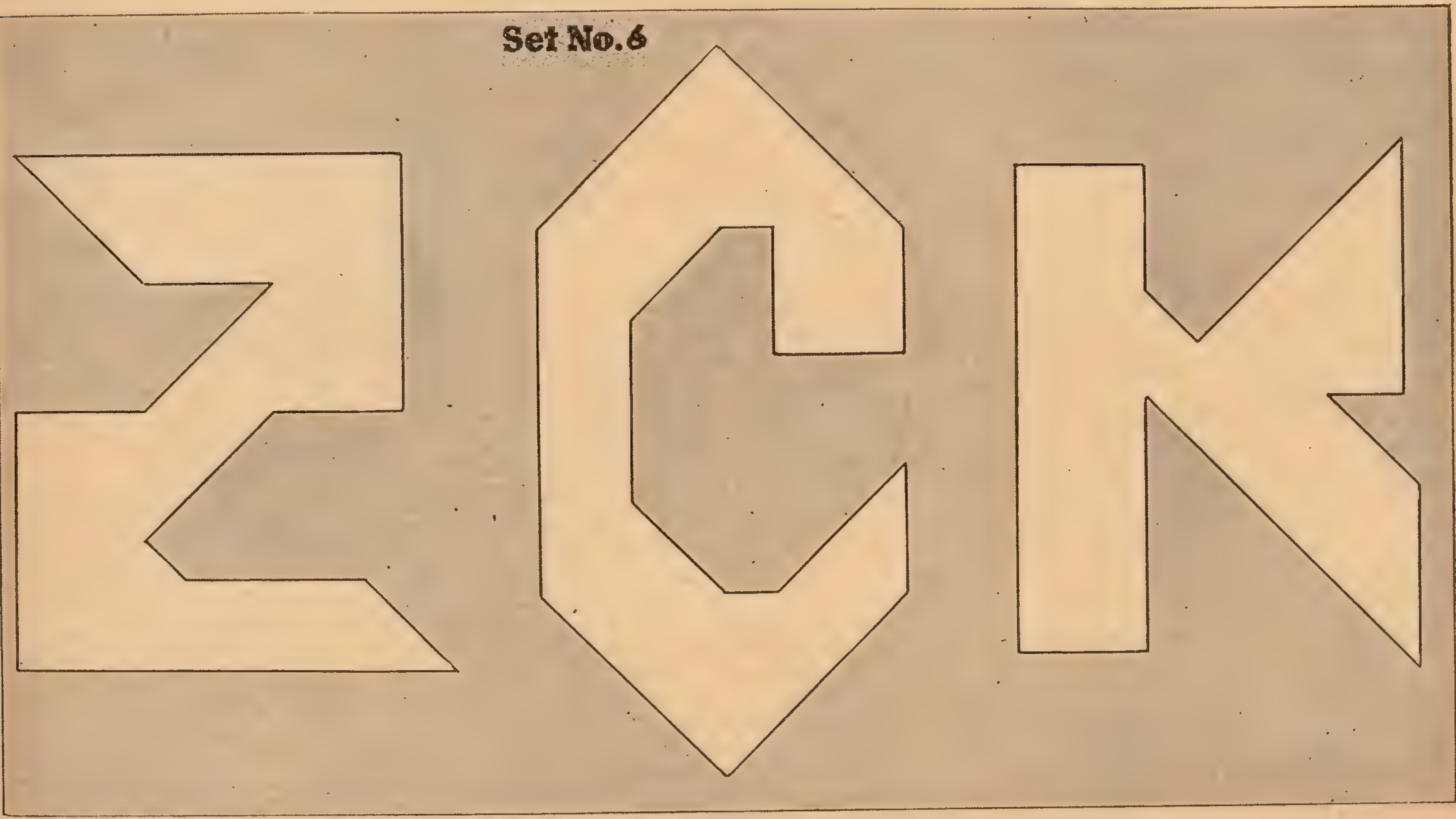
YOU'VE A FINE CHANCE TO WIN: ORDER THE MASTER FIGURES NOW

WITH the publication of the letter outlines below, Liberty's $2,500 cash prize Alpha Contest enters its sixth week. Even though you have not solved a single puzzle to date you still have an excellent chance to prepare a winning entry. So get busy now and start a claim to your share of the prize money. Start by reading the rules carefully so that you understand the object and conditions of the contest. Then send for your set of master geometric figures with which to solve the outlined letters. With the figures you will receive an example sheet showing how the letters can be solved, together with reprints of the outlines already published. When they are received you can solve them all and bring your entry even with the field. The rules explain where and how to obtain your set of master figures. Send for them now, before you turn this page. Do not let delay or forgetfulness rob you of your chance to win a substantial cash award. You may be the winner of the $1,000 prize. Set No. 7 of the letters will be published next week.

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TEN PRIZES, Each $10	100
220 PRIZES, Each $5	1,100

THE RULES

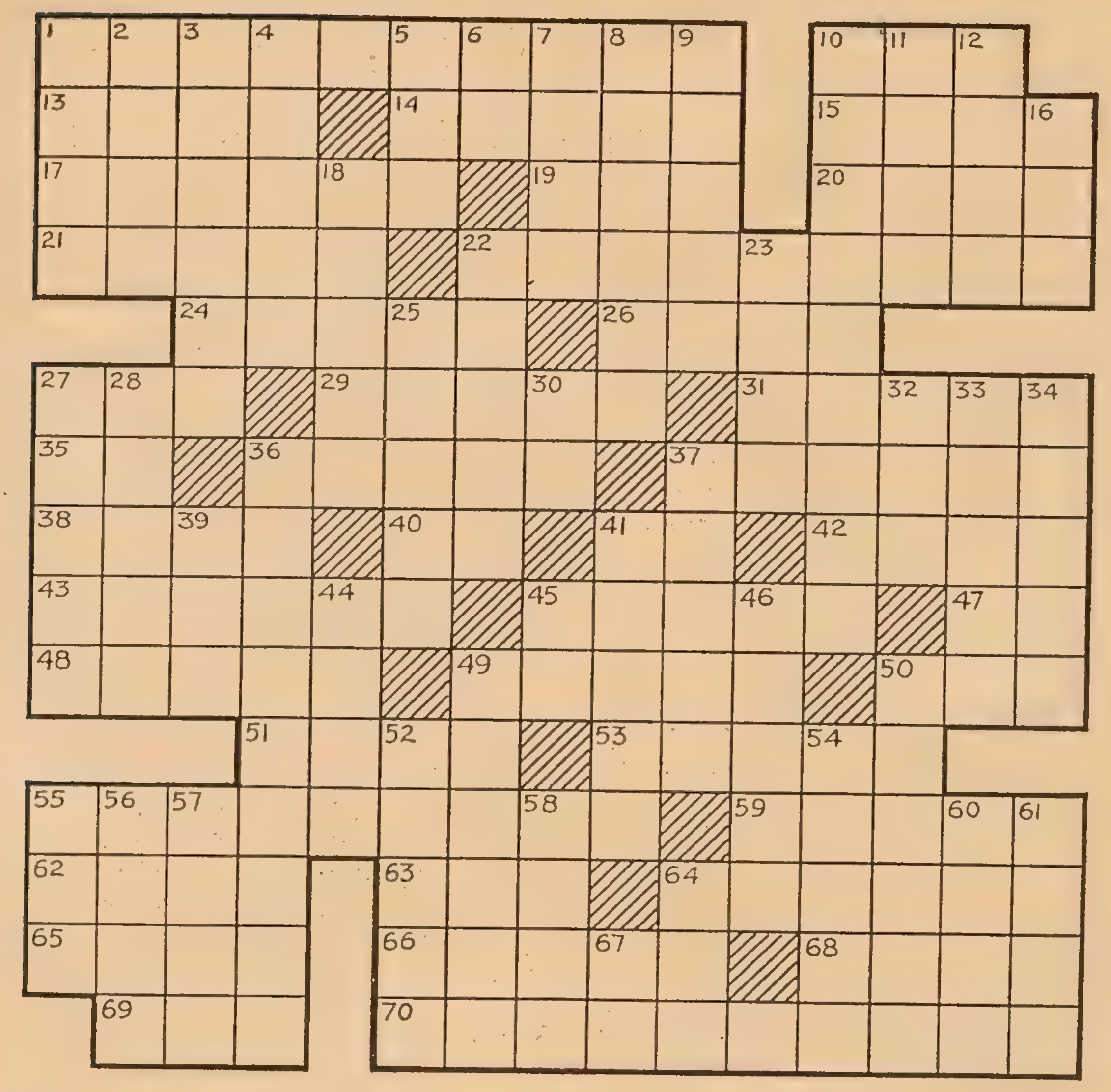
1. Each week for eight weeks Liberty will publish three outlined letters of the alphabet formed by using the set of five triangles, one square, and one parallelogram which comprise the master set of Alpha Contest geometric figures. Every master figure is used just once in the formation of each letter.
2. The perfect solution for each outline letter will find all seven master figures so combined that they will leave no area uncovered and will not extend beyond the outline at any point. When you have a letter so solved, make dots at the corners of the master figures, remove the figures, and draw in their outlines. Your solution will then show the outlines of the seven master figures within the letter as illustrated in the sample letters W and L supplied with your master set.
3. Sets of the seven master figures are obtainable by written request to the contest address in Rule 7, enclosing ten cents in coin or stamps to cover cost of printing, handling, and mailing. When your master set has been used to solve all the letters in this contest, paste it upon the final letter before your entry is submitted. Each entry must include the master set used in its preparation.
4. Do not send in separate solutions. Mail them all at the same time, as a unit, at the end of the contest and include a statement of not more than fifty words telling why you have been interested in this contest.
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved letters accompanied by the clearest, most interesting statement will be awarded the $1,000 first prize. On this basis, in the order of their excellence, the next best entries will receive awards according to the accompanying prize list. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, June 2, 1937, the closing date of this contest.
7. Address all entries by first-class mail to ALPHA CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.



Set No. 6

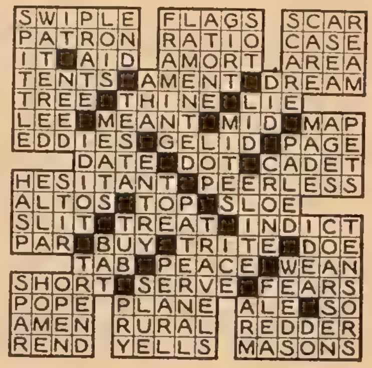
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Ynspyration of ye loude syngynge cuckoo, merryly croakyng froggye, gushynge streamie, feverysh-thoughted youngie manne
10 What the neighbors had for supper
13 Caused by a bore, it has no entertainment value
14 Star brand ham
15 Often heard with Lightning
17 First uprising of the spring of '18
19 A little of this, a little of that
20 Dogwagon mulligatawny
21 What the homecoming hero got hit in the eye with
22 A huge bill for blasting; prominent beacon around old Rome
24 What Apollo's nags do when they hear "Whoa!"
26 Kind of olive
27 It makes a lot of connections
29 Bing Crosby's recently observed heavy copper precipitation
31 Gabby in print
35 What the great unwashed fill the air with
36 Uprisings in the British navy around 1700
37 Nosy Frenchman
38 Where they deliberately try to break up china
40 If you ain't you're this
41 This calls for performance
42 Broth of a gineral
43 Man born with a big wheel in his head
45 How dirty dogs must feel
47 Right Gorilla (abbr.)
48 Caesars with skis on
49 Peaceable gal
50 What Leftists say when they want to go right
51 Can they make it hot for you—the little rascals!
53 Diary maid (pl.)
55 Dough boy
59 Toothsome arrangement
62 Scotch Siamese twin



SWIPLE FLAGS SCAR
PATRON RATIO CASE
IT■AID AMORT AREA
TENTS■AMENT■DREAM
TREE■THINE■LIE
LEE■MEANT■MID■MAP
EDDIES■GELID■PAGE
DATE■DOT■CADET
HESITANT■PEERLESS
ALTOS■TOP■SLOE
SLIT■TREAT■INDICT
PAR■BUY■TRITE■DOE
TAB■PEACE■WEAN
SHORT■SERVE■FEARS
POPE PLANE ALE■SO
AMEN RURAL REDDER
REND YELLS MASONS

Answer to last week's puzzle

63 She's usually one up on par
64 Heaven help the man married to one
65 Pacific flyer
66 Relatives, bugs, elocutionary announcers
68 People here find it a problem which way to go
69 Screwy letter
70 What lies behind the urge to nod at after-dinner speakers

VERTICAL

1 Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Palookas (abbr.)
2 Remove the jacket
3 Reddened with a bang
4 They reddened the South American landscape
5 Spirit of Progress
6 How Tom Collins got started
7 What the Vanastors do when they are bitten by mosquitoes
8 High spots in Sitting Bull's life
9 What a dictator can never make
10 Sound criticism; most cheerful thing about the Bronx
11 Place where Herm Melville tripped
12 Chucklehead's pullover
16 The build-up here is very healthy
18 Uffley-uffley
22 What a hard guy does to his nails
23 You can make a clown out of this
25 Where camels give you a lift
27 There's nothing forward about this
28 Dey rud id de sprid
30 What you'll find at each end of most noses
32 What a cute gal has about her and a wife always has to get
33 A big trap that wants shutting
34 Her name will never grow old in literature
36 A star of the first magnitude has about 8
37 Entrees at Automats
39 A maddening name
41 Blue is really this
44 Footballs for high-brows
45 What bruins do before throwing out the clutch
46 This goes round and round carrying a little red flag
49 Jacob, after he outwrestled Kid Angel
50 This bird's always grumbling
52 Wet doghouses
54 Study the stops in telegrams and play it
55 Article that individualizes
56 What intelligent blondes are, not to mention real ones
57 Vun for der great Hitler
58 Old-fashioned Irishman
60 Calls a bluff
61 Many times
64 It took a bite out of, and finished off, a peach
67 Metal extracted from tea (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

A FOUR-STAR
Vacation Picture

FOUR of our most inspiring National Parks ★ *Carlsbad Caverns* ★ *Yosemite* ★ *Yellowstone* ★ *Rocky Mountain*—all in one grand circle of the scenic West!

★ Out via the incomparable Golden State Route to
CALIFORNIA
Three fast air-conditioned trains from Chicago daily—the all-Pullman *Golden State Limited*—de luxe Chair-Tourist Car *Californian*—the *Apache*, catering to all classes of travel.

★ Through Golden State Route service also from Minneapolis-St. Paul, Des Moines, St. Louis and Memphis.

★ Back through the mountain grandeur of
COLORADO
Return via San Francisco, Salt Lake City and the air-conditioned *Rocky Mountain Limited* from Denver or Colorado Springs.

Rock Island

Very low fares this summer. Ask about low cost all-expense tours to Colorado, Yellowstone, California and the Pacific Northwest.

—MAIL THIS COUPON—

W. J. Leahy, Passenger Traffic Manager
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723 La Salle St. Station, Chicago, Ill.
Please quote fares and forward printed matter on ☐ the Southwest and California, ☐ Colorado, ☐ All-Expense Tours. (Check booklets desired.)
Name
Address 2129

"WHY WE SHOULD
BATHE INTERNALLY"

If you are constipated, suffer from headaches and fatigue, think how important it is to your health to take an Internal Bath! And remember that you actually may have a bowel movement every day and still be constipated. Did you know that? Send coupon below for the story of the J.B.L. Cascade Internal Bath and what it means to you. It is fully told in our interesting free booklet. Address Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L 5-8, 152 West 65th St., New York, N. Y.

MAIL THIS TODAY

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152 West 65th St., Dept. L 5-8,
New York, N. Y.
Please send me your free booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally."
Name
Street
City State

Vox Pop

There Are No Stalwarts Any More

*(Inspired by Francesca Doane's Freedom in Marriage—
Anyway, Who Wants It? in March 6 Liberty)*

TRENTON, N. J.—
There are no stalwarts in the land
Such as once shook with angry tread
The crystal prisms of the chand-
Eliers—while offspring bowed the head
And wives' conciliatory words
Were swallowed in the crashing roar.
In silence sleep the thundering herds—
There are no stalwarts any more.

Gone is the whole rip-roaring band
With bison and with buffalo.
The crooner's voice is in the land
Where once they boomed—the gigolo
Into the sacred precinct creeps
Out of the shadows of the night—
For, lo, the mighty hunter sleeps
And lesser men give up the fight.

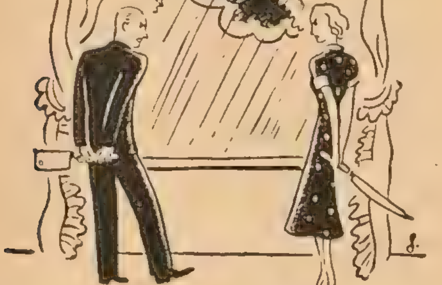
Once there were giants on the earth—
With throat of brass and leather lung
Implanting from the hour of birth
The fear of God within their young.
When righteous rage those bosoms gripped
Amid Olympian peals of thunder
The china on the sideboard skipped
And frail lamp chimneys burst asunder.

Behemoth walks the land no more
And giants from the place that knew them
Have vanished into nursery lore
Since Jill the Giant Killer slew them.
How mild the present race of men—
As like as peas to one another—
Who merely venture now and then
A timid " Don't you think so, mother! "
—*Helen C. Flood.*

BUTCHER KNIVES IN THE RAIN

TULSA, OKLA.—Your Short Shorts must be selected by idiots, distracted or insane persons. Vide, Rainy Season, by Nina Putnam (April 3 Liberty).

As I understand the story, those two lovebirds were ready to slit each other's throat with the big butcher knife because it was raining; or was it because " she loved him so " and " she knew he loved her "? Migawd, what a plot! Oh, by the way: How does a woman " whistle under her breath " as she reaches for the big butcher knife?—*C. M. Oakes.*



MORE WORLDS FOR VIERECK

CINCINNATI, OHIO—It is too bad that George Sylvester Viereck couldn't elaborate on his recent letter in April 3 Vox Pop. Why neglect Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and all the other nations in Europe? They are smaller than Japan, Italy, and Germany. Surely they are entitled to colonies where they can spread out and get raw materials.

Why not go further? How about this country? When we get overpopulated we shall also surely be entitled to colonies.

What we need is a couple of more worlds for Mr. Viereck! He has disclosed himself to be a decided lightweight who knows how to use a lot of words. He could have summed his brilliant deductions into one sentence: Give Italy, Germany, and Japan the world, and of course they'll be happy.

What childish prattle!—*Sam Hoffman.*

WHY THAT ORPHAN COMMA?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—What's the big idea? Walter Brooks' One Does What One Can (March 27 Liberty) contained exactly one comma. At first I thought it a fly-speck. But no—it would not rub off. It's a faucet story. Turn it on and a flood of almost incoherent words pour out. It's the first naked story (no punctuation) I ever saw or read. Was there a special reason for that orphan comma? I'd like to know.—*J. J. Z.*

MACBETH WAS THE THANE, NOT DUNCAN

SHERRILL, N. Y.—How could you allow such an error to escape your proofreaders as one in your March 20 Liberty?

In the second sentence of the second paragraph of the article, What Queen Elizabeth Is Really Like, by Princess Catherine Radziwill, it is stated that " Macbeth murdered Duncan, the Thane of Glamis."

This is erroneous, because King Duncan was visiting Macbeth, Thane of Glamis, at his home, Glamis Castle, when Macbeth murdered him.

This criticism comes from a fourth-year English student who is studying Shakespeare's Macbeth.—*Althea J. Prophet.*

BONERS THAT FLOORED HIM

FORT WAYNE, IND.—Got a terrific kick out of L. W. Pedrose's letter on Wild Bill's stem-winder and Calamity Jane's whip (March 27 Vox Pop), for I too sat spellbound while my two favorite characters of the old West went through their tricks. I fully expected Bill Hickok (Gary Cooper) to mop up Deadwood, South Dakota, with a tommy gun before the smoke of the double-action Colts cleared away.

DEADWOOD P.O.

But here're two boners that floored me, folks: The characters Holly and Leo Vincey in the film She (H. Rider Haggard's immortal story) starting their trip with Eskimo dogs and sledges far up in the arctic regions, when in reality they started from Zanzibar in Southeast Africa; and last but not least, the lovely Jeanette MacDonald in San Francisco (year 1906) singing Love Me and the World Is Mine to Clark Gable, when the song wasn't published until 1908.

I'll leave this last one up to Bing Crosby. What say, Bing?—*C. L. Corneille.*

"THERE IS SO MUCH INSANITY IN THE SANEST OF US"

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.—I have just read Such Men Are Dangerous!—Insane Criminals Look All Right, by Will Irwin (March 27 Liberty).

To me it is one of the most disgusting articles I have ever seen. What Will Irwin needs most is eight or ten years in a lunatic asylum. He would then be able to judge insanity intelligently.

I am at the present time an inmate in a lunatic asylum. I spent thirty-five years of my life among the supposed-to-be sane people of this country. I feel safer among these so-called insane people than I did among the supposed-to-be sane public.

Insanity, what is it?

There is so much insanity in the sanest of us that it hardly behooves any of us to judge the insanity in the rest of us.—*Hans Carstensen.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—Having a few weeks ago passed through a nerve-racking experience, I think the article on insanity by Will Irwin should be read by the general public and something should be done regarding this frequent and dangerous situation.

Nine times out of ten it is the relatives who desire to hide the mental sickness wherein lies the chief danger, and some one outside becomes the victim. Even physicians will sidestep the issue, though alarming proof is offered.—*M. J. Carter.*

BASKET SPEAKS FOR PEDDLER

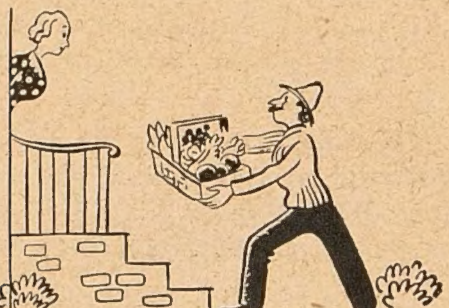
LINCOLN, NEB.—To the discouraged Southern lady who must sell from door to door (March 27 To the Ladies):

The eye is quicker than the ear, or at least mine is. Personally, I dislike buying anything at the door. Yet I buy regularly from a vegetable man who first came (and still does) with an attractive market basket filled with samples of his wares. Who could refuse to look a moment or two at a basket that resembles a Thanksgiving centerpiece? His prices are reasonable, his fruit always fresh and firm.

Yet I would always have refused him had he not that basket to speak his first words for him.

I do not know what your Southern lady may sell. But perhaps she can devise some colored sample or attractive display that will arrest attention the instant the door is opened.

I hope there may be other suggestions for Princess Kropotkin's unhappy lady and that they may be of help to her.—*Florence Moore.*



BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. — Today I write to you, not as a Vox Popper, but as a representative of the many dog lovers in the State of California who are readers of Liberty.

The annual national observance of Be Kind to Animals Week (this year April 11 to 17) was inaugurated by the American Humane Association in 1915. It was recognized that the best way to prevent cruelty was not so much in prosecuting the guilty as in rallying the thousands and thousands who have the welfare of animals at heart.

And now each year Kindness to Animals Week is announced officially with the edict: Teach kindness, in the school, in the press, and in the pulpit.

Best evidence of the concern of the public for the welfare of animals can be found in the demand for legislation for their protection. This year in California the interest is particularly keen, as a new law for the protection of dogs and cats held in the custody of public pounds will be put to the vote of the people by our right of initiative and referendum.

To qualify for a place on the ballot at a state election, a petition of not less than 187,000 signatures of registered voters must be filed with the Secretary of State. To give you some idea of the interest taken in the welfare of our household pets, let me say that over 240,000 signatures were secured in thirteen counties (we have fifty-six in California). In San Francisco one out of every five registered voters signed the petition; in Santa Clara County, one out of every three.—*Adelaide Hecker.*

T'ANKS, MR. CORBETT

PORTSMOUTH, VA.—When I read The Confessions of a Trailer-Made Woman, by Edna Hallin (Liberty March 20), I was astounded to learn, "The twenty-gallon water tank goes about the same length of time (four days) without filling."

If this is true, would Miss Hallin please estimate for my benefit the length of time the water would last if the tank *was* filled?—*Herbert V. Corbett.*

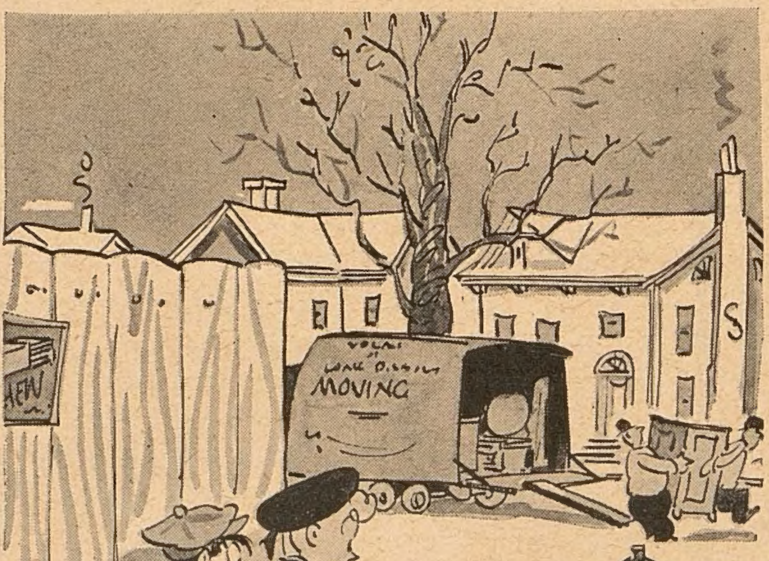
CECIL DE MILLE'S FOOLS

WOODLAND, CALIF. — After reading Cecil B. De Mille's The Ten Greatest Fools in History (April 3 Liberty), I have been trying earnestly to think of some possible reason the editor could have had in running the article. Was it because it was written by a "name" author and would therefore command attention? Or was it because the editor wished his readers to see just how silly some of the articles submitted to him really are?

In any case, the fact that he did allow it to be printed is proof enough that he belongs somewhere on De Mille's list.—*Louis Thomas.*

[Didn't Mr. Thomas realize it was April Fools' Day just about that time?—VOX POP EDITOR.]

"HARDTACK"



"I wish somebody would move into this neighborhood besides newlyweds—we could sure use a new second baseman."

IT'S ALL OVER

APPLETON, MINN. — In response to Winona A. Smith's question as to Which Way Is Up? (March 6 Vox Pop), I believe Winona is correct in saying she must go "up" to the orchard because she has to climb a hill to reach it.

On the other hand, both Winona and her mother are wrong in referring to the north and to the south as either "down" or "up." According to a certain college professor in geography, one never goes "down" or "up" to a town or to a destination, but always "over." He claimed that because the earth is round one must cover surface in reaching his destination.

Therefore always say "over" to such and such a place.

"Going down," to him, meant digging in toward the center of the globe or earth, while "going up" meant ascending into the air.—*Signora Larson.*

"JUST PICTURES—NO ACTING"

MONTGOMERY, ALA. — Who cares if Hollywood can't act, Miss George? (March 27 Liberty.) People don't go to see good acting on the screen any more. The tendency is to say "moving pictures" with a definite accent on pictures. To the average everyday patron it is a "moving picture" he goes to see—not the actors.

This week I heard several expressing their pleasure in Grace Moore's When You're in Love. She can surely act as well as sing. But did I hear a word about her acting? Not one word. It was: "Oh, that was the sweetest *picture*, when she had all those children gathered around her," or "A marvelous picture from nature, that moonlight scene."

Do you think we are coming to the time when a billboard will say, "Just Pictures; No Acting"?—*Rebecca.*

IRISH GIRL WOULD NEVER SHOW THIGH

DENVER, COLO.—When I looked at the cover of March 20 Liberty, faith, and my Irish blood boiled! The reasons? First: The Irish colleen has on a red hat—and no true Irishman would put the red above the green. Second: A real Irish girl would not show so much of her anatomy; possibly an ankle, but never a thigh.

I might add, the girl's face is charming, when one gets around to it.—*Sheila O'Donoghue.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.--A certain Negro was acquitted of a charge of carrying a pistol.

He told the court he had removed the gun from his home after a quarrel with his wife, who had a " high temper " and had been in trouble before. The prosecutor asked if he could give one instance when his wife was in trouble.

" Well, yes," he replied. " She done kilt one of her other husbands."

TOKYO, JAPAN — Dr. Kakuji Yoshida announced that he had eaten 8,280 pounds of spinach in the last six years. That is more than three pounds a day.

Dr. Yoshida said it had made him " robust and youthful."

CHARDON, OHIO—A recent issue of the Geauga Republican-Record carried the following correction: " There was a mistake in an item sent in two weeks ago which stated that Adrian Welsh entertained a party of men at crapshooting. It should have read trapshooting."

NEW YORK, N. Y. — Owen Mahon, arraigned in court on a charge of " picketing " his wife, Mary, explained he " thought she had a boy friend." Mahon was arrested when he began marching up and down with a sign outside his wife's store.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign on a laundry in Massachusetts: " *Don't kill your wife. Let us do your dirty work.*"

Sign seen in Ohio:

" *Maternity Hospital. No children allowed.*"

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE

GOLD STANDARD

I don't know nothin' about this; my dentist just fills me up with plain cement fillin's. But I would like to ast a question: If we was to go back on the Gold Standard, would my mother-in-law's false teeth be legal again?—Ezra Dill.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER—ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

CORONATION—WATCHING THE EARTH'S GREATEST SHOW FROM A TRAILER

He went to the crowning of George V in a yacht, a palatial yacht that had numbered among its guests Edward VII, the Kaiser, and the Czar, all of whom he knew.

He's going to attend this year's ceremonies in a typically American conveyance, and plans to have the whole trip, outside of his steamship passage, cost less than $300!

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr., scion of a family closely related to English nobility, friend of most of the crowned heads of Europe, gives you next Wednesday in Liberty the story of his adventurous Yankee way of seeing royalty's great spectacle.

Tropic intrigue; the swift-striking agents of the Secret Service; a glamorous woman with a past—and a present; the stealthy sinister shadow of dope smugglers! Against this background in

ALIAS EMERALD ANNIE

Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot have woven a tale of thrilling romance and mystery. This thrill-packed serial starts next Wednesday. *Don't* miss the first installment!

WILL MUSSOLINI'S DAUGHTER RULE OVER ITALY?

She is his confidante, his sympathizer. He apparently can deny her nothing—witness the rapid elevation of her husband, Count Ciano. Witness her growing activity in political affairs, the pageantry that surrounds her most trivial role.

ALICE ROHE, the first writer to predict Il Duce's rise to power, who since 1922 has been foremost of those behind the scenes in Italy, gives you in next week's Liberty the thrilling story of the near approach of the world's

FIRST WOMAN DICTATOR!

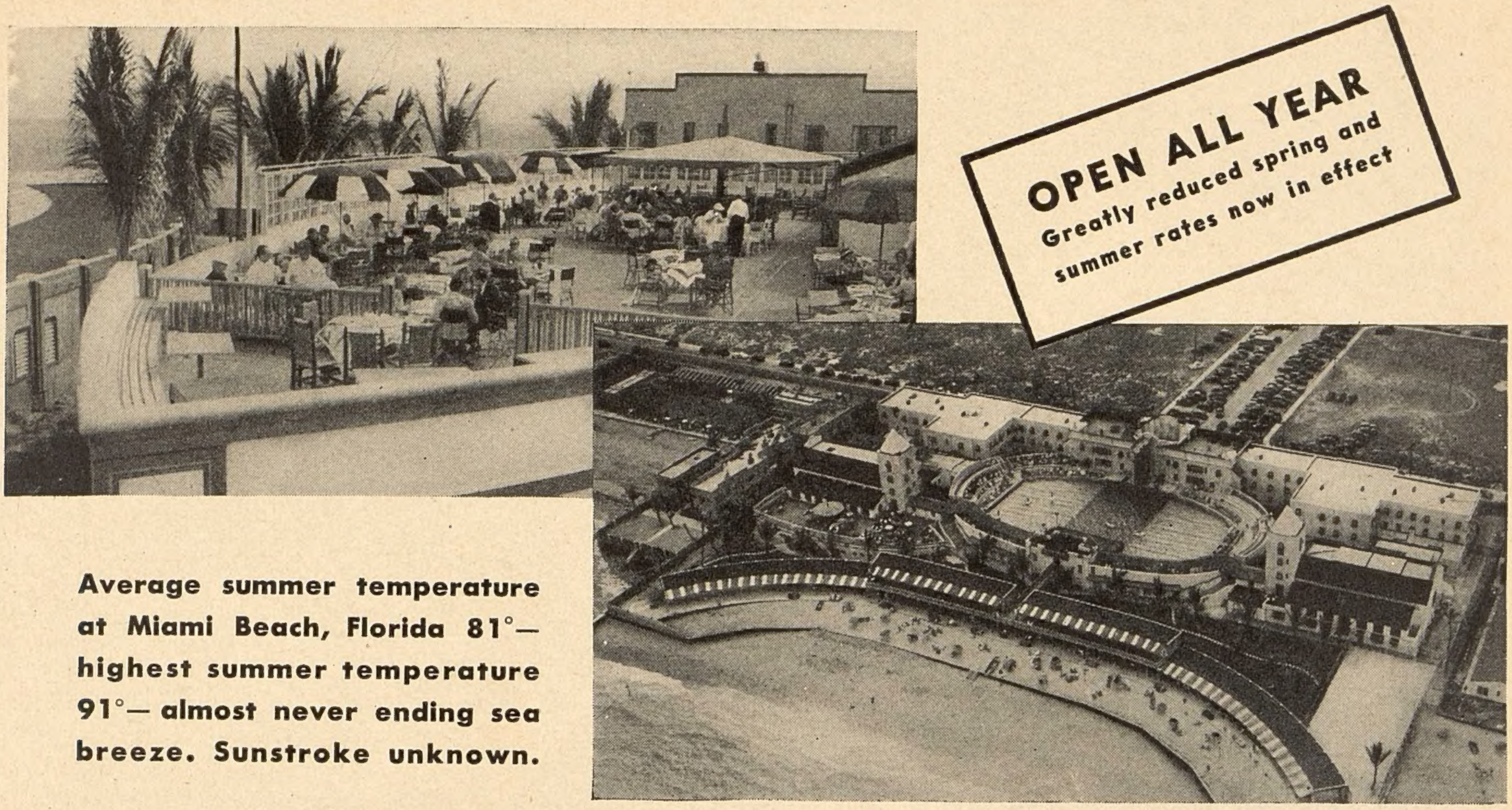
And there are other stories and articles by Gertrude Atherton, Octavus Roy Cohen, Vic Whitman, and others.

Countess Ciano

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE MAY 5

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

Health and Pleasure Seekers!



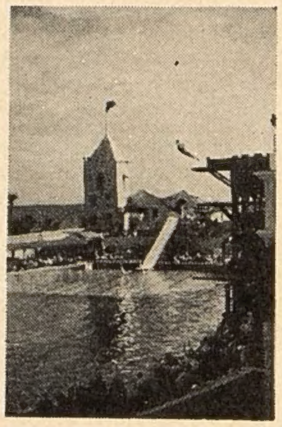
OPEN ALL YEAR
Greatly reduced spring and summer rates now in effect

Average summer temperature at Miami Beach, Florida 81°—highest summer temperature 91°—almost never ending sea breeze. Sunstroke unknown.

Air view of Macfadden-Deauville, Miami Beach, Florida

Thousands of persons have discovered that Miami Beach, Florida, with its almost continuous sea breeze, its delightful average summer temperature and its surprisingly low extreme summer temperature offers advantages to the health or pleasure seeker that far exceed any thing to be found at many a northern inland city.

To these thousands it will come as welcome news that the great Macfadden-Deauville Health and Pleasure Resort will remain open the year round to administer to the comfort, happiness and well being of health and pleasure seeker alike. During the Spring and Summer months the rates are so drastically reduced that you can spend your Spring or Summer vacation at Florida's most outstandingly luxurious health and pleasure resort at an expense so moderate as to compare favorably with the most modest of northern resort hotels and far below any northern resort hotel that even approximates Macfadden-Deauville in beauty and luxury. You are cordially invited to come to Macfadden-Deauville. Write today for reduced Spring and Summer rates (ranging as low as $35 per week including all expenses) and other timely information.



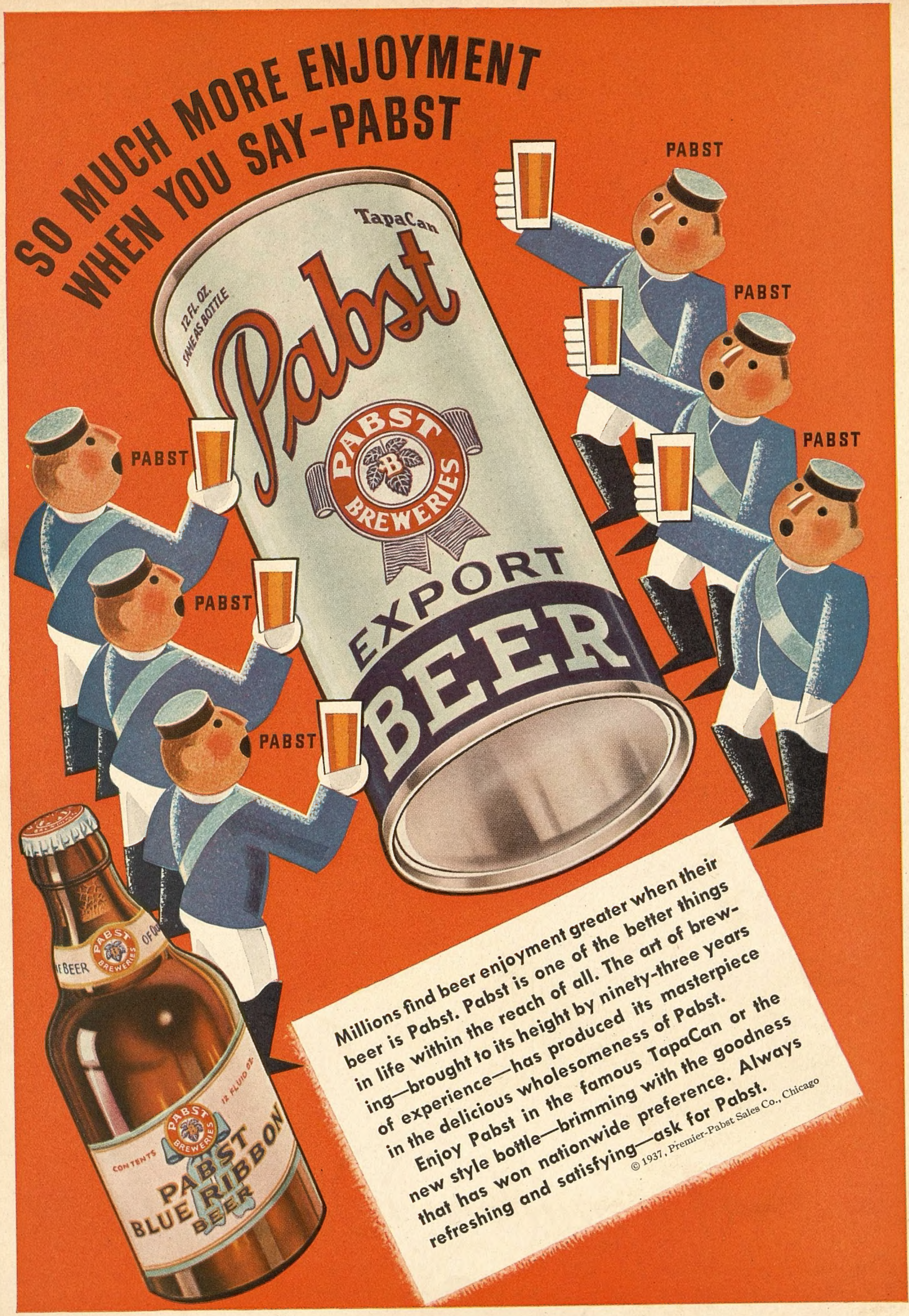
THE GREAT CIRCULAR OUTDOOR SWIMMING POOL

BERNARR MACFADDEN HEALTH BUILDING METHODS AVAILABLE

Immediately above you see an air view of the beautiful ocean front Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, recognized as one of the greatest health and pleasure resorts in North or South America. Also above and to the left is the popular Clipper Ship Deck and Marine Grill for dining and dancing, fanned by cooling sea breezes the year round. Here at Macfadden-Deauville is available the world famous Bernarr Macfadden System of Health and Vitality Building—Sun bathing, hydrotherapy, physiotherapy, electric, steam and cabinet baths, massage, corrective dieting, calisthenics and other facilities on a scale unsurpassed. The hotel is built around three sides of the largest salt water swimming pool in the world. On the ocean side, as shown in the illustration, a double tier of beach cabanas decorate one of the finest beaches in the world. Cuisine and service unexcelled. The hotel and health building department is open the year round.

Macfadden-Deauville

COLLINS AVE. AT 67th STREET *Miami Beach* FLORIDA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